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R. T. Paine, Jun. Esq

Boston Pub. by Joshua Belcher, 18

A. L. Holcombe

THE

WORKS,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE,

OF THE LATE

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

WITH NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

SKETCHES

OF HIS

LIFE, CHARACTER AND WRITINGS.

Diis.....sacer est vates, divùmque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
MILT: VI. ELEG:

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BELCHER.

1812.

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P141b

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District Clerk's Offi

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"The Works, in Verse and Prose, of the late ROBERT T PAINE, JUN. ESQ with Notes. To which are prefixed, Sketc his Life, Character and Writings.

Diis.....sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
MILT: VI. ELEG:"

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PREFACE.

It is now somewhat more than eight months since proposals were issued for this edition of Mr. Paine's works. This interval, it is said, is unreasonably long; and it is sometimes intimated, in no very equivocal language, that the publication has been delayed, till the author and his writings are no longer of sufficient interest to retain their share of the general curiosity.

For this delay, had it been needless, the publick might certainly exact an apology. When however the causes, that have retarded the press, are recounted, the period of publication will not appear to have been wantonly protracted. Of these causes, too many and various to be distinctly enumerated, the principal were, the disorder of Mr. Paine's manuscripts, and the difficulties attending the search for his printed essays. The latter of these causes was of much more influence than the former.

The manuscripts required nothing but arrangement and selection; but the printed essays were often to be recovered from journals, which, having been long since discontinued, were not always remembered. Newspapers and Magazines for a series of twenty years were to be consulted. From this examination, though far from heedless or desultory, it is not improbable that many pieces have escaped.

The volume contains nothing, that is not known to be Mr. Paine's, by evidences stronger, if that were necessary, than even the characteristicks of his peculiar and unborrowed manner; except only the verses of an accomplished lady, whom it is easy to commend to her full deserts, without forcing her into a thankless and unwarrantable comparison with that Lesbian enchantress, whose lyre subdues the listener to a deaf and dizzy delight, not unlike that, which she herself experienced when gazing on her favourite:

ὀππάτεσσιν δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημι· βομβεῦ
σιν δ' ἀκοαί Fοι.

Beside these two, other causes of obstruction have not failed to operate. Every one, who has undertaken to publish an Author's remains, will acknowledge, that to such an undertaking there are incident many obstacles, which, before he ventured on the task, he could hardly have imagined possible; to such persons enough has been said; and those, who do not care to become editors, would feel little gratitude for a recapitulation of the discouragements, under which this collection has gradually grown and spread to its present size and form.

At length the work is abroad; and it is not without anxiety, that Mr. Paine's friends await the decision of the publick. The author is, indeed, removed beyond the reach of censure; and the voice of praise, however chaste and sincere, if not lost in the bustle of the world, will sigh only in a faint and barren echo through the chambers of death. This volume, warmly and cordially welcomed, will do much to soothe an afflicted family. A proud neglect or a sullen rejection may embitter the cup of sorrow with the tears of honest and indignant pride.

Although the work consists, for the most part, of occasional performances, yet with local and temporary topicks Mr. Paine has not unfrequently connected subjects of general and permanent interest. From his Prize Prologue, may be learnt the progress of the scenick art; and one can hardly open the Ruling Passion without encountering something, that may enlarge his knowledge, or elevate his virtue, or ennoble his patriotism. The Monody on Sir John Moore, though the fate and character of that gallant officer might furnish materials

for a more elaborate panegyrick, is not destitute of moral instruction; and many of his festal songs are of such an impress, as to shew that Mr. Paine was not always content to filter off his political opinions from the common sewers, but could, if he thought himself bound to such exertion, ascend to the living springs of truth and right.

Although the Prize Prologue will at once shew itself to be considerably improved, yet that poem, even as now printed, did not satisfy him, and Mr. Paine was resolved on further improvements. He had sketched with great boldness and felicity, the characters of the principal writers for the English stage. Of these characters, when to each he had assigned his proper features, and imparted to all something of that enthusiasm, which the mere thought of Shakespeare and his successors was seen to kindle in his own bosom, he had determined to form a gallery of portraits. It is to be lamented, that this determination was forgotten almost as soon as made. Some additions are interwoven with the Invention of Letters; and similar emendations were projected for many of his other poems. But his latter years were dark and cheerless; and he seems never to have summoned his powers to an attempt, which he was not unwilling to contemplate, as feasible only to a sound and active health.

These remarks are not designed to propitiate the stern or interest the tender. Neither is it intended by what may follow, to defy the austerity of criticism, or to interdict to any bosom the indulgence of a generous sympathy.

The book, such as it is, is now open on its merits to discussion; and, while it is not ambitious of a place in the reviews, it does not shrink from a strict and impartial scrutiny. Like other posthumous works, it will undoubtedly betray many venial, and a few almost inexpiable faults. It will also present no scanty measure of beauties, some of the softest grace, and others of the brightest bloom. The same page that is here tarnished with blemishes, which the slightest attention may seem sufficient to have prevented, may there sparkle with decorations, such as the happiest fancy in its most propitious moments can hardly hope to surpass.

The notes, promised in the proposals, it was originally intended to throw into the margin; but this intention being resigned, the Editor's labours will be found at the end of the volume. From assigning, as at first proposed, so much of the whole commentary to each production, as its worth, whether admitted or assumed, might have claimed, the Editor soon found it necessary to desist. Had he continued the notes, as begun, his pages might have out-numbered the author's. Many pieces are, accordingly, dispatched in a single sentence; and some are silently dismissed, not because they do not sometimes require, and might not always admit explanation, but lest productions of higher dignity or deeper interest, might be defrauded of their proportion of the commentary.

Meagre as the notes are, they would have been still more meagre, had not a liberal and elegant friendship suggested many grounds of comparison and sources of illustration. Thus assisted, however, and enabled, beside his own slender stock of learning, to command the resources of a rich and vigorous mind, the Editor does not presume to think, that his labours will afford any light to the only persons, who will probably ever inspect the commentary, to the lovers of sound literature and the patrons of genuine criticism.

Lest he should be accused of permitting errors, which he had no means of excluding, to obtrude themselves; or applauded for accuracy and excellence, from which, as he contributed nothing to their production, he is not entitled to any portion of praise, it becomes the Editor to declare, that he holds himself responsible for the text only, and the notes subjoined to the text.

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THE WORKS OF

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

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SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE, CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

BY CHARLES PRENTISS.

.....

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

.....

BIOGRAPHY.

It is not the design of the writer of this memoir, nor the wish of the publisher of this volume, to present an ample biography of the late ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Jun. Esq. or an elaborate discussion on the merits of his poetic effusions. This sketch will therefore embrace merely a short account of his life and writings, together with a brief critical notice of his principal poetic productions.

In Europe, scarcely a year has of late elapsed, which had not been pregnant with rhyming volumes, born only to see the light and die; many of them swelled with unimportant biographical information, or a prodigality of critical disquisition. The labors of the poet, of his biographer and critic, are soon forgotten: hence, however barren the first, or partial or inadequate the latter, the public sustain little injury from such evanescent performances. With Mr. Paine and the offspring of his muse, it is far otherwise. Although some of his writings are but the moderate efforts of boyhood, or the subsequent effects of casual and careless exertion; many of them are the legitimate and in-

disputable heirs of immortality. Were it probable that this volume would find readers only in this vicinity, where Mr. Paine's manners, habits, and whole tenor of life are known, a biographical sketch would be a superfluous task: but, confident as we are, that at least, his more labored and polished productions will be long and generally read; it is a duty to gratify that curiosity, that anxiety, which is ever felt by the reader of taste, to know something more of an author, than the place of his nativity, or the date of his mortal exit.

The dearest relatives of an author being yet alive, and his friends charitably anxious for the maintenance of his moral as well as poetical reputation, to paint the poet as he was is at once a very delicate, difficult, and disagreeable task. Yet, whatever may be due to the feelings of consanguinity or the tenderness of friendship, the commands of justice are paramount.

Should the glowing and exact pencil of Stuart be employed in pourtraying the features of an uncelebrated maiden, over whose head more than forty annual suns may have rolled, at her instigation, and to gratify her vanity, omit many a wrinkle or supply many a deficient rose, few would feel disposed to censure the painter. But, were he employed to give a portrait of a poet, patriot, or hero, whose reputation was familiar, but whose visage was unknown, except to a few, flattery would

be falsehood and omission crime. When a faithful likeness is expected by the public, the pencil and the pen owe obedience only to truth.

THOMAS PAINE, whose name was afterwards, by an act of the legislature in 1801, changed to ROBERT TREAT PAINE, was born at Taunton, in the county of Bristol, December 9th, 1773. He was the second son of the Hon. ROBERT TREAT PAINE, an eminent lawyer, well known as one of the patriots of the American revolution; one of the Delegates in Congress from Massachusetts, his native state, who signed the Declaration of Independence; for many years the Attorney General, and afterwards one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court for this Commonwealth. His mother's maiden name was COBB, a sister of the soldier and patriot, General COBB. Eight adult children were the fruit of this union; four sons and four daughters. The three eldest sons, Robert Treat, Thomas, and Charles, were educated for the bar. Henry was educated in a compting room. Robert, in 1798, unmarried, fell a victim to the yellow fever, after which Thomas assumed his christian name. The younger brothers were both married, and Charles died of a consumption early in 1810. The parents are now living.

Our poet was about seven years of age when his father removed his family to Boston.

I have neither time nor opportunity to enquire, whether in his infantile or more juvenile years, he exhibited any of those traits of genius or eccentricity, which the world is generally so desirous of finding, or at least of believing must have characterized infancy, because displayed in riper years. He once informed the writer that he was unconscious of the possession of more than ordinary talents, till some of his classmates flattered him with a belief of their existence, by praising some of his earliest poetical efforts. If a statesman, hero or poet, mathematician, painter or musician, acquires celebrity, the public are delighted with anecdotes of precocious traits of sentiment or action, indicative of future excellence; of which no notice was taken at the time; or which had never been considered uncommon, without a connexion with subsequent eminence.

He was placed under the care of master Carter, who for many years kept one of the public schools, for instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c. Here he made so little proficiency that he was reluctantly received at the Latin school, long kept by master Hunt; he however soon acquired the first standing in his class, which he maintained until he was offered for the Freshman class at Cambridge; and in July, 1788, he was examined as such, at that university, and matriculated.

It is remarkable that the last mentioned gentleman, who prepared him for college, is not possessed of a single anecdote which would distinguish him from "the million." But of his moral qualities, during this period, his school mates bear honorable testimony. When he had accomplished his own task, which he always did with great facility, he was ever ready to lend his aid to those who studied more tardily, or who had consumed their time in play. This benefaction was, in some degree, his pastime; as he never engaged in the gymnastic sports of the school. His temper was placid and his disposition gay, and apparently feeling no superiority, he was infected with no other ambition, than that of acquitting himself to the satisfaction of his instructor.

During the first two years of his collegiate life, he was generally attentive to the studies assigned, excelling particularly in the Latin and Greek languages, in English grammar and rhetoric: but to stated recitations he was not unfrequently inattentive; devoting his time, not to idleness nor dissipation, but to natural philosophy and elegant literature. To the Greek language he was very attentive, insomuch that the government of college assigned to him a Greek oration at one of the exhibitions of his class. This performance is generally nothing more than a recitation from some of the orations of Demosthenes or Isocrates, or a speech

from Plutarch or Xenophon; but Paine chose to write his own in Greek, without first preparing in English; which he did much to the satisfaction of Doctor Willard, at that time President, who was considered a very accurate Greek scholar. The manuscript is now in existence.

One of his classmates, J. Allen, whether from mere wantonness, or to gratify some particular resentment, we know not, wrote several satirical verses, abusive of Paine, inscribed on the college wall. Discovered by Paine, he was resolved on replication; but, having never written a line of poetry, he was for some time undetermined on the mode. Some of his class instigated him to attempt a poetical retort, by depreciating his talents, and doubting his ability to produce a rhyming reply. Allen was a young man of a most vigorous mind, and had long, and not unsuccessfully, paid his respects to the muses. He at that time reigned laureat of the class. Paine, however, fearlessly attacked him in return.

This anecdote the writer had from Mr. Paine the last summer, on asking him the occasion of his first attempt to rhyme. He could not recollect the verses, but believed there was little wit on either side, though he was not then dissatisfied with his first metrical effort. "Were it not for this circumstance," said he, "probably, I should never have undertaken a couplet." How trivial an incident

may so affect the helm, as to give a new direction to the whole voyage of life. The falling of a pin may decide the fate of an empire.

Gratified in his first excursion on Parnassian heights, he persevered in his intimacy with the nine, till friendship became love; and he found it ever after impracticable to divorce his affections. Thus seduced, he became ambitious of showing the world how much he was their favorite. He saw his own rhymes in print, and his blessed ruin was inevitable. Scarcely less pleasure has a young author, at the sight of his first printed couplets, than a young lover at the moment of contract for the approaching hymeneal knot.

It is the practice at Cambridge for the professor of Rhetoric and the English language, commencing in the first or second quarter of the student's sophomore year, to give the class a text; generally some brief moral quotation from some of the ancient or modern poets, from which the students write a short essay, usually denominated a *theme*. These are examined and corrected by the Professor, and a straight line is drawn by him on the back of the theme, under the name of the writer. Under the names of those, whose themes are of more than ordinary correctness or elegance, the Professor draws *two* lines. This distinction, though it occasions jealousies and complaints of partiality among the students, greatly excites their ambition.

Many, if not the greater part of Paine's themes, were written in verse; and his vanity was gratified, and his emulation roused by the honor of constant *double marks*.

Few, if any of these exercises, however, did Paine think proper to publish. And there are some, which it is presumed he never would have published, or certainly not without further correction. Though they give evidence, and contain examples of high poetic powers, there are many feeble lines, which he would have omitted, or amended; and many inaccuracies, which he would have subsequently rectified.

Can there exist a son, from Adam sprung,
How abject *e'er* from native dignity, &c.—page 11.

And solemn *silence bids* the mind revere.—p. 15.

He [nature] blushed, he sighed, and asked her hand.
And, *unsuppressed*, *returned* the sigh.—p. 20.

Page 21. *Amours* is accented on the first syllable. The whole poem, however, on the text,

"Know then thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man;"

exemplifies the author's creative powers.

Where crags me-*nace*—p. 32.

Till then thy name shall *pervagrate* the earth,—p. 35.

Page 45, as in many other places, the transition is immediate from the familiar to the grave style:

When with *your* lyre *you* swell melodious songs,
E'en Orpheus owns to *thee* the wreath belongs.

Shall court *thy* smile, and in *your* praise combine.—p. 46.

Created life was *formed*—p. 49.

Splendid greens,—p. 60.

Sweet are the *hours* of life's expanding *years*,—p. 62.

Swords turned the scale, and nods *edicted* law;—p. 72.

Pervagrate and *edicted*, with several other words, were *coined* in Mr. Paine's own *mint*. Whether the republic of letters will recognize the validity of these acts of *poetic sovereignty*, time must determine.

Here *museful* thought and *contemplation* dwell,—p. 82.

Such tautology is, however, very rare with Mr. Paine. Yet this is not more censurable than Pope's "*pensive* contemplation," which perhaps Paine had in view.

No more, amid the sylvan dance,
Smiles round the soul-subduing *glance!*—p. 110.

We have here noticed a few inaccuracies. The list might be greatly augmented; and still it is wonderful there are so few. In the exactness of his rhymes, he was not then, very scrupulous. *Warm* and *born* are grating to the ear: but the eye rather than the ear is displeased with *lorn* and *dawn*.

There is no uncommon merit in his translations. We are surprised that he should have attempted Sapho's ΦΑΙΝΕΤΑΙ ΜΟΙ 'ΚΗΝΟΣ, after Phillips.

It is not designed to notice the many beauties and evidences of ripening excellence, which are scattered over his college exercises: we must, however, select and refer to a few examples.

No sooner morn had cheered the skies with light,
And modest fields blushed from the embrace of night,—p. 42.

The first fourteen lines of the Valedictory (p. 60.) are exquisitely beautiful.

How comprehensive the second line of his Address to Freedom:

.....Heaven-born goddess, hail!
Friend of the *pen*, the *sickle*, and the *sail!*—p. 70.

His imitations were not very frequent. The following line,

No fear of death their dauntless souls deplore;—p. 52.

is but a slight variation from one in Young's Paraphrase of Job, describing the war-horse:

No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays.

On the whole, although his earlier academic productions would not have ensured immortality, they contain some sublimity and much vigor and beauty, as well as a maturity and copiousness of style, uncommon with juvenility. They are far from being models of perfection; but, to quote from his Refinement of Manners,

Vain is the hope, in life's first dawn, to find
Those nerves of thought, that grace the ripened mind.

At the usual quarterly exhibition, in the autumn of 1791, the government of college assigned to

Paine an English poem. There is an unaccountable indolence, or love of delay with respect to original composition, common to many, if not to most of those, who are capable of the finest execution. He neglected his task day after day, till the morning of the exhibition, on which, he wrote and committed to memory about a third part of the whole.

Although there was much merit in this poem, he did not, by it, acquire much reputation; merely on account of the plaintive monotony of his languid delivery: so disposed is a vast majority, even of an academic audience, to put their trust in the intonations of emphasis and the gracefulness of gesture. Mr. Paine, however, afterwards improved in public speaking; and his elocution became almost perfect.

The delivery of a poem at an exhibition, in the senior year, generally ensures a similar appointment at the ensuing commencement. Feeling secure in this respect, Paine became negligent with regard to attendance on public prayers and stated recitations; not wasting his time, but applying to such studies and authors as were more congenial to his taste, than some to which it was his duty, as a student, to have attended. During the ensuing quarter, some disturbance having taken place between the students of the senior class and one or more of the tutors, Paine used some severe and abusive language, respecting certain arrange-

ments for the evening commons; and was summoned to appear before the government of the university. He defended himself before them with so much wit and impudence, that his offence was rather increased than mitigated. He was accordingly sentenced to a suspension* of four months, for neglect of his studies during that quarter; and for insulting the authority of college; aggravated, as his sentence runs, by his indecent and impudent attempts, when before the government, to justify his misbehavior.

The then President of the college, Dr. Willard, was well known to be a strenuous supporter of authority, and rigidly attached to the maintenance of his own dignity; "and opposed" (as Mr. Paine used to say) "to the least perpetration of wit in his presence." The slightest disrespect to his office was considered as a crime: hence, with all his learning and virtues, he was ill calculated to restrain by persuasion, or to gain the respect and affection of the students, by a deportment, at once dignified without haughtiness, and conciliating without familiarity. Had he possessed the bland

* By some strange transposition of terms, that is called *suspension*, which is merely a *rustication*, a dismissal to the country for some months, when the student is restored to his class: and that is called *rustication*, which *suspends* him a year, allowing him to go where he pleases, and degrades him to the class below that in which he had stood. We wish to see the *expulsion* of this solecism from our university.

manners and persuasive authority of the scholar and gentleman, who now presides with such dignity and usefulness over that seminary, it is possible Paine had not been suspended.

Perhaps, however, his suspension was of no real disadvantage. He was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Sanger, of Bridgewater, where he pursued his studies with assiduity, and was afterwards regularly reinstated in his class.

The 21st of every June, till of late years, has been the day, on which the members of the senior class closed their collegiate studies, and retired, to make preparations for the ensuing commencement. On this day it was usual for one member to deliver an oration, and another a poem: such members being appointed by their classmates. The Valedictory Poem of Mr. Paine, a tender, correct and beautiful effusion of feeling and taste, was received by the audience with applause and tears. The latter part of it, especially, was heard with silent sorrow and admiration.

"The fatal sheers the slender thread divide,
And sculptured urns the mouldering relicks hide;
Far deeper wounds our bleeding breasts display,
And Fate's most deadly weapon is—to-day.
To-day we part; ye throbs of anguish, rise,
Flow, all ye tears, and heave, ye rending sighs!
Come lend to Friendship's stifled voice relief,
And melt the lonely hermitage of grief.
Sighs, though in vain, may tell the world we feel,
And tears may soothe the wound, they cannot heal.

became a clerk to Mr. James Tisdale, a merchant in this town of very extensive business. To a man of our poet's genius and disposition, we should suppose it impossible that this should not have been irksome. He had enjoyed the friendship of the Pierian sisters, till the connexion became indissoluble; "and could not leave them, nor return from following after them." Hence, he not only continued an occasional correspondent of the Massachusetts Magazine, in which he had written many fine pieces, under the signatures of Ægon and Celadon, and in which he now assumed the signature of Menander; but even made entries in his day book in poetry; and once, made out a charter-party in the same style.

Nor was he at all times attentive to the desk and the counter. Having been one day sent to the bank, with a check for five hundred dollars, returning to the store, he was met by several literary acquaintances, he jumped into a hackney coach with them, went to Cambridge, and spent a week, in the enjoyment of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." He, however, did not embezzle the money; but, on his return, carried it untouched to the store.

In the correspondence, about this time, between Philenia and our poet, there are certainly some of the finest strains of the lyre, and some of the most delicate touches of compliment. On each side there

is some proximity to adulation. Philenia had, however, the most exalted opinion of Paine's poetic powers: and Paine thought he could not say too much of a lady, who was so highly celebrated for her manners, beauty, colloquial talents, and literary attainments; and who had ascended to such an altitude on Parnassus, as to leave all American female competitors at a humble distance.

During the winter of 1792–3, Paine frequently visited the theatre, and acquired a predilection for theatric amusements, which closely adhered to him through life. The law of this state against theatrical exhibitions, had never been repealed; but a small company of actors had contrived to evade it: a temporary theatre was erected in Board Alley,

> "And plays their heathen names forsook,
> And those of 'Moral Lectures' took."

The law was abrogated; and in the summer and autumn of 1793, a large and elegant brick theatre was erected in Federal Street.

Previously to the opening of the theatre, the proprietors offered the reward of a gold medal for the best prologue, that should be presented; appointing several literary gentlemen to examine such as should be offered, and to make the adjudication.

Antecedently to the day assigned for the critical scrutiny, not less than twenty were presented. They were perused by the censors; but no disagreement of sentiment arose on the question, to

whom the medal should be awarded. Among the competitors, not only those who fancied themselves poets, and were inhabitants of this state, but several poetical adventurers from other states, contested the prize.

The following vote passed on the subject.

"*At a meeting of the Proprietors of the Boston Theatre, December 2d.* 1793.

"*Voted,* That the Trustees be a committee, in behalf of the Proprietors, to thank Mr. Thomas Paine for his appropriate and excellent Prologue, written for the opening of the theatre, and to present him with the Prize Medal adjudged for the same.

"In behalf of the TRUSTEES,

"PEREZ MORTON, *Chairman.*"

The medal was prepared and presented the ensuing spring, accompanied with the following letter.

"*Boston, March 24th.* 1794.

"SIR,—In the name of the Trustees and Proprietors of the Boston Theatre, I have the pleasure to present to you the medal, adjudged to your Prologue, at the opening of the theatre, as the reward of merit and genius.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient

"humble servant,

"PEREZ MORTON."

The medal is a circle of about two inches diameter, widely and neatly embroidered around the periphery, simply containing on one side the words,

For
THE PROLOGUE
at opening of
the Boston
THEATRE
this

and on the other;

PRIZE
is adjudged
to
THOMAS PAINE,
by the
CENSORS.

This Prologue, as first printed, contained some bombast, and several inaccuracies; yet a greater volume of poetic mind has seldom, if ever, been embodied in the same compass. In conceiving greatly, Mr. Paine sometimes conceived extravagantly, or obscurely. For instance, as the Prologue originally stood:

But, lo! where, rising in majestick flight,
The Roman eagle sails the expanse of light!
His wings, like Heaven's vast canopy, unfurled,
Spread their broad plumage o'er the subject world.
Behold! he soars, where golden Phœbus rolls,
And, perching on his car, o'erlooks the poles!
Far, as revolves the chariot's radiant way,
He wafts his empire on the tide of day;
From where, it rolls on yon bright sea of suns;
To where in Light's remotest ebb, it runs.

The writer had occasion to analyze this passage, in a familiar manner, in his presence. He agreed that it was indefensible, and has since amended it; but it is still extravagant, although supported by the authority of an Augustan poet.

Extravagant and obscure is he also in the "Invention of Letters."

> Could *Faustus* live, by gloomy Grave resigned;
> With power extensive, as sublime his mind,
> Thy glorious life a volume should compose,
> As Alps immortal, spotless as its snows.

Had he here closed, all would have been well: but to make the volume complete,

> The *stars* should be its *types*—its *press* the *age*;
> The *earth* its *binding*—and the *sky* its *page*.

The writer asked how he would paint Faustus picking up the *stars* for *types*, *time* his *press*, the *sky* his *paper*, and afterwards, this volume of the *sky* bound with the *earth*.—"Poh," said he, "you know obscurity is part of the sublime: it went down well; it took—marvellously."

A more perfect or sublime allegory is not recollected, than the following, in the "Prize Prologue," portraying the ages of darkness, which succeeded the Roman empire:

> Thus set the sun of intellectual light,
> And wrapped in clouds, lowered on the Gothick night.
> Dark gloomed the storm—the rushing torrent poured,
> And wide the deep Cimmerian deluge roared;

E'en Learning's loftiest hills were covered o'er,
And seas of dulness rolled, without a shore.
Yet, ere the surge Parnassus' top o'erflowed,
The banished Muses fled their blest abode.
Frail was their ark, the heaven-topped seas to brave,
The wind their compass, and their helm the wave;
No port to cheer them, and no star to guide,
From clime to clime they roved the billowy tide;
At length, by storms and tempests wafted o'er,
They found an Ararat on Albion's shore.

He once said that he had written several additional lines, making Apollo swear by Shakespeare, as the rainbow, that there should be no second deluge of dramatic dulness: but, fearing he should, like Dr. Young, run down the allegory, he forbore their retention.

This Prologue, since its first publication, has been much amended, and has received copious additions; and it was designed to have inserted a sketch of the most eminent dramatists.

A considerable company of Comedians arrived from England, and the theatre was opened with very flattering success.

Among the trans-Atlantic performers, were Mr. Baker and wife, and an only daughter, Miss Eliza Baker, then aged about sixteen; young, handsome, amiable, and intelligent: she was not viewed with indifference by Mr. Paine; and the stage had now for him more than the usual attractions. His views were, however, governed by affection, delicacy, and honour. No man can read

the following nervous lines in his "Ruling Passion," written about this time, and suppose they could have been otherwise :

Poor is the trophy of seductive Art,
Which, but to triumph, subjugates the heart;
Or, Tarquin-like, with more licentious flame,
Stains manly truth to plunder female fame.
Life's deepest penance never can atone,
For Hope deluded, or for Virtue flown.
Yet such there are, whose smooth, perfidious smile
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in guile.
Thorns be their pillow; agony their sleep;
Nor e'en the mercy given, to "wake and weep!"
May screaming night-fiends, hot in recreant gore,
Rive their strained fibres to their heart's rank core,
Till startled conscience heap, in wild dismay,
Convulsive curses on the source of day!

During the theatrical season of 1793–4, the Drama was the principal subject of Paine's amusement and attention, and he spent much time in writing theatrical criticisms. His mercantile business became irksome, and his mercantile ambition was gone. Hence, in the ensuing summer, he parted from Mr. Tisdale, by whom he had ever been treated with kindness, and of whom he ever spake with respect and commendation.

The qualities, which had secured him esteem, at the university, were daily expanding, and his reputation was daily increasing. His society was eagerly sought in the most polished and refined circles; he administered compliments with great address; and no *beau* was ever a greater favorite

in the *beau monde!* His apparel was now in the extreme of fashion; although at some subsequent periods, when his fortunes were less propitious, he indulged in a truly poetical negligence of attire.

Shortly after his separation from the counting house, he issued proposals for publishing a semi-weekly newspaper, in the town of Boston. His literary reputation was high, and it was expected that his publication, while it should adhere to the gospel politics of federalism, would teem with the effusions of fancy and of taste. The subscription for this paper was liberal; and it commenced on the 20th of October, 1794, under the title of "The Federal Orrery;" with the motto, from Virgil, "Solemque suum, sua sidera, norunt."

Public expectation was, however, not a little disappointed. Love, the theatre, natural indolence, and constant temptations to pleasure and amusement, stole away his hours; and even the little attention he paid to his paper, seemed a drudgery.

There are, however, some circumstances connected with the publication of this journal, which deserve notice. In the fore part of the year 1795, he inserted, in numbers, in the Orrery, "The Jacobiniad," a political poem. This poem is modelled upon "The Rolliad," if not copied from it. Mr. Paine new-pointed and new-edged much of the satire; and the leaders of the jacobin faction were sorely galled by this battery of ridicule. This

drew upon him the summary vengeance of a mob, who attacked the house of Major Wallach, with whom he lodged, who gallantly defended his castle against the fury of the unprincipled banditti, and compelled them to retire. But another circumstance, attached to this publication, had a more important bearing upon our author. The son of a gentleman, at whom the shafts of wit had been aimed, called upon the editor for personal satisfaction, which was denied. Mr. Paine apprehended an assault, and prepared himself, with an unloaded pistol, which he vainly imagined would appal his adversary. The parties accidentally met. Upon the approach of his assailant, whose overpowering force Mr. Paine could not resist, he presented his pistol; but the gentleman fearlessly rushed forward and violently assaulted him. Mr. Paine, who had little muscular power, and whose nerves had never been previously tested, considered this disasterous interview as the most fatal incident of his life. So capricious is popular opinion, when uncankered by party, that it denounces, for *not doing*, what it would condemn, *if done*. So envenomed is party, that it applauds in one, what it reprobates in another. So distorted are its decisions, that it perpetually illustrates the absurdity of the justice and farmer, as exemplified in the fable. A few months never effected a greater change in the acquaintance and friends; in the

habits and prospects of an individual, who had transgressed no law, human or divine. It was his misfortune, that in this exigence, he had neither stubbornness of pride to resist the blow; nor elasticity of character to recover from the shock.

In February, 1795, he was married to Miss Baker. Whether any or what objections were made to this match by his relations, other than his father, we have not learned. His father, understanding what were his intentions, threatened to renounce him, should he marry the lady. The father's threat had no effect on the son: at least, however unwilling he might be to offend a parent, his honor, his affection, and independence of mind, forbade compliance with the authority of what he considered mere parental pride.

The nuptial hour was the signal of expulsion from his father's house; but the hospitality of Major Wallach, sheltered him and Mrs. Paine from paternal persecution. Fifteen months they remained inmates in this gentleman's family; and although Mr. Paine tendered a liberal remuneration, Major Wallach never would receive but one hundred dollars! Whenever he recurred to this beneficent act, the tear of gratitude could not be suppressed. Mr. Paine once said, "When I lost a father, I gained a wife and found a friend."

This alienation continued until the decease of the eldest brother, in 1798. This distressing oc-

currence produced a reconciliation, which, probably from too little confidence on one hand, and an insufficient degree of respect on the other; was of no cordial duration. Whether the austerity of the father occasioned the incorrigible obliquities of the son; or whether the anomalies of the son provoked the untempered severity of the father; or whether they alternately operated upon each other as cause and effect, the writer cannot ascertain; nor is it his duty to decide. The registry of events is the only duty of the biographer.

In July, 1795, Mr. Paine took his second degree, at Cambridge. The government assigned to him the delivery of an English poem. To the writer of this imperfect sketch of his life, then about to take his first degree, had also been assigned an English poem. A little after sunrise, on the morning of Commencement, we went into the meeting-house and rehearsed our poems to the empty pews. President Willard had struck out ten lines of Paine's poem: beginning,

> Envy, that fiend, who haunts the great and good,
> Not Cato shunned, nor Hercules subdued.
> On Fame's wide field, where'er a covert lies,
> The rustling serpent to the thicket flies;
> The foe of Glory, Merit is her prey;
> The dunce she leaves, to plod his drowsy way.
> Of birth amphibious, and of Protean skill,
> This green-eyed monster changes shape at will;
> Like snakes of smaller breed, she sheds her skin;
> Strips off the *serpent*, and turns—JACOBIN.

In the writer's poem, he had also erased a passage of the same political import. Notwithstanding the erasure, we agreed to pronounce what we had written; an impudent and unjustifiable determination. The writer's poem belonged to the forenoon, Mr. Paine's to the afternoon exercises.

The annual collegiate dinner being finished in the hall, after the morning exercises, the writer was ordered, by the President, to appear in the Philosophy chamber, to answer for his disobedience. After a short lecture, not unaccompanied with threats of being denied a degree, he was sent to find Paine; the object being, strictly to forbid his delivery of the lines erased. The writer did not take much trouble to find him, and returned without success. The Librarian was then dispatched on the same errand, who went down to the hall of commons, where he knew Paine *was not;* and after staying a few minutes, returned also, unsuccessfully. Another messenger was despatched, who found Paine in the meeting-house, seated by the stage, and ready to perform; the house being crouded, and the time having arrived for the afternoon exercises. He was told to appear before the corporation of the college. "Give my compliments to them," said Paine, "and tell them I will not come." It was not known whether this answer was reported—probably not; as the procession was formed, and ready to move.

Mr. Paine's poem was received with very great applause. When the erased lines were spoken, a little hissing was heard, which was soon drowned by repeated, loud rounds of approbation.

We were both doubtful whether our degrees would be conferred. Not being under the immediate government of the college, Paine, as a citizen, conceived he had a right to utter the lines; and was quite indifferent whether a degree was conferred or not. The degrees, however, were conferred. The President had no objection to the verses, other than what arose from an unwillingness to have Governor Adams, who was present, and perhaps a few others, believe he had sanctioned them.

"The Invention of Letters" was immediately printed, and passed through two large editions, in a very short time. It was inscribed to General Washington; to whom a copy was transmitted by the author, who received a highly complementary letter from that great man, which, from some casualty, cannot at present be found.

It has been observed, that to his newspaper he paid little attention. During the autumn of 1795, and the winter of 1796, he was so much devoted to the theatre; to company, (especially literary,) and to the general amusements of the town, that no one would have suspected his being the editor of the Orrery, but from seeing his name, as such,

at the head of the first page. In April, 1796, he sold the establishment, after having lost and been defrauded of several thousand dollars, by entrusting its concerns to others. Previous to his disposing of his paper, he received the appointment of "Master of Ceremonies" in the theatre, with a salary sufficient for a comfortable support. The greater part of his time, however, being at his own disposal, though his inquisitive and excursive mind was ever on the alert, and he was constantly adding to his stock of knowledge: not moving in those higher circles, which ought to have rejoiced in the honour and pleasure of his company; but who fastidiously considered as a degradation, his marriage with an actress, (though, subsequently, Mrs. Paine never appeared on the boards;) he sometimes associated with those, whose fellowship neither strengthened his virtues, increased his happiness, or enhanced his credit. He resorted much to the house of his father-in-law, who, at that time, kept a hotel; where, frequently yielding to improper hours and indulgences, he began to confirm injurious habits. His offences against temperance, though seldom excessive, from repetition, acquired strength, and became the necessary order of the day.

Genius knows its own worth and feels its own dignity. Titled folly and wealthy impotence, measure men, not by their minds, but by their height; not by their merit, but by their altitude in

society. Paine felt the neglect of his inferiors, who moved in a higher orbit. A soul like his, is ever active in literary commerce; ever ready to communicate and receive; and, by constant barter and exchange of intellectual stores, ever anxious to add to the capital stock. A supercilious pride had, at least, partially excluded him from higher society, and compelled him to intercourses, not always the most reputable or useful.

Mr. Paine was appointed, by the "Phi Beta Kappa Society" of Harvard University, to deliver a poem on their anniversary, July 20th, 1797. This is the longest and most perfect of all his poetical productions. We know of no satire, of Horace or Juvenal, Boileau or Pope, that surpasses it. It was his intention to make some alterations and additions to this poem; but he was prevented, by his constitutional aptitude to delay till to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

He considered the "Ruling Passion" as a gallery of portraits, which he intended, at a future time, to improve and amplify. The comparison of different characters with different brutes, is the most perfect and condensed. The description of the fop, the pedant, the frail beauty, the old maid, and the miser, have, perhaps, never been equalled. The apostrophe to poetry is written in the sublimest strain of poetry and pathos. Fearing it might be his own

....."Horrid Fate! the living Muse to see,
Bound to the mouldering corpse of Penury;"

about two years after writing this poem, he bade farewell to the muses; and for eighteen or twenty months, entirely neglected his first love. Affection and association, however, returned; the Indian way was forsaken for the Appian; and, during most of his life, from his poetical Pisgah, he with sorrow perceived, that

"The Canaan, he must ne'er possess, was gold."

When it is considered, for how small sums many of the finest minor poems have been originally sold to British booksellers, the reader will be surprised to learn how liberally the effusions of Mr. Paine have been patronised in this country. For his "Invention of Letters," he received fifteen hundred dollars, exclusive of expense; and twelve hundred dollars profit, by the sale of his "Ruling Passion."

In June, 1798, at the request of the "Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society," Mr. Paine wrote his celebrated political song of "Adams and Liberty." It may appear singular, that politics should have any connexion with an institution of benevolence: but the great object of the anniversary being to obtain charitable donations, the more various and splendid were the attractions, the more crowded the attendance; and of course, the more ample the accumulation for charity.

There was, probably, never a political song more sung in America, than this; and one of more poetical merit was, perhaps, never written: an anecdote deserves notice, respecting one of the best stanzas in it. Mr. Paine had written all he intended; and being in the house of Major Russell, the editor of the Centinel, showed him the verses. It was highly approved, but pronounced imperfect; as Washington was omitted. The sideboard was replenished, and Paine was about to help himself; when Major Russell familiarly interfered, and insisted, in his humourous manner, that he should not slake his thirst, till he had written an additional stanza, in which Washington should be introduced. Paine marched back and forth a few minutes, and suddenly starting, called for a pen. He immediately wrote the following sublime stanza, afterwards making one or two trivial verbal amendments:

Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand;
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The sale of this song yielded him a profit of about seven hundred and fifty dollars. It was read by all; and there was scarcely, in New England, a singer, that could not sing this song. Nor

was its circulation confined to New England: it was sung at theatres, and on public and private occasions, throughout the United States; and republished and applauded in Great Britain.

The theatre having been destroyed by fire, in February, 1798; in the autumn of this year, it was rebuilt and enlarged. Paine engaged to write a Dedicatory Address, to be spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson, then manager, when the theatre should be again opened; of which, due notice was given in the public papers. The theatre was to be opened on Monday, October 29th. *Multa agendo nihil agens* was certainly his *business* during theatrical vacations, and he neglected his Prologue till Sunday, the day before its intended delivery: on which day, between two and three o'clock, some literary acquaintance having dined, and being then present with him, Mr. Hodgkinson entered in a rage, and immediately began to upbraid him for his negligence. The public had been informed that a Prologue was to be spoken by the manager, not a word of which was yet written: he begged Paine to write something, however short or indifferent, that the theatrical campaign might not commence with a broken promise. "Pray do not be angry, Hodgkinson," said Paine; "sit down, and take a glass of wine." "No sir," said Hodgkinson, "when you begin to write, I will begin to drink."—He immediately took his pen, at a side

table, and began to write. At half past eight, he completed the whole of it, as it now stands, excepting the last sixteen lines, relative to Adams, which were added the next day, as a compliment to President Adams: it having been repeated on Tuesday evening, an extra play night, commemorating his birth day, at which he was present. This Address contains many fine lines, and the political satire is of the highest stamp. The treatment of the American ministers, by Talleyrand and his agents; the assumption of a threatening aspect; and afterwards, menaces having failed, his conciliatory deportment, are most severely satirized.

As some old Bawd, who all her life hath been
A fungus, sprouting from the filth of *sin*;
Whose dry trunk seasons in the frost of Vice;
Like radish, saved from rotting by the ice;
When threatening bailiffs first her conscience awe,
Not with the fear of shame, but fear of law,
Sets out at sixty, in contrition's search,
Rubs garlick on her eyes, and goes to church!
Thus Europe's courtezan, well versed in wiles,
Whose kisses poison, while the harlot smiles,
With pious sorrow hears our cannon roar,
And swears devoutly, that she'll sin no more!

Mr. Paine continued in his theatrical office, during this season. In February, 1799, he had, as he had been accustomed to have several seasons before, a very profitable benefit.

The treaty between this country and France, made in 1778, was abrogated by Congress, July

7th, 1798; a year after which, the young men of Boston determined to celebrate the anniversary. It was not, however, resolved, till after the 7th of July; and Wednesday, the 17th, was fixed for the day. Application was made to Mr. Paine, to deliver an Oration on the occasion, the Saturday evening preceding the 17th.

Short as was the time for preparation, the glow of feeling, the swell of language, and the brilliancy of sentiments, suitable to an address of such a nature, have very seldom been surpassed. It was delivered at seven o'clock, on the morning previous to Commencement at Cambridge, to an audience, crowded to almost the utmost pressure of possibility; and was received with rapturous and enthusiastic applause.

A copy of this Address was forwarded to General Washington, and another to Mr. Adams, then President of the United States; accompanied with a letter to each, copies of which were not retained.

From General Washington, he received the following answer.

"*Mount Vernon, September 1st*, 1799.

"Sir,—I have duly received your letter, of the 12th of August, together with the Oration delivered by you, in Boston, on the 17th of July.

"I thank you for the very flattering sentiments which you have expressed in your letter, respect-

ing myself, and I consider your sending me your Oration, as a mark of polite attention, which demands my best acknowledgements; and I pray you will be assured, that I am never more gratified than when I see the effusions of genius from some of the rising generation, which promises to secure our national rank in the literary world; as I trust their firm, manly, and patriotic conduct will ever maintain it, with dignity, in the political.

"I am, Sir, very respectfully,

"Your most obedient servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"MR. THOMAS PAINE."

From Mr. Adams, the following was received.

"*Quincy, August 4th*, 1799.

"SIR,—I have received, with great pleasure, your very handsome letter of the 27th of July, enclosed with a copy of your Oration, delivered at Boston, on the 17th of last month. This Oration is another effort of a pregnant and prolific genius, which had before exhibited many elegant, learned, and masterly productions, to the delight of our Americans, and the applause of all men of taste and sentiment, in other countries.

"The young men of Boston do honour to their education, their parents, and their country; and, in the celebration of that day, were excited by the purest motives, and governed by the best principles.

"I thank you, Sir, for your civilities to me upon this, and many former occasions; and should be happy to have a more particular acquaintance with you. Quincy is a short, pleasant, and salubrious excursion from Boston; and here I should be much obliged with a visit from Mr. Paine, to spend some time with us.

"I am, Sir, with high esteem for
your talents and character, your most
obedient and most humble servant,
"JOHN ADAMS.

"MR. THOMAS PAINE."

The friends of Mr. Paine, he having improved in his habits, were very numerous. Many respectable gentlemen, who admired his talents, were solicitous that they should be employed, more for his own emolument, his reputation, and the reputation of the country, than for several years they had been, on account of his attachment to the theatre; and urged him to the pursuit of a regular profession; and offered him pecuniary assistance, on condition of his entering upon the study of the law.

To these proposals he listened; dissolved his connexion with the theatre; and moving his family to Newburyport, entered his name as student at law, in the office of THEOPHILUS PARSONS, Esq. at present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of

this State; who cheerfully received him as such, refusing to accept the customary fee for tuition.

Mr. Paine always alleged, notwithstanding the friendly assurances of pecuniary assistance, which had been promised, that he never received any such aid as was expected. But since his decease we have been informed, upon enquiry, that Mr. Abraham Touro endorsed some small notes at the bank, which were paid by him, without recurrence to the drawer. Probably Mr. Paine considered this as a debt; although we have no doubt that Mr. Touro intended it as a gratuity.

Mr. Paine was now happily fixed in the office of the first law character in the country; of a gentleman, not less distinguished by his literary attainments, and giant intellect, than by his benevolence, urbanity, and all the virtues that distinguish the great and good; and he applied his mind, with indefatigable assiduity, to his legal studies.

The sale of his Oration, and the profits of his benefit at the theatre, had enabled him to discharge all his little debts, leaving a surplus for his maintenance for some months. When this was expended, by loans, and by literary assistance to the Newburyport booksellers, he was enabled to support himself, at least comfortably, while he remained in that town, which was about a year.

General Washington died on the 14th of December, 1799. On the 2d of January, 1800, at the

request of the town of Newburyport, Mr. Paine delivered a Eulogy on his life. It was a splendid and powerful exhibition of oratory; it was received with the highest approbation; published and republished in the English language; and, it is said, was translated as widely as the name of Washington was known.

In August, 1800, Mr. Parsons having removed to Boston, Mr. Paine and his family returned.

He continued industriously attentive to his studies and regular in his habits. He had for more than a year bade adieu to poetry: but in December, he was persuaded to write an Ode for the "Festival of the Sons of the Pilgrims," the anniversary, celebrating the landing of the forefathers of New England, at Plymouth. He did not, however, *abandon* himself to poetry; but wrote merely a few short pieces, till July, 1802, when he was regularly admitted a practitioner of law, in the Court of Common Pleas, in the county of Suffolk. Previously to his admission, he had frequently argued causes before magistrates and referees; and had given his friends the highest hopes of future excellence. As soon as he opened his office, he received an uncommon share of patronage. Perhaps no young attorney in the town was ever so suddenly and so fully crowded with business, to which he was assiduously attentive. His talents for business were remarkable, and every exhibition

in court was an "earnest of success." Though he attended the theatre, and partook of the amusement of a social whist club, at Concert Hall; he neglected not his duty to his clients, for the pleasures of the drama: and at the club, his bets were moderate and his play judicious. He was never intemperate; and his retirement was seasonable.

Till the autumn of 1803, Mr. Paine had been diligent in his profession, was accumulating property, and increasing in reputation. After the commencement of the theatrical season, he gradually neglected his office, and became more and more attached, not merely to dramatic amusements, but to familiar intercourse with the performers.

Some favourite, in the green-room, for distant admiration, or more familiar intimacy, seemed always essential to his felicity. Mrs. Jones, as a singer and performer, was now at the zenith of her reputation upon the Boston boards. This *erratic Venus* crossed his orbit and attracted him from his course. When passing the isle of the Syrens, he could not, like Ulysses, close his ears. Fortius utere loris, was a maxim, of which, the appetites and passions of his advanced years prohibited the adoption. The prospective scenes of his life were, at this time, alluringly gilded; but no sense of duty, no desire of usefulness, no ambition of renown, could reinspire his inveterate inaction.

His clients were neglected; suits, in which he had been engaged, were left to the care of others; his old patrons forsook him; and his known inattention to his profession, prevented the application of new; until, in the course of two years, his office was forsaken almost entirely by himself and his employers. The reasoning, chiding, and urging of friends, and the expostulation of his father, were ineffectual. His friendship for Bacchus became constant, though seldom excessive. Gentlemen of the bar assisted him gratuitously in the prosecution and termination of suits, which he had commenced; but many of his clients were unavoidably losers by his neglect of their causes.

His name was not taken from his office door till the year 1809; but, for several years previous, he scarcely paid the least attention to business; neglecting even his own claims, as well as the concerns of others. During these years, till the day of his death, scarcely was ever poet more completely under the despotism of abject poverty and disease. A long and severe fit of sickness, in 1805, had shattered his constitution, and he seemed indifferent to that temperance and care, by which alone, if at all, his health might have been re-established.

In the spring of the year 1807, he took a house in Dorchester, where his family resided till within a few months before his death. The distance from town being about three miles, his time was

divided between Dorchester and Boston. He had abandoned the law, and seemed determined never to resume the profession; but fed his hopes with daily resolves on the prosecution of some literary employment, which might add to his reputation, and afford him the means of subsistence. At one time, he determined to publish a commercial paper; at another, he proposed writing a new and complete system of Rhetoric. He determined to fill the pantomine of Blackbeard, and made great progress in it. He digested in his mind the principal scenes; when, a few pages being misplaced, he was so disconcerted, that he never resumed it. He had projected another play, of a higher order, and had filled some of the most important scenes. The plot was imaginary, and the action was thrown back some centuries. The principal scene was laid in the Appenines, which afforded full scope for picturesque scenery.

A Spanish prince, endued with all the virtues of a chivalrous age, became enamoured of a lady, inferiour in rank, but worthy of his affection.

Love led by Honour at her shrine adored.

The unrelenting vengeance of his father, not only discarded him as a successour, and exiled him from his dominions; but offered rewards and honours to the assassin, who should exhibit his head in the palace. In this extremity, the exile fled to

the mountains, and casually fell into the hands of a Moorish prince, his mortal enemy, whom the disasterous chances of war had compelled to seek the same solitary refuge. His education and habits, the rights of war, and the mandates of his religion, demanded the life of his prisoner. But Saracen humanity triumphed over the dictates of duty. Succours arrived from Africa, and the Moor descended from the mountain to join his forces and give battle to the Christians. The fortune of the day turned in his favour, and the father and future bride of his *caverned guest* became his prisoners. The sequestered prince was invited from his retreat, and the lovers were happily united. The Moor, without intercession, offered to restore to the inexorable father his sceptre, if he would endure the connubial happiness of his son, and reinstate him in his political rights. The offer was accepted; and the Saracen crowned the prince and hero with the radiance of moral glory. Humanity saved his enemy; his enemy became his friend; and the divine impulses of friendship induced him to forego the rights of a conqueror!

The labour of Invention was over; and the little, that remained to be done, was to adjust the scenes and prepare the dialogue for the subalterns of the piece; but this little was never accomplished.

In the winter of 1808, he issued proposals for publishing his poetical works. In a short time, he

persevered so far, as to attend to the correction of thirty or forty pages: but neither the desire of escaping from the pinching penury, by which, he was tormented; nor a due regard to his promises, and reputation, could rouse him from his habitual indolence. "Shortly, in a little while, in a few months," were his regular responses to those, who requested information when his works would appear: but no further progress was made in their accomplishment.

At the request of the merchants, who gave a dinner, in 1809, in honour of the "Spanish Patriots," Mr. Paine wrote an Ode. About the same time, he wrote a compendium of the history of that chivalrous and gallant people, and published them in a pamphlet. Both were translated into the Spanish language, to the great emolument of the Spanish bookseller. The Ode was criticised in his presence, and he, laughingly, replied, "It is a commercial Ode for a Spanish market. In the manufacture, I regarded more the gaudiness of the colours, than the texture of the fabric."

In the year 1809, at the request of Mrs. Stanley, an actress of some celebrity, who had been on the Boston boards, and with whom Paine was intimately acquainted, he wrote "A Monody on the death of Sir John Moore." Mrs. Stanley was then in Quebec, where, it is said, she recited the Monody repeatedly, to overflowing houses, and

with the highest commendation from the Quebec audience. This Monody, after making some additions, he published in Boston, in the summer of 1811; but he was mortified and disappointed in the limited sale of the poem.

During the theatrical season of 1810–11, two original plays were repeatedly acted on the Boston stage, written by William C. White, Esq. to each of these, Mr. Paine wrote a long Epilogue. Whatever might be the merit of the plays, the Epilogues were of sufficient attraction to secure a respectable audience. Hundreds of dollars he had frequently received from the sale of a poem of one or two hundred lines, and he had no reason to doubt a similar success, from a similar exertion, at any time; yet to such exertion, for his own advantage, he could not be incited; though, from pure benevolence, and a wish to encourage American literature, he wrote, for a small gratuity, an Epilogue of above two hundred lines!

In 1811, he had a benefit, by the indulgence of Messrs. Powell and Dickenson, the Boston managers, which yielded him, although the weather was inclement, two hundred dollars.

During these last years of his life, without a library, wandering from place to place, frequently uncertain where, or whether he could procure a meal; his thirst and acquisition of knowledge astonishingly increased. Though frequently

tormented with disease, and beset by duns and "the law's staff officers," from whom, and from prison, he was frequently relieved by friendship; neither sickness nor penury abated his love of a book, and of instructive conversation.

He was several times confined by sickness for several weeks, during which, his spirits sometimes forsook him; but no sooner was he enabled to go abroad, than hopes and spirits affected him with all their juvenile ardour; and plans for future life were alternately projected and abandoned, and new ones conceived and rejected.

Having long been on terms of the most intimate friendship with him, and not having seen him, for upwards of three years; the writer was extremely gratified in being able to spend a few days with him, the last August. Finding his libations to Bacchus were copious and constant, the liberty was assumed of expostulating with him, with all possible delicacy; but in such firm terms, as the sincerity and interest of deep affection, might justify. He listened, at first, with patience, and without offence. He attempted to justify himself, from the necessity of the case. Such, he said, was then the situation of his constitution, that a great quantity of stimulants were not only harmless, but absolutely necessary. The writer urged, (informing him, in some degree, *haud inexpertus loquor*,) that the habit of using such stimulants

might be forsaken abruptly, with probable safety; but gradually, with certain success; after which, the desire, or seeming necessity of their use, would never return. Neglected, as he supposed himself, by friends, injured as was his reputation, empty as were his coffers; he was assured of the return of friendship, the reparation of character, and certainty of emolument, on the first well-grounded assurance of reformation. More than all other considerations, the endeavour was made to reanimate his love of poetical fame, and he was entreated to undertake some work of length, that would (as such a work from him must) increase the literary reputation of the country, and ensure his own immortality.

Such gentle upbraidings, soon excited his irascibility; and we parted, the one in tears, the other in a state of irritation, which, however, was forgotten, on meeting the next day.

On the subject of his disorders, Dr. Warren, sen. eminent as a surgeon and physician, who was his regular attendant, and in whom his patient had the greatest confidence, has been kind enough to furnish the following:

"For several of the last years of his life, Mr. Paine was afflicted with disease, which rendered his situation extremely uncomfortable and distressing.

"In the autumn of 1805, he was attacked with a Dysentery, which, from neglect in the early

stages of it, had become obstinate and confirmed. By a suitable course of medicine and regimen, the complaint was, indeed, mitigated; but, at length, degenerated into chronic *Diarrhœa*. The organs connected with the stomach, and subservient to the process of digestion, soon became diseased; and obstructions of the liver and other glandular parts in the vicinity, almost entirely destroyed that important function; and a long train of the most troublesome symptoms ensued; from most of which, he from time obtained a partial relief only, by an occasional recurrence to medicine.

"In his languid and emaciated frame, his friends had long discovered the harbingers of dissolution; and it was not surprising that, under these circumstances, his spirits were sometimes depressed and despondent.

"Alternately flattered by amendment and the prospects of recovery, and disappointed by relapse and the evidences of increasing weakness and decay, his existence had become burdensome; and an uncommon share of fortitude, only, enabled him to 'sustain his infirmity.'

"If his fortitude sometimes failed him, and he was not always on his guard against the weaknesses of his nature, let it be remembered, that he was human.

"The long catalogue of sufferings, which he had so patiently endured, was closed by the symptoms of *Hydrothorax*, or Dropsy of the Chest.

"Till within a few days of his death, he had possessed his mental faculties in remarkable perfection; and he expired, without having experienced much more pain, than what had often attended some periods of his sickness, and without any apparent agonies of dissolution."

He remained in a very feeble state of health, and unemployed; alternately cheered by hope, and depressed by despondency, till about three months prior to his death; when his landlord, to whom he had never paid but little rent, and for which, he in vain sought security for the future, threatened his expulsion from the premises, *vi et armis*. During the period in which Mr. Paine was so besieged by his landlord; he tried in vain, day after day, to procure a habitation for his family, in town. At length a friend suggested to him, that his want of health, his want of business, and his known embarrassments, interposed insuperable obstacles to the obtainment of a house, without giving security for the rent. At this suggestion, he was highly indignant.

The day at length arrived, when he was compelled to quit his dwelling in Dorchester; his furniture was brought to town; a part of it was left at his father's, and a portion was sent to Mrs. Paine's mother's, who kept a small shop in town for her subsistence. His wife and one child went also to her mother's for a temporary residence, and two of the children were at his father's. He was fed and

lodged, in an apartment at his father's; and in this feeble and emaciated state, walked abroad, from day to day, looking like misery personified, and pouring his lamentations into the ears of his friends; who were happy to confer those little acts of kindness, which afforded to him some momentary consolation.

During this period of unhoused and disconsolate wretchedness, he was requested by the "Jockey Club," to write a song for their anniversary dinner; with which request, he readily promised to comply. Day after day elapsed without performance, until the anniversary came round; on the morning of which, a gentleman of the committee called on him. He said he had two verses finished, which did not suit him; a sketch of a third verse; and two lines of another; subjoining, that he had neither pen, ink, nor paper, nor a place in which to write. It was suggested, that a ride might be of service to him; and that at Medford, the scene of the races, if he were well enough, he could be furnished with the necessary implements to finish. To this proposition he assented. In some degree revived by the ride, he secluded himself, at twelve o'clock; remoulded what he had written; and completed the song in a short time. The labour of composition had so exhausted him, that he was unable to dine: but when "The Steeds of Apollo" was sung, he came into the room, inspired with

new life; and during the evening, he was uncommonly brilliant in his conversation and toasts. Being congratulated on his revival, he exclaimed, "Richard 's himself again." We record this as the last festive banquet, at which, he was a partaker; a scene, in which, he always shone; and which, he excessively enjoyed, when seasoned with wit, and tempered with hiliarity.

The next day, he relapsed into his usual languor, but was solicitous to have his song correctly printed—the last earthly solicitude he ever expressed.

A very few days before his death, when he was labouring under an uncommon degree of debility, he observed to a friend, that he had little expectation of much longer surviving. His friend replied, that he expected soon to see an entire edition of his works. On which he remarked, "that is impossible: I have been too negligent of my fame, in not publishing under my own eye;—God knows who will do it now."

The disunion of his family, which, in his infirm state, deprived him of his accustomed domestic comforts; and the seasonable and affectionate attention of his family, evidently preyed upon his mind, and hastened his dissolution.

He continued, during this interval, to attend the theatre, as usual:

"Such was his ruling passion, strong in death."

His last attendance there, was on Monday, November 11th. On Tuesday, he prepared himself to go abroad; but his mother and sisters, perceiving an excessive increase of his infirmities, laid their affectionate prohibition upon him. He repaired to an attic chamber in his father's house; where he languished till Wednesday evening, about half past nine o'clock, when he expired, in the presence of his family and friends, with so little apparent pain, that it was difficult to determine the precise time, when the last, lingering, spark of life forsook his mortal remains.

The funeral service was performed, according to the congregational mode, by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, on the ensuing Saturday; and his remains were conveyed to the family tomb, in the central burying ground, attended by a respectable number of the most distinguished citizens.

[Mr. Prentiss had contracted to write the Biography; and in his absence, and while the press was waiting for the residue of his copy; at the request of the Publisher, Mr. Selfridge communicated the subsequent sheets, to conclude the Sketches of Mr. Paine's life, character, and writings.]

Mr. Paine died, in his thirty-eighth year, and left a daughter and two sons. In the autumn of 1804, an endemick malady swept away his second and third children, then infants, within four days of each other. Immediately after the demise of Mr. Paine, his father invited his widow and children to his house, where they continue to reside. This seasonable adoption, will be long and gratefully remembered, by the children of humanity.

Soon after Mr. Paine's death, the managers of the theatre, upon application, liberally granted a night for the benefit of Mrs. Paine and her children. Unavailing efforts were made to obtain the benefit, exempt from the customary expenses; *but the opulent proprietors did not relinquish their rent!* Encumbered with the charges, the benefit yielded a profit of four hundred and fifty dollars.

About this time, the "Jockey Club" enclosed to Mrs. Paine, fifty dollars; Mr. Paine not having received the whole sum, which it was intended to confer, for "The Steeds of Apollo," written for their anniversary.

When Mr. Paine's immediate dissolution was pronounced inevitable, by his physicians, his friends consulted Mr. Stuart, upon the practicability of obtaining his portrait. He suggested, that a cast of the face, in plaster, would, with his recollection of the countenance, enable him to furnish a faithful copy of the original.

The possessors of great talents are always friendly, when treading different walks. In the family of genius, there is a community of feeling. The lyre of the bard might have been strung, to canonize the painter; but the great Disposer had otherwise ordered. The pencil of the painter, rivalling the inspiration of Orpheus, has recalled the Poet from the nations of the dead; embodied his mind; and animated the canvass with his living image.

These instances of posthumous regard, bestowed upon the memory and the family of Mr. Paine, savour, neither of ostentation nor selfishness, and are recorded with sentiments of unmingled pleasure.

Having consigned Mr. Paine to the tomb, it is not our design,

> To draw his frailties from their dread abode;

but it will be our endeavour to dispose of his *light and shade*, in a manner, to afford the *strongest relief* to his character.

The stature of Mr. Paine was deceptive. His height was five feet, nine and an half inches; although, apparently, not more than five feet, eight inches. His bones were small; his fibres had little tension; and of course, his muscles but little compactness. His frame and movement indicated an absence of physical power. His hair was sandy

and his complexion light. His forehead was high, remarkably wide, and clearly defined. His eyes were blue, very prominent, but inexpressive, except when he was strongly excited; and his nose was of the common size, slender and angular. His mouth was large, heavy, and sensual; and his lips possessed an uncommon thickness, which extended to a considerable distance from the edges, which were not uncommonly protuberant. The lower part of his face, *in character*, furnished a striking contrast to the upper; but there was nothing singular in its formation. The *tout ensemble* was not repulsive; nor could it be said,

Vultus erat multa ac præclara minantis.

Mr. Paine attached great consequence to *manners*. This sentiment he, probably, early imbibed from the Roman writers, who had no discriminating terms, to express the difference of import, annexed, by us, to *morals and manners*. He was modelled upon the *old school*. Without being familiar, he was easy among friends, and courtly to strangers. In colloquial discussion, he rigidly adhered to the law of politeness; and in mixed society, he neither courted the *high*, nor avoided the *low*. Distress never induced him to solicit favours from those, who were abundantly able; and who, probably, would have been willing to have conferred them. Had this salutary principle of

pride pervaded his *major*, as it did his *minor morals*, it would have rescued him from ruin. His composition combined the most striking contrarieties; and his life was a continued illustration of the truth of one of his own couplets;—

> Nature ne'er meant her secrets should be found;
> And man 's a riddle, which man can't expound.

He frequently deplored a supposed decay of *manners*. With concern, he used to inquire, "*In manners, where is the successour of* GEN. KNOX *to be found?*" It was with him a constant topick of complaint, that "*the old, genteel, town families, had been elbowed out of house and home, by* newcomers;" that "*instead of the polished manners of a city, we should soon exhibit that growth of gentility, which is produced by ingrafting dollars upon village habits and low employments. There is as wide a difference,*" said he "*between the old school and the new, as there was between the polished ease of the reign of Augustus, and the rude turbulence of the epoch of the Gracchi.*"

In the varied powers of conversation, Mr. Paine particularly excelled. With the operation of the passions; the modes of artificial life; and the general laws of human nature; he was well acquainted. He had learned the history and use of those branches of knowledge, which he had not attentively cultivated. This not only answered the purposes of oral communication; but of poetic

allusion and illustration. He had scarcely witnessed a scene, from which, he had not selected a metaphor; drawn a simile; or constructed an allegory. His narration conformed to the canons of criticism, for the fable and structure of a poem. He rarely confined himself to a dull recital of facts; but interspersed his narrative, with pertinent reflections; adorned it with brilliant allusions; and frequently indulged in animated episodes, which he always highly embellished. His transitions,

> From grave to gay; from lively to severe,

were rapid and unexpected. When kindled by sympathy, excited by collision, or roused from opposition, he enlivened, delighted, and astonished, for successive hours. Once engaged, he was an electric battery; approach him, and he scintillated; touch him, and he emitted a blaze.

We will select a few instances of that spontaneous flow of thought, which was "wont to set the table on a roar." He rarely quitted a convivial party, without having said *some*, perhaps *many things*, as memorable as any which are recollected.

When the opposition to the erection of the theatre was overcome, he remarked, "*The Vandal spirit of puritanism is prostrate in New-England.*" The first time that he dined at his father's, after their reconciliation, his toast was requested, and he gave, "*The love of liberty, and the liberty of*

loving." There was an alarm of fire, when he was playing whist, at Concert Hall. A gentleman observed, that the fire was near Dr. Lathrop's, as there was a luminous reflection from the steeple of his meeting-house. Without the least diversion from his game, he said, "*The splendour of the church always depends upon the distress of the citizen.*" A volume of ecclesiastic history, in a single sentence! A client, of Titanian size, was in his office; his visage was dark, furrowed, and shining with perspiration. When he retired, Paine exclaimed, "*That fellow's countenance is the eastern aspect of the Alps, at sunrise;—alternate splendour and gloom;—ridges of sunshine and cavities of shade.*" In a political discussion, which was conducted with warmth, he said, of the Essex Junto, "*Washington was its sublime head, and the tower of its strength; it was informed by the genius, and guided by the energy of Hamilton. Since their decease, nothing, but the* attic salt *of Fisher Ames, has preserved it from putrefaction. When the ethereal spirits escaped, the residuum settled into faction. It has captured Boston, and keeps it in tow, like a prize ship.*"* Dining one day, with a

*Not to make an apology, but to exonerate Mr. Paine, from a momentary vaccillation in his political principles, we would observe, that this remark was made in the summer of 1807, after the attack of the British ship of war, Leopard, upon the American frigate, Chesapeak. At this period, certain journalists, essayists, and pamphleteers, *against the most clearly*

friend, some of whose guests, he fancied, treated him with disrespect; he was resolved upon revenge, before the separation of the company. When he had dined, he monopolized the table, by commencing a dissertation upon Juvenal and his satires, with some pointed applications to the persons and characters of those whom he wished to punish. The stream flowed uninterruptedly. The obnoxious individuals, soon retired from a table, where, *after dining*, they were neither pleased nor edified. When he perceived, that they were gone, he exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "*I have made these* great men, *so sensible of their* littleness, *that they cannot* endure it." In a small party of friends, religion became the subject of discussion. The internal and historical evidences of revelation, were enforced with great ingenuity and eloquence by Mr. Paine. His adversary, if not convinced, was overwhelmed; and after a moment's pause, petulantly propounded this question: "If you are

defined rights of their own country, united, in vindication of the aggression of the British commander. The minister of foreign relations, at St. James', hastened to disavow the act; the king, from his throne, disavowed it to his parliament; and the British Government have since made atonement for the outrage. If the atonement had been accorded, as a matter of strict right, unincumbered, with "the spontaneous bounty of his majesty," in the pitiful provision for the families of the deceased, Mr. Madison would not have disgraced his country, by accepting it. The royal bounty accepted, as a healing plaster, for the bruised honour of America!

so strenuous a believer, Sir, why don't you attend public worship?" This abrupt departure from the *main question*, could not have been anticipated; but Mr. Paine instantaneously replied, "*Religion, Sir, does not consist in forms; nor do I believe, that priests are oracles. The lily, or the glow-worm, furnishes higher evidence of the being and attributes of the Deity, than all the tomes of the christian fathers. The universe is vocal with the Maker's praise; and I prefer, like the primitive christians, to worship in a temple, not made with hands.*" A gentleman of some literary pretensions, was the reputed editor of two periodical papers, the Emerald and the Ordeal, which *went down*, at no distant period from each other. Ignorant of this fact, a literary stranger inquired of Mr. Paine, "what rank this gentleman held among the literati?" Paine answered, "*He possesses the greatest* literary execution *of any man in America.* Two journals have perished under his hands, in six months!" We have introduced as much variety, in these selections, as their number would admit.

In the latter years of Mr. Paine's life, his conversation, in some degree, changed its character. He was less brilliant, and more didactic. The Drama, literature, metaphysics, and theology, were his favourite subjects; but he frequently ranged the regions of science,

Far as the solar walk, or milky way.

In all companies, he was a decided foe to vulgarity and indecency. Had some companion, like Boswell, been diligent in compiling the fragments of his conversation, volumes might have been composed, not inferiour, in splendour and strength, to *much*, which has been gleaned from the British Socrates. His pen opened the quarry, but his tongue gave a lustre to the diamond.

In his early years, Mr. Paine was a diligent and systematic student; and what was once acquired, was never forgotten. Upon unimportant dates and trivial incidents, he never dissipated attention. He had committed to memory, but few long passages, even from his favourite authors; but the essence of a book, which he had once read, never escaped the keen grasp of his mind. He possessed the rare gift of "an intellectual digestion, that concocted the pulp of learning, and refused its husks," in a degree, which falls to the lot of but few.

To his collegiate attainments, in the languages, we have already adverted. To these, he added a knowledge of the French, competent to read its writers with fluency. In philosophy, geography, philology, history, metaphysics, and criticism, he was well versed; in chymistry and medicine, he was also a considerable proficient. Few topics of conversation could be introduced, upon which, he was unable to make a brilliant display; and no man ever enjoyed a more singular felicity in the

command of his powers. Ovid, Juvenal, Cicero, and Quintilian, were the Romans, with whom he held the "sweetest communion." He was perfectly conversant with the British classics; but Shakespeare and Dryden were the household gods of his muse.

The reading of his latter years was extremely desultory; but he seized every new fact and principle with avidity, and inalienably appropriated them to the stock, already reposited in his own inexhaustible magazine. He was singularly conscious of the transitory events of the living world; and had an intuitive knowledge of *stage effect*, as well in the Drama of reality, as in the humble scenes of mimic exhibition. He could predict with accuracy, the success of a play and the issue of a campaign, the turmoils of the green-room and the agitations of the republic. To those, with whom he was most intimate, the march of his mind, in its various acquisitions "amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow," was a matter of wonder and surprise.

Under the tuition of his great master, Mr. Paine cultivated, with assiduity and success, the elements of his profession, and the subtle science of special pleading. Probably, no student had ever acquired a more ready precision of technical expression, or had better imbued his mind with legal forms. Few could have been more demonstrative in forensic

argument and in the regions of eloquence, none could have wheeled his flight upon a bolder wing. Prompted by an ambition to shine, in his earliest assays at the bar of the Common Pleas, he cited Horace to the court, and explained positions to the Jury, by mythological allusions; but experience soon taught him, that classical learning was an ill-assorted commodity, for the market in which he exposed it.

In politics, Mr. Paine was a disciple of the old federal school. He understood the constitution, as Washington administered, and as Hamilton had expounded it. He was an advocate for the practical circumscription of state sovereignties, and was invariably opposed to state interferences in national legislation. He said, when Virginia pronounced the alien and sedition laws unconstitutional, "This won't do—it is taking the bolt from the hand of the thunderer." His "Rule New England," written many years ago, and his "Arouse, Arouse, Columbia's Sons, Arouse," written for the 4th of July, 1811, evince a striking contrast. One is local, the other national. If popular songs produce effect, the tendency of the sentiments of the former, is to dismember, and of the latter, to cement the union. Ardent patriotism was the predominant passion of his heart; and he traced the rising glories of his country, in the brightest visions of fancy.

Of his religious opinions, we can speak with confidence. In "The Nature and Progress of Liberty," in his commendation of Mayhew, who first dissolved the religious spell, that bound New England, by vindicating the right of private judgment, it may be perceived, that he had laid the foundation of *free thinking*. In early life, the fanatic Atheism of France, decorated in all the meretricious charms of eloquence and philosophy, took a transient possession of his mind. He, however, soon abjured the comfortless tenets of his new creed; seriously examined the Evidences of Christianity; and died in the belief of the religion of his fathers.

A general coincidence of opinion, has induced us to extract Mr. Paine's character, as an author, from the prospectus to his works.

"Of Mr. Paine, as an author, we cannot speak in terms of unmingled praise. His verse, indeed, seldom loiters into prose; but it must be confessed, that his prose is here and there "tricked and frounced, till it outmantles all the pride of verse." His numbers are, perhaps, never feeble or faultering, but a wild and frolic imagination, occasionally, wantons through his periods, and sometimes displays itself in contemning the chaster elegancies, and sometimes in neglecting the severer decencies of thought and diction.

"Yet, notwithstanding the few and scattered passages, to which the prudery of criticism may except, the prose, as well as the verse of Mr. Paine, will always be regarded, as invigorated with the "authentic fire" of a bold and fervid genius. His faults of style and sentiment must stand as the proofs, for they are, unquestionably, the effects, of a great mind, failing in great attempts. Like his favourite, Dryden, Mr. Paine delighted in those bursts of enthusiasm, which are great and striking in themselves, and appeal to the heart, with a power which awakens and absorbs the whole passion of admiration, perhaps for no other or better reason, than merely because they disdain and defy the maxims of Aristotle.

"Such are his defects; but the excellencies of Mr. Paine are sufficient to atone for all his offences, even if they were infinitely more frequent and flagrant against good taste and sober criticism. Of these excellencies, the most prominent, and that to which we would direct the attention of every reader, is the high and holy strain of morality and patriotism, which breathes through his writings, like a response, whispering out the fates, from the shrine of Apollo. With this spirit, his prose, as well as his verse, is largely informed. It charms, in his earlier efforts: it delights and astonishes, in the productions of his riper years. His patriotism never foams itself out in frothy professions; his

morality never loses its serene and cheerful dignity, by descending to humour the whims of the fickle, or mimic the airs of the thoughtless. Such was his reverence for virtue, that the virgin's cheek, while reading his page, cannot redden to a blush: his affection for his natal soil was such, that his country, as some faint requital of his gratitude, ought always to boast of his fame, as of one, among the living lights of her own untarnished glory.

"Upon Mr. Paine's scrupulous observance of the laws of English Prosody, as settled by Dryden and Pope, on his exact rhymes, his happy allusions, his brilliant imagery, and all his other and subsidiary accomplishments as an author, it were easy to enlarge. But to those who cherish the hope (is it a fond or an idle hope?) of seeing one of their countrymen taking his place, not by the courtesy of the present age, but by the full and consentient suffrage of posterity, on the same shelf with the prince of English rhyme, enough has already been said."

To speak of Mr. Paine as a man;—*hic labor, hoc opus est.* In his intercourse with the world, his earliest impressions were rarely correct. His vivid imagination, in his first interviews, undervalued, or overrated almost every individual with whom he came in contact; but when a protracted acquaintance had effaced early impressions, his

judgment recovered its tone, and no man brought his associates to a fairer scrutiny; or could delineate their characteristics with greater exactness.

Nullius addictus jurare, in verba, magistri;

and when he had once formed a deliberate opinion, without a change of circumstances, it is not known that he ever renounced it. Studious to please, he was only impatient of obtrusive folly, impertinent presumption, or vicious speculation. His friendships were cordial, and his good genius soon rectified the precipitance of his enmities. To conflicting propositions, he listened with attention; heard his own opinions contested, with complacency; and replied with courtesy. No root of bitterness ever quickened in his mind. If injured, he was placable; if offended, he

.....Shewed a hasty spark,
And straight was cold again.

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,

was in strict unison with the habitual elevation of his feelings. Such services, as it was in his power to render to others, he performed with manly zeal; and their value was enhanced, by being generally rendered, where they were most needed; and through life, he cherished a lively gratitude towards those, from whom he had received benefits. His mind was inaccessible to the tribe of malignant passions, which so frequently disfigure literary history; he hailed every young author, as a brother;

and every candidate, aspiring to fame, found in him an ardent and an unremitting supporter. No man was ever more perfectly purified from the taint of avarice, or more sincerely respected and reverenced the amiable and heroic virtues in others. Yet indolence, wine, and women, have erased his name from the calendar of the saints. To the stern justice of this decision, we bow in sorrowful accordance; but let us impartially examine the circumstances, in mitigation, as well as those, which countervail the effect of the sentence, if not reverse the judgment. He sensibly felt, and clearly foresaw, the consequences of the continuous indulgence of his habits, and passed frequent resolutions of reformation; but daily embarrassments shook the resolves of his seclusion, and reform was indefinitely postponed. He urged, as an excuse for delaying the Herculean task, that it was impossible to commence it, while perplexed with difficulty and surrounded with distress. Instead of rising with an elastic power, and throwing the incumbent pressure from his shoulders, he succumbed under its accumulating weight, until he became insuperably recumbent; and vital action was only precariously sustained, by administering "the extreme medicine of the constitution, for its daily food."

If those, who ascend Parnassus, experience a keenness of pleasure, which none but poets know, it is to be presumed, that they experience a keenness of sorrow, which none but poets feel. In

genius, there is not only an inherent haughtiness, which frequently disdains the maxims of vulgar prudence; but it has been contended, that in the *poetic temperament*, there is some intractable quality, practically at variance with moral discretion. However this may be, it is a general truth, that these ethereal spirits, in their journey to the stars, have had but a sorrowing pilgrimage in the nether world. But we will relinquish hypothesis and recur to fact.

Mental labour induces lassitude of body and a disinclination to exertion. When these are accompanied by illness, the stoutest resolution is appalled. How can those affirm, whose sails have always been prosperously filled, that, if their lives had been cheated by hope, and chequered by misfortune, like his, they should have uniformly refrained from "physical aid for their moral consolation?" Driven into scenes, for society, where virtue does not always wear her most forbidding aspect, what mortal can affirm, that he should have steadfastly preserved his stoical austerity? In conversation, Mr. Paine was always the champion of good principles, and we believe, that he has written no couplet, which a moralist would wish to blot. An example, so pregnant with misery, cannot be contagious; indeed, the example of any private individual,

His time a moment, and a point his space,

cannot be of wide influence or of long duration, compared with the imperishable relicks of the mind. The statesman, who has served, and the hero, who has bled for his country, live in their own great actions, to inspire unborn ages, and posterity consecrates their memories, without a previous inquest, as to their temperance or chastity. It is immaterial, to the present generation, whether the discoverer of the mariner's compass, or the inventor of the art of printing, lived morally or sensually. If irregularity of life overshadowed their fame for a season, they have since emerged from the cloud, in a blaze of glory, which has dispelled the mist, and will convey their names to the end of time, as the most illustrious benefactors of the human race. The writer, however he lived, who impregnated his compositions with high principles of moral action, and sublime sentiments of patriotism; and who wrote popularly enough to be read, and splendidly or profoundly enough to endure, is a witness, testifying from the grave—an advocate from the world of spirits, in the cause of morality. He has lighted a vestal fire, in the temple of virtue, and will officiate at her altars,

> Until the last and dreadful hour,
> This crumbling pageant shall devour;
> The trumpet shall be heard on high;
> The dead shall live—the living die.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1812.

TRIBUTARY LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

ROBERT T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

Mourn we the Brave, whose days are past;
Whose gallant deeds, in war, are o'er;
When dark, in fury, swept the blast,
They fell to save their native shore?

Mourn we the fall of beauty's flower,
Gay, fragrant, fresh; whose glowing charms
Bloom'd through the morning's modest hour,
Then sunk in summer's sultry arms.

And shall our Bard, unsung, expire,
In cold neglect, unhonor'd lie,
Who struck his high, heroic lyre,
With fancy's holiest ecstacy?

Bright was his youth—the playful muse
Breath'd on his infant lips her flame,
And, ere he caught her dazzling hues,
The votary wildly dream'd of fame.

Ne'er was a nobler spirit born,
A loftier soul, a gentler heart;
Above the world's ignoble scorn,
Above the reach of venal art.

Genius was his; whose various rays
Illum'd with joy the social hours,
Or pour'd a full, impetuous blaze
Through all the Poet's magic powers.

Nor less his daring spirit sought
The depths of learning's ancient store;
Or paus'd o'er nature's secret thought,
Or soar'd in fame's sublimer lore.

But most shall friendship love to trace
The scenes, with liberal mirth entwin'd;
What streams of wit! what flowing grace!
What sparkling sense! what cloudless mind!

Oft has declin'd the midnight star,
Yet seem'd the parting hour too near;
And oft the breezy morn, afar,
Caught the loud laugh, or generous tear.

But all is past—beneath the sod
Low lies the Poet's weary head:
His grief-worn soul has rest in God;
Bright-rob'd, in glory, ere it fled.

Nor bitter be the tears, that flow
In silence round his wintry urn;
Still friendship's breast shall warmly glow,
Still love with holy reverence mourn.

When sleep the Brave—'tis honour's sleep;
When falls the Bard, his brilliant doom
Age after age shall memory keep,
And chase the darkness from his tomb.

The dreams of wealth shall pass away,
Nor leave a wreck of thought behind;
But deathless, GENIUS, is thy sway,
The immortal triumph of the mind.

The following Tributary Lines appeared in the "Charleston Courier," soon after the death of Mr. Paine.

"Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay."

Weep now, ye Muses, let your sorrows flow,
For Paine, the pride of minstrelsy, lies low;
Ye, who inspired his ever tuneful breath,
Could not secure him from the shafts of death.

His harp is broken, and his lyre unstrung,
Who Moore's triumphant death and glory sung;
And he, who deck'd with laurel valor's tomb,
Now rests, alas! with Moore, in kindred gloom.

If wit or genius had the power to save
Their great possessor from the darksome grave;
Your much-lov'd offspring's loss we should not mourn,
Nor moisten, with our tears, his funeral urn.

Who his deserted station can supply,
And fill the foremost ranks of Poesy?
Vain is th' attempt our sorrows to restrain,
For we shall never view another Paine.

For every noble quality renowned,
And with the choicest gifts of Nature crowned:
Shall not his strains succeeding Bards inspire,
And stamp their works with more than mortal fire.

Yes; while the noble fame of Moore shall last,
Not scandal's breath, nor envy's withering blast,
Shall dare, with impious power, attack his name,
Or, from his memory, snatch the wreaths of fame.

COLUMBIA'S BARD.

WHERE yon willow's boughs entwining
Cast a shadow o'er the plain,
In her classic shades reclining,
Science mourns the loss of PAINE.
Columbia's Bard!
O'er his tomb the muses weep,
Where, shrin'd in earth, his ashes sleep!

Never! shall his tuneful numbers
Charm the list'ning ear again!
Cold and silent, where he slumbers,
Genius weeps the fate of PAINE.
Columbia's Bard!
"Son of Song!" thy lay is o'er,
The festive hall resounds no more!

"To-morrow may the trav'ler come,
He, who has heard the Poet's strain,
His foot may press the grassy tomb,"
Unconscious 'tis the bed of PAINE.
Columbia's Bard!
Hark! the hollow night-breeze sighs,
Where, wrapped in death, the Poet lies!

Haste thee, Spring! to deck thy bowers,
Bid young Beauty dress the plain!
Let thy fairest, sweetest flowers,
Wreathe around the tomb of PAINE.
Columbia's Bard!
May he, who bears his father's name,
Possess his genius! merit all his fame!

THE

WORKS

OF

R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

PART I.

JUVENILE POEMS.

Consisting chiefly of

COLLEGE EXERCISES.

NOTE.

These Poems are selected from a manuscript, which appears to contain copies of Mr. PAINE'S *themes, as they are called, at Cambridge. These themes, written during his junior and senior years, were submitted to a Professor for revision. Whether the copies were made before or after such revision I know not. The motto and preface to this manuscript are worthy of places in the text.*

Beside the poems selected from this manuscript, it is proposed under this division of the work, to arrange, according to time, such of Mr. PAINE'S *performances, while at the University, as came without exaction from his pen, or were produced by some publick solemnity.*

COLLEGE EXERCISES.

PREFACE.

Maturer life, with smiling eye, will view
The imperfect scenes, which youthful fancy drew.

While vernal years in swift succession roll.
And fancy's gairish prospects cheer the soul;
Beneath Mæcenas' guardian care, my muse
With panting breast her infant song pursues.

To teach the rapid moments, as they fly
Beyond the utmost ken of mortal eye,
The smile of sportive pleasure to assume,
And bid the flowers of hope unfolding bloom;
To gild with bright improvement's flattering ray;
The fond remembrance of each passing day;
To mould the heart by sentiment and truth,
And bind the olive round the brow of youth;
These were the motives, which inspired the verse,
Though neither bold, nor elegantly terse,
Though in the strains no dazzling beauties shine,
Though poesy reject each embryo line;

Yet simple numbers, unrefined by art,
Here paint the warm effusions of the heart.
The lettered bigot, with sarcastick phlegm,
And lifeless system, may the song condemn;
But let proud criticks frown, whene'er I sing,
'Tis not to them I tune my vocal string;
If my harsh notes disgust your nicer ear,
Avert your heads, ye are not forced to hear.
While I adventure on the sea of song,
Propitious learning wafts my bark along;
Yet see, at candour's throne the suppliant sues,
In the low accents of the lisping muse.

"An undevout astronomer is mad."
YOUNG.

[*Written Nov.* 17, 1790.]

BRIGHT is the sun beam, smiling after showers;
Sweet are the pleasures of the rural groves,
When pearls, unnumbered, deck the morning grass;
But sweeter still the joys of evening walk,
Brighter the glories of the unbounded God.[1]

Hail, sacred eve, thy presence sweet I woo,
Where pensive Solitude with rambling feet,
Strays through thy dusky groves, to view the works
Of heaven's high King; or, sunk in rapture's trance,
With silent gratitude delights to hear
Nature's soft harp, "the musick of the spheres,"
Which chant in endless notes Jehovah's praise!

Come then, sweet nymph, thy mildest breath impart,
To swell the youthful muse's artless reed;[2]
Faintly to echo, with unskilful trill,
One note of Nature's universal song.

The sun, fatigued with his diurnal course
Through heaven's high summit, sunk to soft repose,
The Zephyrs, loaded with the rich perfumes

Of yon tall hill, in gay luxuriance clad,
Whispered invitement[3] to the bower of joy,
And by the ambrosial presents, which they brought,
Urged their request, and won my willing soul.[4]
To the fair spot I rove; a devious way
In many wanderings leads me to the height.
Along its brow a shaggy ridge of rocks,
High towering, keeps the distant fields in awe,
Enhedged[5] with flowers, and shrubs, and vines, and thorns,
Which in luxuriant confusion grew.[6]

Deep boiling o'er the top from confluent springs,
A river rolls adown the sloping hill;
From the high rocks the dashing current leaps
In one broad sheet, till, spreading by degrees,
The white foam flashes o'er the pointed crags,
Which with continual rage embroil its waves;
Now whirl in eddies, now in loud cascades
Roll the vexed current; while with rapid speed
Waves crowd on waves, to escape the rocks, and gain
The peaceful harbour of the quiet vale.

How short this ever varying scene of life!
How troubled too with woes! Thus down the stream
Of cares, perplexities, distress and wants,
As waves on waves, so generations crowd.[7]
See, the vain bubble, floating down the surge,
From yon bright cloud a purple tincture draws;
But mark yon rock; its beauties; they are fled!
Thus wrecked, shall vanish all the world calls great;
Not all his purple can protect the king.
The busy world, and all the joys it boasts,

Where harpy Care and Disappointment reign,
Are like the billows of the troubled sea;
While calm Content and Solitude, sweet pair,
Like the soft lustre of Hesperian day,
E'er sweetly smile to lure us from the storm.
When sin disturbed the peace of Eden's bowers,
And man, degenerate, to her banners fled;
All-bounteous Heaven, although provoked to wrath,
Sent these fair visitants with exiled man,
To guide him in the paths, which lead to peace.
Here then they come! Their silent tread I hear.
God to their smiles creative power has given,
For here they smile, and second Eden blooms.
The gilded roof, the regal dome they fly,
And here with mild Philosophy retreat.
To shady grots, where Contemplation reigns,
They lead the heavenly pensive maid; 'tis here
That purest happiness delights to dwell.
Can he, who in these solitary seats
Retired, enjoying philosophick ease;
Can he, whose study and delight 's to scan
The laws, which regulate the starry world,
Be so infatuate, as to think that Chance,
Presiding, held the sceptre of the sky,
Gave Nature birth, and linked in one great chain
Creation's scale, from angels to the worm?

Dun night her sable curtain draws around,
And with diffusive darkness, far and near,
Burying the cot, the palace, and the tower,
Calls Reason's eye from objects here below,
To trace the wonders of the spangled sky.

Far as the eye can sweep in utmost range,
Where spheres on spheres in bright confusion roll,
Where swift Philosophy with towering speed
Extends her wings, and from the blazing height
Of Sirius descries more distant worlds;[10]
These are thy wonders, great Jehovah; these,[11]
As all their various orbits they perform,
Speak forth thy majesty and endless praise.
The mighty pillars of the universe,
The ethereal arch, with starry curtains hung,
Thy hands have made; through the stupendous frame
Loud hallelujahs and hosannas sound,
Wafting thy glory to unnumbered worlds,
In Nature's language, understood by all.[12]
Yet though to us unbounded these may seem,
Throned on the height of thy omnipotence,
Thou look'st abroad with all discovering eye,
And all creation far beneath thee rolls.
'Tis thou, who check'st in mid career the storm,[13]
Which on the wings of furious whirlwinds sweeps;
When battling clouds, in horrid ruin, crush,
And their pent wrath in bursting lightnings pour.[14]
When raging winds, from Æolus released,
From its foundations heave the boiling deep,[15]
And heaven-topped waves in liquid mountains rise,
And leave old ocean's dark recesses dry;
Thou smils't;—the main subsides, to smile with thee.[16]

When, in the car of wrath, thou thunderest forth
To scour the nations with afflictive rod;
Before thy chariot wheels, self rolling, flies[17]
Pale Awe, and strikes the universe with dread.

The tall hills tremble, and the valleys rise;
Guilt's tottering knees in mad distraction beat,
And the rent poles re-echo with thy voice.
One angry look from thee would cause the world
To dwindle into nought; one wrathful word
The universal edifice to fall,
And its high columns moulder into dust.

What soul but quakes, when thy deep thunders roll,
Or starts affrighted, when thy lightnings fly?
The astonish'd earth confesses power divine,
And, trembling, owns the presence of its God.
Shall not devotion then, with early day
Enkindling, glow, nor at the setting sun,
Man, thy own offspring, praise thy glorious name?
Forbid it, heaven, that he again should sin
Against the light of all your brilliant orbs,
And be expelled from earth's unblest abode,
An Eden, sure, compared to hells below!

Can there exist a son from Adam sprung,
How abject e'er from native dignity,
Or, in the vale of ignorance remote
From the bright sunshine of the learned world,
Who but uplifts his eye to yon bright vault,
Views all the glories, which emblaze the pole,
And doubts, one moment, their Creator's power?
All nature 's vocal with the voice of God;
From sphere to sphere Jehovah's name resounds;
E'en savage Indians, with untutored souls,
"See God in clouds, and hear him in the winds."

If then one high Supreme presides o'er all;
As he, who is not deaf to Nature's voice,
Can't but confess; who then can be so mad,
As to refuse, to that omniscient Power
Devotion, due to his omnipotence?
And in rebellion rise against his arm,
Whose breath created, and enlivens nature?
The soul of man, too feeble to endure
The vile transgression, shudders at its sight.

But there are such, who in the moral world
With genius blest, by fostering wisdom nursed,
Who oft have ranged the illimitable sky,
In vain conception of some selfish end,
Nor given to God the glory of his skill.
With vain idolatry and frenzy fired,
They reach the utmost verge of mortal ken,
Nor once perceive the features of a God
In wide magnificence illumine all.
They see the grand machine unvarying roll,
Nor once discern the arm, that moves the whole.
In "light ineffable," they soar aloft,
But stain its purity with blackest crime.
Recoiling Reason startles at the deed,
And Nature's self, with indignation fired,
Blushes to view her own perversity.

Dark night with deepening gloom draws on apace;
The russet groves no trembling zephyr moves;
In majesty ascends night's brilliant queen;
The lengthened shades o'er every field extend,
And light, promiscuous, beautifies each scene.

Hard by the murmurs of the chrystal stream,
A sudden voice I hear; amazed I stand,
Catch every sound, and still the voice returns!

Behold a sage advancing through the groves,
The moonbeam trembling on his silver locks.
Again I listen, but his voice has ceased!
Time's ruthless hand with wrinkles knit his brow;
A long white beard descended from his chin;
A sudden awe thrills through my every limb;
He stops, abrupt, beside a purling stream,
Where chaste Diana kissed the silver wave.
Fair in the azure chambers of the east,
His raptured eyes beheld the radiant maid;
The spangled constellations of the heavens,
Lost in surprise, astonishment, he viewed;
"These are thy works, eternal Father; thine
"Nature's great altar of unceasing praise,
"Raised in the temple of unbounded space!
"Blest be that God who smiled upon my birth,
"Who sent a guardian angel from the sky
"To snatch me from the wreck, which threats the world,
"Amid these lone retreats, to range the stars,
"Those gems, that with unsullied lustre shine,
"To grace the crown of high Omnipotence."
He ceas'd; his lips in faltering silence hung;
But silence spoke, devotion was not dumb.
The tear of gratitude gush'd from his eye,
And the pure transport melted all his soul.

Hail, bright Philosophy, thy pages ne'er
Could boast a fairer dignity to man!

Of morals pure, and of a heart sincere,
In him the virtues, all resplendent, shone.
" Yon river," spoke the sage, " which foams along,
" Its waves perplexed, by craggy rocks enraged,
" Points to my eye the picture of the world,
" Where care corrodes all happiness below.
" From the tumultuous scenes of worldly strife,
" Where pride's gay, tinsel train, in fashion's sun,
" Bask like the butterfly, a day to charm,
" To these green bowers, and rural groves I came,
" And sought retirement in her native shade.
" The heaven which mortals vainly seek below,
" In earthly gew-gaws, and in princely state,
" May here be found, if earth a heaven produce.
" By contemplation led, we walk on high;
" And here by fond anticipation taste
" That bliss, which virtue shall hereafter crown.
" While Nature's laws direct the starry world,
" And mortals think they're wise if skill'd in these,
" Let sages, more contemplative, unite,
" To adorn mankind, the virtues to display,
" Those stars, which glitter in the moral sky.
" The voice of Nature is the voice of praise;
" Yon orbs but shine, our gratitude to raise."

He ceas'd; for admiration then began,
And honoured with a tear the pride of man.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF BOWDOIN.

"Pallida mors æquo pede pulsat pauperum tabernas,
"Regumque turres." Hor. 4th ode, 1st book.

Death's dread decrees must be obeyed;
Grim king, inexorably just!
That arm, which strikes the humble *shed*,
Levels the palace with the dust.

[*Written Feb. 23, 1791.*]

Pale is the mournful eye of setting day;
The gloomy fields in weeds of woe appear;
O'er the dim lawn dread horror bends his way,
And solemn silence bids the mind revere.

Beneath thick glooms the distant landscape fades;[1]
The sad moon weeps o'er yon funereal ground;
Hark! the dull rippling stream the ear invades;
The soul, wild staring, startles at each sound!

What ghastly phantoms round me seem to rise!
With this just lecture on their tongues they come;
In yonder spot Fame's great colossus lies;
A Bowdoin moulders in the humble tomb![2]

How short the fleeting hour assigned to man!
To Virtue's nobler charge the task is given,
Beyond the grave to extend the narrow span,
And gain a blest eternity in heaven.

Yes, 'tis a glorious truth, that man, refined
From all the impurities of sordid clay,
No more an exile on vile earth *confined*,
Shall shine amid the stars of endless day.

Hark! the sad voice of death, with solemn sound,
Calls from their distant caves the sleeping gales!
The gales with sighs the awful voice *resound*,[3]
And tears of grief bedew the echoing vales.

Across the fields see heavenly Virtue stray;
Philosophy, dejected at her side,
And Love celestial bend their pensive way,
And give free vent to grief's impetuous tide!

Mid the dark melancholy walks of death,
Towards a stately monument they rove;
And hang on the tomb their votive wreath,
A wreath with mingled honours fondly wove.[4]

From realms of purest happiness they flow,
To adorn the grave where their dear votary slept;
The world they found suffused in tears of woe,
And feeling for its loss in pity wept.

Around the tomb the heavenly spirits stand,
In all the plaintive eloquence of grief;
"Here rest in peace, thou patriot of thy land,
"Sage of the world, and Virtue's darling chief!"

"Let spring immortal o'er thy ashes bloom;
"To thee let earth the laurelled wreath resign;
"The ivy and the olive deck the tomb;
"For valour, eloquence, and peace were thine!"

"Well may thy friends bedew thy hallowed urn,
"Ambition weep, despairing of thy fame;
"Well may thy country o'er thy relicks mourn,
"And wondering earth immortalize thy name."

Weep o'er the grave, which BOWDOIN's dust entombs;
In him such splendid traits their charms unite,
Like the bright lamp, which heaven and earth illumes,
He shone the sun of philosophick light![5]

In him the patriot virtues all combined;[6]
In him was Freedom's voice divinely heard;
Soft grace and energy adorned his mind,
And constellated excellence appeared.

How oft have senates on his accents hung,
And viewed the blended powers of genius meet,
In flowing musick, melting from his tongue,
Strong, without rage, and without flattery, sweet.[7]

When Massachusetts' patriot sages met,[8]
To snatch from fate their country's falling name,
His arm, like Jove's, upreared the sinking state,
And raised a pillar in the dome of fame.

His noble soul no selfish motive fired;
His country's glory was his godlike aim;
In danger prudent, resolute, admired;
And every action but enhanced his fame.

Beneath his friendly wing the muses found
A father, smiling on their infant lyre;
There Art and Science were with bounty crowned,
And Learning owned a BOWDOIN for her sire.

In him rejoiced the sons of want and grief;
From him the streams of social friendship ran;
With generous pity, and with kind relief,
He traversed life in doing good to man.

O'er life's broad sea he spread his full blown sail,
Secure amid wild faction's stormy roar;
By wisdom guided, caught the flying gale,
And gained the port, eternal glory's shore.

Justly to celebrate his deathless praise,
No muse, like ours, can string her grateful lyre;
Nor even Pindar such bold notes could raise,
Nor to the sun on waxen wings aspire.

When in the field resistless Hector met,
To express he conquered, we but say he fought;
Suffice it then the ear of fond regret,
To tell that BOWDOIN always nobly thought.

Sprung from a race, to nought but virtue born,
Advanced by industry to pomp and state;
Yet he, beholding these with eyes of scorn,
Rose above fame, and dared be truly great.

Long have we hoped kind Temperance would wield,
To guard her favourite, her defensive arms;
Around his honoured life would spread her shield,
And long secure him by its potent charms.

But, ah! fallacious hopes! Oh sweet deceit!
Dear, flattering dream, which partial Fancy wrought
In Friendship's loom, who, with fond pride *elate*,
Viewed the rich texture of illusive thought!

Imperial Reason, weeping o'er his fate,
Hurled from her empire, rules his breast no more.
Where is that voice, which saved a falling state,
Which charmed the world, and taught e'en foes t' adore?

When wintry time's tempestuous billows roar,
O'er the dark storm Death spreads his horrid wings;
Swept are proud empires from the foaming shore,
And beggars mingle in one grave with kings.

Where are the splendours of the Attick dome?
Where haughty Carthage, towering to the sky?
Where the tall columns of imperial Rome?
In the vile dust, where pride is doomed to lie.

Bowdoin, the glory and delight of all,
The prince of science, Misery's feeling friend,
Bedecked with blooming honours, too must fall,
And to the mansions of the grave descend.

Could human excellence, with power sublime,
Charm from barbarian Death's destructive hand
The ruthless scythe of all destroying Time,
Bowdoin were still the senate of the land.

But greatly smiling in his latest breath,
Like Phœbus blazing from his western throne,
His soul, unconquered, through the clouds of death
More radiant beamed, and more divinely shone.

Ye mournful friends, suppress the bursting tear;
Bowdoin is gone his native skies to claim:
Forgive the youth, who, weeping o'er his bier,
In this fond verse inscribes his sacred name.

"Know then thyself; presume not God to scan;
"The proper study of mankind is man."
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

[*Written March* 23, 1791.]

BLEST be the sage, whose voice has sung,
And to the world such counsel given!
Sure 'tis an angel's warning tongue,
The language of benignant Heaven!

When first in Eden's roseate bowers,
Gay, youthful Nature held her throne,
Around her tripped the blithesome Hours,
And all the Loves and Graces shone.[1]

Celestial Virtue saw the dame,
Enthroned amid her joyful band,
And glowing with Affection's flame,
He blushed, he sighed, and asked her hand.[2]

Struck with his tall, majestick form,
His rosy cheek, his sparkling eye,
Her breast received a strange *alarm*,
And unsuppressed, returned the sigh.

At Hymen's shrine no vows are paid,
For mutual love their hearts unites;
Carols were sung from every shade,
And Eden echoed with delights.[3]

At length, their pleasures to complete,
Fair Happiness their *amours* blest;
Gay was her form, her temper sweet,
And mildest charms adorned her breast;

Mild as the bosom of the lake,
When Zephyr from the western cave[4]
Dares not the level chrystal break,
And breathes a perfume o'er the wave.

But joy on eagle pinions flies;
Thus oft in June's resplendent morn,
When golden lustre paints the skies,
Thick lowering clouds the heavens *deform*.[5]

Beneath the earth's dark centre hurled,
Where on their grating hinges groan
The portals of the nether world,
Apostate Vice had raised her throne.

A spirit of angelick birth;
But blemished now with blackest stains,
Degraded far below the earth,
To realms, where endless darkness reigns.

Far from his ebon palace strayed
This fiend to earth with giant pace;
His eyes a lurid frown displayed,
And horror darkened all his face.

Through Eden's shady scenes he roves;
A sweetly warbling voice he hears;
When, lo, beneath the distant groves,
Nature in sportive dance appears!

He saw, he gazed with rapture warm,
  Resolved to gain the fair one's heart;
His haggard, foul, disgusting form,
  He decks in all the charms of art.

His face, o'erclouded late with gloom,
  His limbs, in tattered garb arrayed,
Assumed the flush of youthful bloom,
  The pomp of regal robes displayed.

Dazzling with gems, a crown he bore;
  'Twas grace his easy motions led;
A gentle smile his features wore,
  And round a sweet enchantment spread.

From his smooth tongue sweet poison flowed;[6]
  Fair Innocence, her careless heart
Decoyed, forsook her native road,
  Lost in the wilderness of art.

Sad tears and bosom-rending sighs
  The mournful nymph pours forth in vain;
Vain are the streams of Sorrow's eyes,
  To wash away the crimson stain.

Hopeless she wandered and forlorn,
  In bitterest woe; her plaintive tale
Was heard, the echo of the *lawn*,[7]
  And the sad ditty of each gale.

While thus she roved in deep disgrace,
  Her bosom torn with conscious shame,
An infant from the foul embrace
  Is born, and Misery is her name.

Her eyes emit a haggard glare;
  Her mien a savage soul expressed;
With grim Medusa's snaky hair;
  And all the father stood confessed.

The groves, which once, in green array,
  The admiring eye attentive kept,
No more appeared in verdure gay;
  And Eden's fading beauties wept.[8]

Pale was the sun, with clouds obscure;
  Wild Lamentation mourned in vain
To cleanse the soul, with guilt impure,
  And reinstate the golden reign.

Beauty 's a flower of early doom,
  Exposed to all the intrigues of art;
For when is lost its tender bloom,
  The thorn is left, a bleeding heart.

Triumphant Vice to his drear courts
  Returns to rule the infernal plains;
There Misery with her sire resorts,
  To forge for man her torturing chains.

But Virtue, to redeem the earth,
  In Eden opes his tranquil seats;
Asylum safe of injured worth,
  Here Happiness with him retreats![9]

Virtue and Vice, with clashing sway,
  The empire of the world divide;
Vice oft deludes the feet astray,
  But Virtue is the surest guide.

Vice, in whose form no grace is seen,
  Assumes detested Flattery's guise;
Veils in a smile her hideous mien,
  And captivates weak mortal eyes.

While Virtue, in each beauty decked,
  In spotless purity arrayed,
Our wandering footsteps would direct,
  But blinded man disdains his aid.

Severe Experience soon will *learn*[10]
  The stubborn bosom to repent;
The opened eyes too late discern,
  What they must then in vain lament.

But see a kind deliverer rise!
  Her feeling breast Compassion warms,
To purge this film from mortal eyes,
  And strip delusion of its charms.

Behold Self-Knowledge quits the skies!
  Ithuriel's magick spear she bears;
From her approach pale Error flies,
  And all the mind's dark host appears.[11]

Disrobed of all his borrowed plumes,
  Gay Vice no more the eye allures;
While Virtue's native lustre blooms,
  And with its charms the soul secures.

The wreath of once triumphant Vice
  Now withers on his languid head;
No more his guiles the world entice,
  For, with his fraud, his charms are fled.

Ye, whose excursive souls pretend
The Almighty's boundless power to scan;
Whose thoughts against the heavens *contend*,
Nor stoop to earth to think on man;

Who, like the lion in his cave,
Or eagle on his rocky height,
With swelling pride austerely grave,
Frown modest Virtue from your sight;

Who proudly view with scornful eyes
The tender scenes of social love;
Contemning Friendship's dearest ties;
The imps of self-dependent Jove;

Hear, learned fools: When life shall end,
Like the light cinders of a scroll,
Will stars or spheres from heaven descend;
To comfort your desponding soul?

Virtue alone can smooth the brow
Of haggard Death with smiles of joy;
Persuasive lead the sons of woe
To pleasures, which can never cloy.

Be Virtue then by all caressed!
Virtue the glooms of life will cheer;
With eye impartial search thy breast,
While Virtue lends a listening ear.

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."
TERENCE, *Heaut.*

I am a man, and interested in all the concerns of humanity.

[*Written April* 13, 1791.]

YE, who enjoy the bliss of social ease,
Who drink the sweets of Freedom's passing breeze,
Taught by your fortune, learn, with generous mind,
To soothe the woes, and feel for all mankind.

While Pride's imperial sons in splendour vie,
And with a meteor glare delude the eye;
While bold Ambition copes for deathless fame,
That tinsel glitter of a glorious name;
Behold the generous soul, who feels for man,
The great adherent to the Saviour's plan,
In the dark cell of languid woe appear,
And the sad heart with smiling bounty cheer;
Or in the cruel dungeon's dreary shade,
Where stern Oppression fettered millions laid,
Hear his mild voice amid the lurid gloom,
Recall the fleeting spirit from the tomb!

Sweet are the pleasures, that from love arise;
Sweet the warm rapture, when, with eager eyes,
And swelling with the gairish hopes of youth,
Young genius springs to clasp a long sought truth;

But more extatick joys, those scenes impart,
When flowing from a warm and grateful heart,
The sweet eulogiums of relieved distress
The generous heart with pleasing transport bless.
Hail, kind Philanthropy, thou friend of earth,
Creation's mildest, fairest, noblest birth!
Bright are thy features, as the blush of even,
And more complacent than the smile of heaven.
Sweet is the musick, which thy voice distils,
As the soft murmurs of the purling rills;
More gladly echoed through Misfortune's ear,
Than the blithe carols of the vernal year.
Benignant parent of the tear and sigh!
Heaven-born Benevolence, whose gracious eye,
By pity fired, the blandest smile bestows,
That cheers this gloomy scene of mortal woes.

When savage Nature her dominion kept,
And each mild Virtue in oblivion slept,
Then pale eyed Misery and Oppression rose,
And plunged mankind adown the abyss of woes.
Dire Rage and War around the nations strode,
And Havock grimly smiled o'er seas of blood.
The dearest ties of love were stained with gore,
And Peace and Friendship ruled the world no more.

The sprightly virgin in her tender bloom,
Torn from her lover's arms, by cruel doom,
With tears of anguish, trickling from her eyes,
O'er his dear marble bids the cypress rise.

Stript of the solace of their aching hearts,
Those tender ties, which social love imparts,
See hoary sires, around the funeral bier,
In silent sorrow drop the mournful tear!
Brutal barbarians, with stern pride elate,
Trampling on every right of civil state;
Traitors to every law of gracious Heaven,
By Nature's voice to all her children given;
Unfeeling monsters, tyranny their creed,
Who never blushed but at a virtuous deed,
With wanton fury kept the world in awe;
Their sword was justice, and their nod was law.

But, to relieve the miseries of man,
Benevolence on earth her reign began.
Of heavenly birth the virgin goddess shone,
And all the virtues hovered round her throne.
But scarce the precepts of her friendly tongue,
To hostile realms the sweets of peace had sung,
And strove with warm persuasion to control
The warring passions of each barbarous soul;
When, lo, a monster from his Stygian cave
Laid the mild virgin in the silent grave.
'Twas Persecution, whose dread right hand bore
A flaming faulchion, wet with human gore.
Detested Bigotry, (oh foul disgrace!)
And blinded Ignorance, of monkish race,
To this blood-thirsty, hellish fiend gave birth,
Who with such miseries scourged the groaning earth.
Cursed be the bigot, whose religious light
Comes through the medium of a jaundiced sight!

Lo, Superstition fills the papal throne,
And guiltless victims at her footstool groan!
Lo, Death proscribes each disbeliever's head;
See, on the rock their tortured limbs are spread;
Their strained nerves tremble to each mangling blow;
Hark, the soul-piercing shrieks of dying woe!
Stroke follows stroke until they move no more,
And streams of blood gush out from every pore.

Yet in the storm of this tempestuous time,
When Superstition fostered every crime;
When servile priests pronounced with impious tongue,
Nor understood the jargon which they sung;
When Romish bigots, who made nations bleed,
Knew not the letters, which composed their creed;
E'en then, in Albion's soil, a glorious few,
To virtue's cause, to freedom's interest true,
With anxious toil preserved from total night
Mild toleration's feebly glimmering light.
But short, alas, her empire in the land,
Where factious nobles bear supreme command!

As the faint splendour of the solar beam,
When vapours intercept the golden stream,
Emits through thin, transparent clouds a blaze,
Which on some distant spire in triumph plays;
But while the eye admires the partial ray,
The pale and watery lustre melts away;
Thus transient, all the milder virtues fled,
And kind Compassion veiled her tender head,
Till true Religion, with that magick power,
Which bade old Ocean's billows cease to roar,

Benevolence raised from her mouldering tomb,
And bade new laurels on her brow to bloom.

All hail, Columbia; to thy western skies,
Where sacred Freedom's lofty temples rise,
The virgin goddess bends her azure flight,
On the fleet pinions of diffusive light!
She comes, with love's fervescent rays t' illume
The vale of woe, and cheer its awful gloom;
To snatch mankind from the cold arms of Death,
And reinspire with being's transient breath.

But, ah! will ye, who fought in Freedom's cause,
To die in battle, or defend her laws;
Will ye, when Fortune has your efforts crowned,
And deathless laurels round your temples bound;
Will ye, such bold achievements now disgrace,
Nor grant your freedom to all human race?
Shall the poor Africk blot your rising fame,
And sue for freedom with neglected claim?
In the dark cell, where anguish turns with pain
His tortured limbs, indented with the chain,
See Æthiopia's sons, because the day
Upon their skin has glanced too warm a ray
From social joy, from their dear native land,
By Fraud's ungenerous artifice trepanned,
Far to the west o'er swelling surges borne,
In slavish toil a life of woe to mourn!
Blush, blush, vile despots, who, for lucre's sake,
Through every natural bond of freedom break!
Although with honour crowned, Columbia's name
May sound eternal through the trump of Fame;

Though shouting millions her new system boast,
By Solons planned, t' unite her jarring host;
Yet while the Africk clanks Oppression's chain,
And these unfeeling, brutal tyrants reign,
Though decked with all the splendid charms of state,
Her blemished character can ne'er be great.

Hail glorious æra, when the genial rays
Of mild Philanthropy in one broad blaze
Shall round the world benignant lustre dart,
And warm the haughty tyrant's frozen heart,
When Africk's millions shall to freedom rise,
And with loud rapture rend the yielding skies;
Columbia's eagle then, with wings unfurled,
Shall shadow with its plumes the subject world.

The following lines are from a theme, partly in prose and partly in verse, on "Humanum est errare."

[*Written August* 24, 1791.]

Vice lives coeval with the age of time,
A Syren form, enchantress half divine.[1]
Before yon sun, in youthful splendour clad,
Illumed with sportive beams the new-born earth;
Before the planets round their reverend sire
Through Heaven's wide plains performed their mystick dance;
Even then among the sapphire thrones of God,
Skilled in Egyptian herbs and magick lore,

The nymph bewitching came; her tuneful voice,
Sweet warbling, drew the thronging seraphs round;
And while they seemed delighted with the song,
The artful traitress, with Circassian smile,
Gave the full bowl of poison to their lips;
They quaffed; and soon perceived its magick power
Invade, inveigle, and subdue their souls.

Thus by her perfidy betrayed, they fell
Down the dark dungeon of Almighty wrath,
Where flames sulphureous flash a livid glare,
And ravenous vultures on their vitals prey,
Which undiminished grow, nor aught consume;
Thus an eternity of years to groan,
Cursing in penal fire the treacherous wretch,
Who led their daring spirits to rebel.

When thus her power innumerous saints subdued,
To earth she came, and in the breast of man
Instilling poison sweet, and lawless wish
To rob the central tree of Paradise,
Drove him, an exile from the realms of joy.
O'er earth's wide plains, inhospitable wilds,
Where crags menace defiance to the sky;
Through forests, deepened with Carpathian gloom,
Where midnight deaths in secret ambush lie;
O'er scenes like these, with Providence his guide,
He roamed unfriended, hopeless and forlorn;
In contemplation sad of follies past;
Lamenting oft, in bitterness of soul,
The fatal taste of the forbidden tree.
Without the embellishments and aid of art,

The earth exhibited a dreary waste.
No lofty cities, then, with glittering spires
And massy walls of mountain rocks composed,
Reared their tall turrets, and with Atlas vied,
Who should sustain the starry vault of heaven.
No rural hamlet, then, with peaceful shades,
And groves in verdure of perennial bloom,
Oft kissed with rapture by the sportive gale,
Courted the wretched traveller's weary feet
To the sweet blessings of a frugal board.
'Twas his to wander mid tenebrious wilds,
Where deeply grave, majestick Horror reigns;
Where savage beasts so fiercely yell and roar,
That Sol, affrighted at the dismal sound,
Ne'er dared to dart within the dreary scene
A single ray to dissipate the shade.
Such were the horrors of his vagrant path,
And such the woes, which disobedience brought;
Through all his race the dire contagion ran;
Disease and want and treachery filled the earth.

What rending grief must wound our parent's breast,
When erst from Paradise his feet were driven;
What heart-felt torture must his bosom sting,
Then to reflect, that, for his fault alone,
Ages of ages of his sons unborn
Should suffer all the pangs of guilt and woe,
Hear the dire curse, which his own follies wrought,
And feel the lash of wrath, which he provoked.

Perhaps, elate on Fancy's daring wing,
(For she with wretched mourners is a guest)

He oft beheld on life's tempestuous tide,
His offspring struggling with the adverse surge,
Wrecked on adversity's Charybdian coast;
Now borne aloft upon the swelling surge,
Now plunging headlong down the dark abyss,
Where boiling quicksands rave with madding foam,
And pour through parting waves their oozy surf;
Where sea-green caves, like sepulchres appear,
To catch the spirit, fainting with fatigue.
While raging seas in mad rebellion rise,
And rocks and winds and bellowing oceans war;
While daring surges lift their heads to heaven,
Loud thunders, bursting with tremendous roar,
Roll through the quaking sky their muttering wrath;
The hapless strugglers on the briny deep,
Each effort vain, and whelmed in dark despair,
Their eyes erect to heaven with languid look,
Upbraid the parent, author of their woes,
And, cursing Adam, sink to rise no more.
Such were perhaps the scenes, our common sire
With self-accusing fancy sadly drew;
And with the bitterest grief, that mortals feel,
Bemoaned the deed irrevocably cursed.

Cease, tender parent, thy invective plaint;
No more thy breast with lamentations wound;
Oh, wipe the dark suspicion from thy soul,
That e'er thy race could with ungenerous voice
Pronounce a curse upon thy reverend head!
Sooner shall Winter in his frigid arms
Embrace the blooming Spring, the type of heaven;
Sooner the turtle, when the parent dove

Has built her nest in insalubrious spot,
Oft ravaged by the fierce rapacious foe,
Forget the author of its tender life,
And cease to coo the harmless notes of love.

Long as the blue-waved seas, in lucid lapse,
Shall roll majestick through the caverned earth;
Long as the year shall blossom with the spring,
With summer ripen, and with autumn yield;
Long as the sun, the powerful king of day,
Shall ride triumphant in his car of light;
Till Nature's self shall droop with hoary age,
And sleep, low mouldering, in her silent tomb,
Formed of the mighty wrecks of falling worlds;
Till then thy name shall pervagrate the earth,
Herald of Love, and monitor of Heaven.

These lines are without date, but as they appear in the hand Mr. Paine wrote, at that time, they were, probably, produced in his junior year; perhaps, however, as the manuscript is a fair and second copy, they are of earlier origin.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SPRIGHTLY and gay as love, as pure as truth,
The soul of beauty, and the pride of youth,
Demands my song; while my infantine muse
On waving wing, the heaven-born theme pursues.

No tuneful choir, who haunt Pieria's shade,
Do I invoke to lend their sacred aid;
My muse would beg alone Maria's smile,
To inspire her numbers and reward her toil,
And proud I'll feel, if Mary's hand bestow
Her favourite myrtle on my honoured brow.

When first mankind obeyed tyrannick sway,
The softer virtues in oblivion lay;
Then pale Affliction with her iron rod,
And Carnage dire around the nations strode.
Man sunk to vile debasement's lowest grade,
And lived "with beasts joint tenants of the shade."
That fond endearing love which Nature formed,
Which once each breast to social friendship warmed,
Which once to generous deeds the world inspired,
To deeds which listening ages have admired,
No more prevailed, but lust, revenge and ire,
With brutal fury set the world on fire.
Tyrants and kings their lawless empire spread,
And from the sanguine earth the Virtues fled.
Though whelmed in woe and misery severe,
Such as e'en Nero must have wept to hear;
Though torn from all the objects of their love,
By dread seclusion, by a long remove;
Yet such was man's degenerate groveling state,
He added torture to the wounds of fate.
The generous fervour of the social flame
Was now unknown, or only known in name.
Pale-eyed Despair now raised her ebon throne,
And Pity knew no sorrows but her own.

Without a friend to calm his throbbing heart,
And from his breast to wrench Misfortune's dart,
Each in himself beheld his last resort,
Too weak, too frail his sorrow to support;
No generous tear bemoaned another's grief,
No friendly sympathy bestowed relief;
Tyrants beheld their easy victims fall,
And one wide common grave threat death to all.
But, to relieve the miseries of man,
Sweet Sensibility her reign began;
Beneath the mildness of her gentle reign,
The smiling virtues blessed the earth again;
Candour and Friendship, sweet ethereal pair,
Dispelled the lurid clouds of dark despair;
Those realms, which in the shades of darkness lay,
Shut from the light of learning's splendid day,
Or in the vale of misery, distressed
With every woe, that grieves a mortal breast,
With heart-felt joy perceived Compassion near,
From Sorrow's eye to wipe her bursting tear,
And mid the dungeon's insalubrious gloom,
Beheld the rose of consolation bloom.
Sweet Sensibility, pure is thy sway,
As the clear splendours of Hesperian day;
Bright is thy form, as when the clouds of even,
Enchase with flaming gold the azure heaven;
Soft is thy bosom, as the silver waves,
When gentle zephyrs, from their western caves,
Breathe a mild perfume o'er the rippling stream,
Which smiles effulgent in the solar beam.
Prompt is this breast, the wretched to release.
To allay his suffering with the voice of peace;

Thy love unbounded, as the boundless day,
Glows with the warmth of summer's noontide ray;
From thy kind tongue the sweetest honey flows,
To soothe the anguish of our bitterest woes.
When the dread king of terrors' ruthless dart,
Arrests a fond companion's bleeding heart,
And rifles youth of all his vernal bloom,
And lays the aged in the mouldering tomb;
When weeping virgins mourn a tender mate,
The hapless victim of a cruel fate;
When youthful lovers o'er their fair one's grave,
The funeral turf with briny sorrows lave;
When Hope no longer cheers their streaming eyes,
And drear despair's impervious clouds arise;
Then, Sensibility, thy power is known,
Thou never leav'st the wretch to weep alone.
With mild Persuasion's gently pleasing strain,
You love to ease his bosom-rending pain,
And, while the mourner lends a patient ear,
You answer sigh for sigh, and tear for tear;
Till, by the magick sympathy of woe,
His wounds are healed, his sorrows cease to flow!
Hail, Sensibility! thou soul of love,
'Tis thine the various scenes of bliss to prove;
The tear, we shed upon another's grief,
The woes, we suffer for our friend's relief,
Afford more pleasure to the feeling heart,
Than all the pomp and pride of wealth impart!
The silken sons of luxury and ease,
With vain magnificence, the crowd may please;
The chief, victorious, quits the embattled ground,
The blood-stained laurels round his temples bound;

The marble bust may tell to future age,
Some glorious villain on the present stage!
But what are riches, but an empty name?
And what is glory, but the toy of fame?
What is the mighty laurel, gained in fight?
To this the private murderer has a right.
Envy, the brightest character may rust;
The loftiest monuments are laid in dust;
Lo, brazen statues moulder and decay,
And hoary Time sweeps all the world away!
Then, where is glory, where the proud and great?
Where is the tyrant with his pomp and state?
Beggars and kings are destined to one grave;
Death deals alike to monarch and to slave.
Then learn, O man, to traverse out the year
Of fleeting life, which Heaven has lent thee here.
Be prompt to offer, with a kind relief,
The friendly pillow for the sons of grief.
Let feeling sympathy for every woe,
Which groaning mortals suffer here below,
Let Sensibility with heavenly fire,
With generous charity, thy soul inspire;
That, when pale Death this dreary scene shall close,
Millions may shout thee from this world of woes.
This is the noblest monument of praise,
Which human excellence on earth can raise;
This is the trophy, which with power sublime
Shall baffle all the wrath of hoary time.
But why, my muse, dost thou with daring wing,
Attempt so great, so bold a theme to sing?
Lo! in Amelia's breast the charms you tell
In sweet complacence and perfection dwell;

Maria, too, the feeling throb has known;
There Sensibility erects her throne.
Though beauty deck the fair external form
With all the elegance of every *charm*;
Though sense and virtue in the soul combine,
And like the stars in bright resplendence shine;
If Sensibility, that lovely guest,
Should prove a stranger to the virgin breast,
Beauty and sense and virtue must appear
But sounding names, which only fops revere;
Like some fair image, which the mimick strife
Of Sculpture's hand has made resembling life,
Which wants that nervous vigour to acquire,
That spreads through every limb the vital fire;
But Sensibility, the queen of grace,
Soft, as Amelia's sweetly blooming face,
From every stain the heavy soul refines,
And with a smile in every feature shines;
To every charm a milder beauty lends,
The fairest form with fairer tints amends;
A gentle mildness to the breast imparts,
Attracts, enchants and captivates our hearts;
Sprightly and gay as love, as pure as truth,
The soul of beauty, and the pride of youth.

A PASTORAL.

[*Written April* 10, 1790.]

The shades of night with sleep had fled away;
Heaven's rising scale now flamed with new-born day;
Now fragrant roses plumed the crest of dawn,
And tears of joy arrayed the smiling lawn;
The early villagers had left their beds,
And with their flocks had whitened all the *meads*.

Beneath the embowering covert of a grove,
Whose blooming bosom courts the smiles of love,
Melodious songsters tuned their warbling strains,
And charmed the satyrs and admiring swains.
So soft their notes, that Echo silent hung,
And Zephyr ceased to breathe, to hear the *song*;
Shepherds, to join the tuneful war, forsook
Their native shade and left their peaceful crook;
The choral song awaked each rising day,
And larks forgot to sing their matin lay.

Long had young Corydon, outvied by none,
The ivy wreath from all his rivals won;
Till, from a mountain's side, whose lofty brow
Whitens with pride, and spurns the plains below,
Young Damon, versed in polished numbers, came,
And claimed the laurel of Aonian fame.

No sooner morn had cheered the skies with light,
And modest fields blushed from the embrace of night,
Than Corydon and Damon sung their loves,
And the sweet notes breathed softly through the groves.

DAMON.

Hark! how the birds from every blossom sing,
And early linnets hail the purple spring!
Melodious notes ascend from every spray,
And vocal forests wake the dawning day;
Spring trips the meads, and opes the sky serene,
And gentle breezes cool the pleasing scene.
When one soft chorus purls from crystal streams,
Tunes Nature's harp and murmurs joyful *hymns*;
Why sit we idle, when all nature's gay,
And lively Fancy gilds the morning ray?

CORYDON.

Our flocks together graze the flowery plain;
Sing then, while I attentive hear the strain:
But let no mournful song your voice employ;
Spring's florid pencil paints no scenes but joy.
No stake I offer, for a bribe can fire
No minds, but such as vulgar thoughts inspire.
Begin the song, for now the crocus glows,
And toiling bees explore the flagrant rose.

DAMON.

Ye Mantuan daughters, leave your cooling shades,
Where lavish Science all her flowerets *spreads*;
Come with your needed aid, inspire my lays,
And fill the grove with fair Myrtilla's praise.

CORYDON.

Come then, great Worth, and teach me how to glow,
And with thy sweetness teach my verse to flow.
Come, my Constantia, and inspire my lays,
For thou alone sing'st equal to thy praise.

DAMON.

Ye vernal gales, who fanned the ambrosial grove,
Where first Myrtilla crowned my sighs with love,
On your soft wings let Damon's numbers float;
Ye feathered songsters, swell the echoing note;
Trees, whisper praises, and ye meads, look gay,
For fair Myrtilla warms the amorous lay.
When flaming Sirius robed Apollos' brow,
With fiercer heat and scorched the world below,
I saw the fair one, rambling o'er the meads;
The drooping willows reared their mournful heads,
The fainting birds again began to sing,
And smiling Nature fondly thought 'twas spring.
Not chaste Dictinna with her silver train
Appeared so graceful, or could cause such pain.
With eyes and feet averse she fled the green,
And turned to see if she had fled unseen.

CORYDON.

Here Spring's gay lap once poured forth all its stores,
And Joy's soft breezes winged the rolling hours,
The brightening landscapes swelled with teeming grain,
And smiling Ceres plumed the floating plain.
But now no more these rural scenes delight,
Nor flowery prospects glad our raptured sight.

Constantia's gone; Spring paints the blooming meads,
But to confess, how she, without her, *fades*.
The noisy town attracts the fair one's eye,
To seek the pleasures of a milder sky.
Then droop, ye flowerets, for Constantia's gone,
And joy no more shall glitter on the *thorn*.
The bees may well forget their waxen store,
And beauteous nature smile in spring no more.
No more Arabian gales their odours shed,
Beauty and sweetness with Constantia's fled.
Elegiack ditties chant o'er Spring's sad urn,
And Philomel shall teach the woods to mourn.
The eve comes on, in solemn brown arrayed,
And weeps in dews that fair Constantia's *fled*.
Nectarean streams the oak forgets to yield,
And lurking tares o'errun the uncultured field.
The gales are taught to sigh; the waving reed
Trembles the ditty to the mournful mead.

DAMON.

The Muses haunt Parnassus' cooling groves,
And blooming Paphos courts the smiles and loves;
But if Myrtilla shall prefer the plain,
Here Venus smiles, and here the Muses reign.

CORYDON.

In spring the open lawn delights the eye,
And cooling groves, when Sirius fires the sky;
When Autumn purples o'er the fruitful field,
To pluck the fruits which trees luxuriant yield;
But in my heart one constant passion glows;
My love-sick breast none but Constantia knows.

Come, visit then, my fair, the enamelled mead;
For thee the myrtle weaves its friendly *shade.*
Here crystal streams meander through the grove,
And every zephyr wafts the strains of love.
Come, lovely maid, more beauteous, than the morn,
And with your smiles these sylvan scenes adorn.
Though spring's return hath damasked o'er the field,
And in the rose her gayest plumes revealed,
Nature, to gain her own, must speak your praise,
She in your blush a fairer rose displays.
Come, my Constantia, leave the busy town,
And teach another Eden here to *bloom.*
To thee the feathered choir devote their lays,
And warble lavish musick in your praise.
When with your lyre you swell melodious songs,
E'en Orpheus owns to thee the wreath belongs.
The wolf shall fawn at thy soft tale of love,
And amorous trees shall crowd into a grove.
At thy return, the rose shall bloom again,
And breathe new fragrance o'er the joyful plain.
Autumn's rich cup shall pour its blissful stream,
And joy's bright nectar overlook the *brim.*
But, hark! yon hills resound a pleasing theme,
And frisking lambkins gambol to the *hymn.*
In vain, ye gales, that cool meridian heats,
Ye strive to hide from whence you stole your sweets.
Constantia comes; at that revered name,
Tygers forget to rage, and wolves grow tame.

DAMON.

To you the palm I yield; yours be the praise,
For 'tis Constantia, shines throughout your lays.

Hail, queen of Muses! now the tuneful Nine
Shall court thy smile, and in your praise combine.
But, hark! the plains the pleasing name resound;
Constantia's come, tunes all the vocal ground,
While her bright charms such joyful smiles diffuse,
To speak her worth, let silence hush the muse.
To give the fair her meritorious praise,
Numbers would fail, and sound itself must *cease*

These verses make the conclusion of a forensick disputation in the chapel at Cambridge University, on the question, "Whether learning be conducive to the happiness of man." The manuscript shows no date, but the hand writing and the nature of the exercise refer the lines to his junior or senior year.

THE unweeting swain, while Nature round him spreads
Her rich luxuriance o'er the fertile meads,
By custom forced, assumes his native plough,
And feels no pleasures, but from labour flow,
But where proud Learning pours her golden blaze,
The curious eye the wondrous world surveys;
Sees thousand beauties paint the cheek of day,
And all Elysium glitter from a spray;
Sees craggy mountains rear their daring throne,
While suppliant vales the sovereign monarch own.
While gay confusion decks the varying scene,
What floods of glory burst from Heaven's bright mien.
What glittering gems adorn the crown of night;
The mind is lost in regions of delight!
Here rolls majestick, Dian's silver car;
Here heaven stooped down to embrace her brightest star.

When Newton rose, sublimely great, from earth,
And boldly spoke whole systems into birth.
Around the walls of heaven the planets roll,
And her resplendent pavements gild the pole.
Behold the son of wisdom joyful rise,
And wing his native element the skies;
See him, rejoicing, leave this mean abode,
And lost in rapture 'mid the thrones of God,
Unnumbered pleasures swell his heaving breast;
Words are too feeble, silence speaks the rest!

THE REFINEMENT OF MANNERS

AND

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

An Exhibition Poem, delivered in the chapel of Harvard University, September 27, 1791.

The natural world, by Heaven's stupendous plan,
Is formed an emblem of the life of man.
Vain is the wish, that Spring's Favonian reign,
With Autumn's golden stores, should crown the plain;
And vain the hope, in life's first dawn, to find
Those nerves of thought, that grace the ripened mind.
Nature, too proud in one poor garb to appear,
Varies her livery with the varying year.
Her laws, unchanged by Time's insidious power,
Unravel centuries or revolve an hour;

Her stated order, to the seasons given,
Rolls round with equal ease the stars of heaven.
Clothed from the wardrobe, blooms the roseate spring,
And warbling birds and harmless poets sing.
Prompted by her, the Muse, with doating eyes,
Beholds her callow plumes, and pants to rise;
With half-formed hopes, and fears ne'er felt before,
She spreads her fluttering wings, but dreads to soar.
But while old Autumn, on the fertile plain,
Totters and groans beneath the weight of grain;
While grateful peasants reap the bearded ear,
And golden Plenty crowns the fading year;
While Harvard's sons, whom Fame with smiles surveys,
Throng to the harvest of their well-earned praise;
May not the Muse, ambitious of a name,
Put in her sickle for one "sheaf" of fame?

Far from Pieria's sacred stream remote,
On half-strung lyre, she tunes her lisping note;
The rise of manners from their fount to trace,
From savage life, transformed, to social grace;
Till the rough diamond of the human mind,
By care assiduous, and by skill refined,
From all the blemish of its native stone,
In varied beams of polished brilliance shone.
This be her theme, and should her numbers fail,
So great a theme will prove a friendly veil.

The mind of man by gradual rise improves;
Ambition's noblest spring his bosom moves.
This prompts the soul with ardour to excel,
In thinking rightly or in acting well;

But when dark clouds the savage mind o'erspread,
Refinement droops, and Friendship's self is dead.
No more bright Reason in her zenith shines;
Down to the west the mental sun declines;
And sunk to vile debasement's lowest grade,
Man lives "with beast, joint tenant of the shade."

Created life was formed for some great end;
A centre must be, where its motions tend.
As high as heaven its azure arch sustains,
Deep as the gloom, where dreary Chaos reigns,
Sublimely awful, and immensely great,
Is raised the firm, perennial wall of fate;
On the dark frontiers of creation laid,
Where boundless space extends a rayless shade.
Here Time's destroying arm in vain has strove,
The mighty fabrick from its base to move;
Here angels too, rebellious sons of light,
Once rose in arms to raze the bounds of night;
The solid rock resists their raging power,
The battering Aries, and the thundering ore;
Against the wall their harmless weapons break;
What God has raised, not earth and heaven can shake.

Two mighty barriers bound this transient span,
Barriers, too lofty for the stride of man;
Lucina here, sits smiling at his birth,
There Death, triumphant o'er the bleeding earth.
Lo! on the cradle's down the infant sleeps;
Lo! on its urn the tender parent weeps!
No human force can brave the assaults of age;
No strength of mind can shield the hoary sage;

The world is swept by time's impetuous wave,
And man floats downward to the common grave.

To fill this fleeting hour, this narrow space,
With actions, worthy an immortal race;
To teach the rapid moments, as they fly,
Beyond the utmost ken of mortal eye,
To assume the smile of Virtue's placid mien;
With social pleasures sweeten every scene;
To form the manners, quell proud War's alarms,
And, wide extending Friendship's open arms,
With generous love to clasp in one embrace
The mighty household of the human race;
This is the task, the pleasing task of man;
The great perfection of Jehovah's plan;
This is the gate to Paradise below,
A safe asylum from each mortal woe.

Morals, like ore extracted from the mine,
Though crude at first, by art are taught to shine.
These to a nation a complexion give,
With these republicks fall, with these they live.
Nations with these in civil power increase,
In strength of war and all the sweets of peace.
To these the softer arts their polish owe,
From this vast fount the streams of science flow.
Here law and justice mutual sources find,
And hence the virtues, that adorn mankind.

But statesmen still o'erlook this mighty cause,
And modern Dracos trump their penal laws;

With lordly edicts rule a groaning state,
And trust that laws will humble souls create;
And, lest old Time should spy such gross defects,
Inverting nature, causes name effects.
When souls depraved the curule chair obtain,
And through the realm, the same great evils reign,
Can feeble laws the publick heart reform,
Exalt the morals and avert the storm?
Behold on high the amber tide of day,
Which rolls refulgent from the solar ray;
Rivers from springs, and seas from rivers flow;
From humble shrubs majestick forests grow;
The rising manners of an infant state
Will be the parent of its future fate.
These, like the living current of the heart,
Through every breast their vital influence dart;
Brace every nerve and man the dauntless soul,
Preserve each member and support the whole.
But when dread Vice, with her infectious stains,
Pollutes the blood, that warms the publick veins,
Corrosive poisons through the vitals roll,
Impair their vigour, and corrupt the soul.
Vice clogs the channels of the sanguine tide;
Virtue refines and bids the currents glide;
These arm with strength, or shrink the trembling nerve,
Destroy the body, or in health preserve.

Years have on years, on ages ages rolled,
But each new sun the same great truth has told;
That morals still a nation's fate comprise,
Sink to the earth, or lift it to the skies;

These swell the page experience has unfurled,
Exalt a throne, or crush a falling world;
Then hear, O Earth; with shouts applausive own
The voice of Time, through History's clarion blown!

When savage Nature her dominion kept,
And each mild Virtue in oblivion slept;
To scourge mankind a group of monsters rose,
And headlong plunged them down the abyss of woes.
Through barbarous hordes, dire War and Horror strode,
And Havock grimly smiled o'er seas of blood.
The dearest scenes of love were stained with gore,
And Peace and Friendship ruled the world no more.

Ferocious clans, whom natural wants provoke,
Whose necks ne'er groaned beneath a galling yoke,
Armed for the horrors of inhuman strife,
Aim the deep wound, and plunge the deadly knife.
Winged by the sweeping gale, their feet resound,
And scarcely print a vestige on the ground;
The dews, that glisten on the spiry grass,
Forget their dread, nor tremble as they pass;
Heaven's rapid steeds, the mighty winds submit,
And own the swifter motions of their feet.
Not with such fury drives the rattling hail,
As when these weapons fill the sounding gale;
O'er floods, o'er hills, their savage vengeance flies,
Like ocean storms, and lightens like the skies.
No fear of death their dauntless souls deplore;
Death is a friend when glory is no more.
Their thundering arms in victory's dazzling car,
Waged with the world a predatory war;

And, with whole rivers of fraternal gore,
Swelled ocean's waves to heights unknown before.
They followed conquest, where their sachems led,
And climbed to fame o'er mountains of the dead.

Still rose unfelled the forest's towering oak;
The plough was then unknown; unknown the yoke.
The soil uncultured gave no harvest birth;
Unlocked remained the granary of the earth.

The human soul, in this unpolished state,
Lay all benighted in the clouds of fate.
Unskilled in useful and instructive art,
A blinded frenzy raved in every heart.
No friendly scene then charmed the smiling eye;
No heart exulted in the social tie.
By wants surrounded, and to slaughter driven,
Lost was each semblance of the parent heaven.
Compared to man in this ferocious age,
Enthralled in darkness and unbridled rage,
Tygers no more a savage nature claim,
And howling wolves in all their wrath are tame;
E'en the fierce lion in his horrid den
Seemed a civilian to the monsters, men.

Such were the scenes, which savage ages saw,
When brutal frenzy waged fraternal war;
Nor modern days from these exemption claim;
Oh! Europe, blush, for thou hast seen the same!

Where sullen Russia's frowning turrets rise,
Bare to the fury of the northern skies,

Suspicion, Cruelty, Revenge resort,
The privy council of a tyrant's court.
At their dread bar a guiltless virgin led,
Fell on the shrine, where many a saint had bled;
Mild, as the evening, as the noon day, bright,
Pure and unblemished, as the stars of light.
The primrose, blushing on the fragrant heath,
Appeared a poppy to her sweeter breath;
The lily's self was blackness to her skin,
It shone reflected from her soul within.
While the full tear hung glistening in her eye,
The tyrant's voice decreed her fate,—to die!
Death at the sound his savage office cursed,
And scarce had heart to execute his *trust*.

Lo! now the virgin to the scaffold led,
A sweet complacence o'er her features spread!
The ministers of death, though old in blood,
Lost in surprise, in silent wonder, stood;
While she, too fair, too pure for Slander's breath,
Serenely smiled, and hailed the approach of death.
The moment came; on Fate's slow wheel it run;
Time saw, and dropped a tear, and rolled it on!
The moment came, and Death's barbarian crew
The snow-white mantle from her bosom drew.
Pale Fear with many a throb her bosom swelled,
And Hope, our last, our dearest friend, repelled.
Her cheek, which once of Parian marble shone,
Formed of the lily, and the rose full blown,
Now seemed a morning sky, with blushes spread,
Where trickling tears a glistening radiance shed;

While Modesty averts her bashful eye;
The sight would tempt an angel from the sky.

Now to the post her tender wrists are bound;
With cruel chains her body lashed around.
Her tears, her shrieks no hardened breast inspired;
No bosom throbbed; and Pity's self expired.

"I die," the virgin cries, "without a stain;
"Guiltless I die, by dark injustice slain!"

Stung to the quick, lo! brutal Torture raves;
With foaming rage her iron cordage waves!
Her vengeful arm the horrid knout displays,
And, as exposed the virgin's bosom lays,
With mangling blows provokes the spouting gore,
While tears unseen, and shrieks unheard deplore;
Redoubled strokes the quivering members tear,
Strip off the flesh, and lay the vitals bare!
Ye Heavens! why sleeps the thunder in the sky?
Speak but the word, Barbarity shall die!
Being's great wheel revolves, and now deranged,
Lo! man and brute their rank have interchanged!
A sight so moving, bids no pangs arise
In man's hard breast; he views with smiling eyes;
While savage beasts in sympathy appear,
And roll in silent grief the gushing tear.
Rocks strive in vain their pity to conceal,
And, spite of nature, learn for once to feel.
E'en Heaven itself, when it from high beheld
A nymph, whose form her soul alone excelled,

Bear all the pangs, that Torture could bestow,
Dropped down a gracious tear to end her woe;
The tear descended from the world above,
From that pure region of eternal love,
Down to the blood-stained page of mortal life,
Where glared in crimson hate, revenge, and strife,
Wept, as it fell, the loss of virtuous shame,
And blotted from the scroll the virgin's name!

In this drear age, which ignorance o'erspread,
When Frenzy reared her snake-encircled head,
Mankind long grovelled in their native dust;
On their dark minds no glimpse of reason *burst*.
A gloomy film was spread o'er mortal eyes,
Like the thick veil, which shrouds the spangled skies,
When, dimly seen, the wandering fires of night
Through heaven's dark glass emit a watery light.
The earth, enveloped in the impervious gloom,
Appeared a dismal, solitary tomb.
Cimmerian Dulness seized the throne of Jove,
Convened her clouds, and thronged the vault above;
Till daring Genius burst surrounding night,
And shone the day-star of returning light;
Till Reason's sun in eastern clime appeared,
From heaven's blue arch the shrouding vapours cleared,
With plastick heat the soul of man illumed,
And all the mental world in verdure bloomed.

Ages of darkness now had rolled away,
Ere man, awakening, hailed the dawn of day;
E'er heaven-descended, soul-refining grace
Shone in the cradle of the human race.

In Ægypt first her youthful charms were seen,
To sport with rusticks on the Memnian green.,
Here first her social powers on earth began,
To polish savages, and form the man;
Here first for use, and here for pleasure sought,
The various sources of instructive thought.

Here Agriculture claims her glorious birth;
Here first the ploughshare turned the furrowed earth;
Here bounteous Plenty beamed her infant smile;
And here immerged beneath the pregnant Nile
Her "cornu copiæ," till it held no more,
And poured luxuriance round the Ægyptian shore.
The hardy swains with joyful hearts appear,
To reap the bounties of the fruitful year,
While waving crowns old Autumn's brows entwine,
The golden orange and the blushing vine.

Such are the blessings of indulgent skies,
When heaven in dews the thirsty glebe supplies;
When cultured furrows swell the implanted grain,
And vegetation crowns the gladsome plain.
From latent seeds the wealthiest harvests rise;
The sun must dawn, before he lights the skies.
Industrious virtue constant bliss enjoys;
For labour recreates, when leisure cloys.

Hail, Ceres! second parent of mankind!
Hail, great restorer of the human mind!
In fame's bright record be enrolled thy birth,
The era of regenerated earth!

Thy arm the tyrant from his throne has hurled,
And roused from slumber the lethargick world;
Thy hand broke off the shackles of control,
And gave new freedom to the imprisoned soul.
To thee the Arts their first existence owe,
And Commerce owns, from thee her sources flow.
Thy voice decreed; in heaven the voice was heard,
And sky-born Virtue on the earth appeared.
Thou bad'st the sightless mind of man to see,
And human nature seems renewed by thee!

Where auburn Ceres o'er the waving plain
Rolls her light car, and spreads her golden reign;
The swains industrious, and inured to toil,
Inclement Sirius, and the rugged soil,
With hope's fond dreams their swift-winged hours beguile,
And view in spring the embryo harvest smile;
Far from the cares, that gorgeous courts molest,
And all the thorns, that pageant pomp infest;
Contentment's wings o'erspread their straw-thatched cot,
And Health and Hymen bless their happy lot.
Day bounds the labour of the teeming soil,
And night unbends the aching nerves of toil.
The hard fatigues, that daily sweat their brows,
Add charms to rest, and raptures to repose;
Labour and Sleep vicissive thrones maintain,
The downy pillow, and the sun-burnt plain.
By mutual wants induced, the rustick band
Soon learn the blessings of a friendly hand.
The rugged hardships of the plough they share,
And soothe ferocious minds by mutual care.

Their social labour social warmth inspires,
And dawning friendship lights her purest fires.
Their generous breasts with growing ardour burn,
And love for love, and heart for heart return.
Thus private friendship forms the social chain,
And links the barbarous tenants of the plain.
Still, like a herd, they rove, with laws unblest,
No civil head to govern o'er the rest;
Till some wise sire, whose silver tresses flow,
And form a mantle of the purest snow,
Quivering with age, and venerably great,
Assumes the sceptre, and the chair of state.
The obedient tribes the palsied sage revere,
Whose wisdom taught them, both to love and fear;
Their filial breasts, unbought by courtly bribes,
With reverence see the father of the tribes;
His voice is fate, and not a lisp could fall,
That was not thought an oracle by all;
With eyes of homage, they beheld his age,
And called their realm the household of the sage.

Pleased with his reign, which met too soon a close,
The tribes beneath elective kings repose.
Now laws are formed to guard the rights of man,
And peace and freedom bless the social plan;
Now art, the offspring of the ingenious mind,
Completes the system and adorns mankind.

A VALEDICTORY POEM

Delivered on the 21st of June, 1791, being the day when Mr. Paine and his class left College.

Long have the zephyrs, in their sea-green caves,
Shunned the calm bosom of the slumbering waves;
While halcyon Pleasure nursed her tender brood,
Spread her smooth wings, and skimmed the tranquil flood.
The rising gale now curls the lucid seas;
The canvass wantons with the buoyant breeze;
The bark is launched; we throng the crowded shore,
Eye the dark main, and hear the billows roar;
The tender scene unfolds; our bosoms melt;
And silence speaks the throbs, we all have felt.
Here let us pause, and ere our anchors weigh,
And shoreless ocean bounds the vast survey,
Let Friendship, kneeling on the weeping strand.
Kiss her last tribute to her native land.

Sweet, lovely Cam, no more thy rural scenes,
Thy shady arbours, and thy splendid greens,
Thy reverend elms, thy soft Idalian bowers,
Thy rush-clad hamlets, and thy lofty towers,
Thy spicy valleys, and thy opening glades,
Thy falling fountains, and thy silent shades;
No more these dear delights, that once were ours,
Smile time along, nor strew our couch with flowers

Hail, winding Charles, old Ocean's favourite son,
To his vast urn thy gay meanders run.
Diffusing wealth, thou rollest a liquid mine;
Earth drinks no current, that surpasses thine!
Thy cooling waves succeed the sleeping hearth,
The peasant's fountain, and the muses' *bath*.
Yet, fairest flood, adieu! our happy day
Like thy smooth stream, has flowed unseen away.
No more thy banks shall bear our sportive feet;
No more thy waves shall quench the dogstar's heat.
Our fate reflected in thy face we view;
Thou hast thy ebb, and we must bid adieu!
Hail, happy Harvard! hail, ye sacred groves,
Where Science dwells, and lovely Friendship roves!
Ye tender pleasures, and ye social sweets,
Which softened life, and blessed these tranquil seats!
To part with you—a solemn gloom is spread;
The sigh half-stifled, and the tear half-shed.

Come then, my friends, and, while the willow weaves
A weeping garland with its drooping leaves,
Let Friendship's myrtle in the foliage flow,
And Wisdom's ivy wreath the shaded brow.
Life is a stage, with varied scenery gay,
But scenes more various mark the chequered play.
Virtue and Vice here shine in equal state,
The same their wardrobe, and the same their gait;
Here gay delusions cheat the dazzled eyes,
And bliss and sorrow intermingled rise.
The soil of life their equal growth manures;
One sky supports them, and one sun matures.

Deep in the bosom of each distant clime,
Their roots defy the furrowing share of time.
Alike they bloom, while circling seasons wing
The raving whirlwind and the smiling spring.
One luckless day the extremes of fate surveys,
And one sad hour sees both the tropicks blaze.

A bitter tincture every sweet alloys,
And woes, like heirs, succeed insolvent joys.
Hard is the lot of life, by fears consumed,
Or hopes, that wither, ere they well have bloomed!
Who breathes, may draw the death-infected air;
Who quaffs the nectar, must the poison share.
Untainted pleasures soon the taste would cloy;
Woe forms a relish for returning joy.
The raging storm gives vegetation birth;
And thunders, while they rock, preserve the earth.

Vain are the gilded dreams, that Fancy weaves,
With the light texture of the sybil's leaves.
Sweet are the hours of Life's expanding years,
When drest in splendour, every scene appears.
Romantick hopes illusive phantoms feed;
New prospects open as the old recede;
In flowering verdure, smiling Edens rise,
And isles of pleasure tempt the enamoured eyes;
Still unexplored new beauties strike the sight,
Till Fancy's wings grow weary in their flight.

Resplendent bubbles, decked with every hue,
Whose tints entrance the most enraptured view,

Throng every prospect, gild each rolling hour,
Frame the wild dream, and haunt the silent bower.
These airy forms our fond embrace decoy,
Elude our grasp, and stab expected joy;
Cameleon-like, with every hue they glare,
Their dress the rainbow, and their food the air.
Thus gleams the insect of a summer's night,
The glistering fire-fly's corruscating light.
Awhile it wheels its undistinguished flight
Through the dark bosom of impervious night,
'Till from its opening wings, a transient gleam
Smiles through the dark, and pours a lucid stream;
But while the glitter charms our gazing eyes,
Its wings are folded, and the meteor dies.

Maturer years in swift succession roll,
Enlarge the prospect and dilate the soul;
Tully outstripped lies grovelling in renown,
And Virgil weeps upon his faded crown.
Grouped in one view the extremes of life are joined,
Arabia's bloom with Lapland's ice combined;
Calypso's grotto with the field of arms;
Ajacian fury with Helenian charms;
Bright faulchions lighten in the olive grove,
And helmets mingle with the toys of love.
Here modest Merit mourned her blasted wreath,
While laurels crowned the ghastly scull of Death.
Here towering pedants proudly learnt to sneer
On wits, whom they had sense enough to fear;
The midnight lamp with native genius vied,
Mimicked its lustre, and its fire supplied.

The nuts of grace, the rattles of the stool
Bribed and adorned the blockhead of the school.
O'er Youth's gay paths delusive snares are spread;
Soft Syrens sing, and smile Resistance dead;
Ixion's fate forgot, the busy croud
Pursue a Juno, but embrace a cloud.
From Lethes' stream is filled the flowing bowl,
And sweet oblivion whelms the drowsy soul;
No screams of murdered Time its slumbers break,
And lounging Indolence forgets to wake.
Ease for a while may charm the dormant mind,
Pervert our reason, and our judgment blind;
But, soon, alas! the magick spell will fly,
And tears bedew Reflection's downcast eye.
Corrosive years one downy hour repay;
The bud, too forward, blossoms to decay.

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With cherished flames the youthful bosom glows,
And Hope luxuriant in the hot-bed grows.
Self-flattering Fancy here her influence sheds,
Young genius blossoms, and its foliage spreads;
But if too fierce the sultry splendours shine,
And swelling growth distend the aspiring vine,
No skilful hand the excrescent limbs to prune,
At morn to water, and to shade at noon;
In wildly-fertile efflorescence rise
The encumbered branches, and the victim dies.

Thus burning skies o'er India's arid soil
In noblest verdure clothe each blooming isle,
While sickly vapours taint the scorching breeze,
Awake the earthquake, and convulse the seas;

The thirsty glebe exhausts each purling stream,
And Death in ambush glistens from each beam.

But nobler souls an equal temper know,
Nor soar too vainly, nor descend too low.
Heaven's angry bolt first strikes the mountain's head,
And sweeping torrents drench the lowly shed.
Heroick Worth, while nations rise and fall,
Securely propped, beholds this circling ball;
Like the firm nave, which nought can sink or raise,
The whirls of fortune's wheel unmoved surveys.

Ye watchful guardians of our youthful band,
Your worth our praise, your cares our love demand.
Long have your toils the parent's office graced,
Formed the young thought, and pruned the rising taste
Infantile genius needs the fostering hand,
Its buds to open, and its flowers expand;
And bounteous Heaven this nursery has designed,
To rock the cradle of the infant mind.
Long have you slaked the thirst of ardent youth
From this clear fountain of untainted truth.
Faithful to censure, eager to commend,
To act the critick, and to feel the friend;
Watchful to lend unasking Merit aid,
And beckon modest Virtue from the shade;
These are the blessings, which your smiles bestow;
These are the wreathes, that crown your laureat brow;
And these, enrolled on Memory's faithful page,
Fame shall transcribe, and sound to every age.

And when grey Time shall knit the wrinkled brow,
And wintry age shall shed its mantling snow,
Some reverend father in the chair of state,
Quivering with age, and venerably great,
Shall cast o'er life a retrospective view,
And bless the soil, where infant greatness grew;
And while the long review his breast shall swell,
Here shall his mind with filial fondness dwell;
While transport glistens from the falling tear,
And Death, grown envious at the sight, draws near,
The good old man, with this expiring sigh,
"Let Harvard live," shall clasp his hands and die.

This sacred temple and this classick grove
Proclaim your merits, and our grief approve.
The painter's skill may shade the glooms of fate,
And fancied woe the griefless eye dilate;
We spurn the glaring tapestry of art;
Truth's noblest pencil is a grateful heart.
Long may your days in gay succession run;
Long may you bask in Fortune's smiling sun;
Long o'er these happy seats may you preside,
The boast of Harvard, and your country's pride.
Our filial bosoms shall your names revere;
Truth has a tongue, and gratitude a tear.
Waves crowd on waves, on ages ages roll,
And we retire, that you may reach the goal.
Here for a while your busy feet may rove,
To cull the flowers of this Lycean grove.
Like you, we passed the distant threshold by,
While Hope looked forward with a wishful eye;

Like you, we gazed on Fame's immortal door;
You tread the path, that we have trod before;
And scarce the sun his annual tour has made
Since we with joy this solemn day surveyed.
But, ah! our joy was but an April morn;
The rose has faded and has left the thorn.
Feel then the wound, before you meet the dart;
Like us you follow, and, like us, must part.

The bloom of youthful years is doomed to fade;
The brightest noon a sullen cloud may shade;
And we, my friends, to whom each bliss is given,
This happy spot, this vicinage of heaven,
Each painful sense, each tender woe endure,
And bleed with wounds, which Friendship cannot cure.
While gaily sparkling from the realms of night,
Smiles the fair morn, and spreads her golden light,
Grown dark with fate, the solemn skies appear,
And distant thunders strike the astonished ear;
The tempest lowers, the rapid moments fly,
And moistening friendship melts in every eye.

Oft, when employed in life's prospective view,
This gloomy hour a mournful tribute drew.
Oft have we shuddered at this solemn day,
And gazed till tears had dimmed the visual ray.
Now the dark scene, which Fancy once surveyed,
And o'er our brightest pleasures cast a shade,
Bids the warm stream of real grief to flow,
The silent elegy of speechless woe.
Long have we wished this painful day removed;
Affection framed the wish, and Hope approved.

Long have we hugged the dream with fond deceit,
And strove by tears to intercede with *Fate*.
But, ah! in vain, for now the rapid sun
Four annual circuits through the heaven has run;
In our sad ears the solemn dirges ring,
And our last hope is flitting on the wing.

With swifter course the new-born moments fly;
Here wipe the tear, suppress the bursting sigh.

Oft have we rambled o'er the flowery plain,
And freely followed Pleasure's smiling train;
Oft have we wandered o'er the breezy hill,
And traced the windings of the purling rill;
Where the dark forest glooms the silent walk,
Has prattling Echo learnt of us to talk;
Oft on the river's flowery banks we've ranged,
To all the woes of future life estranged;
Oft on the scenes, which airy Fancy drew,
We fondly gazed and fondly thought them true.
But now no more these social sports delight;
No song the ear, no landscape charms the sight.
From grove to grove the airy songsters play,
All nature blooms, and smiling heaven looks gay;
But, ah! for us no verdant meadow blooms;
No songsters warble, and no sun illumes;
These can but lend another shade to woe,
And add new tortures to the poignant blow.
No more we mingle in the sportive scene,
The gay palestra, and the tufted green.

The fatal sheers the slender thread divide,
And sculptured urns the mouldering relicks hide;

Far deeper wounds our bleeding breasts display,
And Fate's most deadly weapon is—to-day.
To-day we part; ye throbs of anguish, rise,
Flow, all ye tears, and heave, ye rending sighs!
Come, lend to Friendship's stifled voice relief,
And melt the lonely hermitage of grief.
Sighs, though in vain, may tell the world we feel,
And tears may soothe the wound, they cannot heal.
To day we launch from this delightful shore,
And Mirth shall cheer, and Friendship charm no more;
We spread the sail o'er life's tumultuous tide;
Ambition's helm, let prudent Reason guide;
Let grey Experience, with her useful chart,
Direct the wishes of the youthful heart.
Where'er kind Heaven shall bend our wide career,
Still let us fan the flame, we've kindled here;
Still let our bosoms burn with equal zeal,
And teach old age the warmth of youth to feel.
But ere the faithful moment bids us part,
Rends every nerve, and racks the throbbing heart,
Let us, while here our fondest prayer ascends,
Swear on this altar, "that we will be friends!"
But, ah! behold the fatal moment fly;
Time cuts the knot, he never could untie.
Adieu! ye scenes, where noblest pleasures dwell!
Ye happy seats, ye sacred walls, farewell!
Adieu, ye guides, and thou enlightened sire;
A long farewell resounds our plaintive lyre;
Adieu, ye youths, that press our tardy heel;
Long may it be, ere you such griefs shall feel!
Wild horrors swim around my startling view;
Fate prompts my tongue, and, oh! my friends, adieu.

The following Poem was delivered on Commencement day, at Cambridge, when Mr. Paine proceeded Bachelor of Arts, July 1792.

THE NATURE AND PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

HAIL, sacred Freedom! heaven-born goddess, hail!
Friend of the pen, the sickle and the sail!
From thee the power of liberal thought we trace,
The great enlargement of the human race.
Thou hast recalled, to man's astonished sight,
Those joys, that spring from choice of doing right;
That sacred blessing, man's peculiar pride,
To follow Reason, where she ought to guide;
Nor urged by power the devious path to run,
Which Reason warns our erring feet to shun.
What Reason prompts, 'tis Freedom to fulfil;
This guides the conduct, that directs the will;
That with the "rights of man" from Heaven descends,
And this with Heaven's own shield those rights defends;
Bound by no laws, but Truth's extensive plan,
Which rules all rationals and social man;
Essential laws, which guide in wide career
The rapid motions of the boundless sphere.
There Order bids the circling planets run
Through heaven's vast suburbs round the blazing sun;
Directs an atom, as it rules the pole,
Reigns through all worlds, and shines the system's soul;
This moves the vast machine, unknown to jar,
And links an insect with the farthest star.

Thus Freedom here the civil system binds,
Cements our friendships, and illumes our minds.
She bids the varying parts of life cohere,
The sun and centre of the social sphere.
Freedom in joys of equal life delights,
Forbids encroachment on another's rights,
Contemns the tyrant's proud imperial sway,
Nor leaves the subject for the sceptre's prey.
She curbs ambition, bold incursion checks,
Nor more the palace, than the vale *protects.*
From her the noblest joys of mortals spring;
She makes the cot a throne, the peasant king.
Her presence smooths the rugged paths of woe,
And bids the rock with streams of pleasure flow.
No raven's notes her sacred groves annoy;
There Sickness smiles, and Want exults with joy.
There never drooped the willow of Despair,
Nor pressed the footstep of corroding Care.

Hard is the task, which civil rulers bear,
To give each subject freedom's equal share;
But still more arduous to the statesmen's ken,
To check the passions of licentious men.
The licensed robber, and the knave in power,
Whose grasping avarice strips the peasant's bower,
Would glean an Andes' topmost rock for wealth,
And feed, like leeches, on their country's health.
The man, who barters influence for applause,
Libels the smile, and spurns the frown of laws.
Licentious morals breed disease of state,
And snatch the scabbard from the sword of fate.

These were the bane, which ancient ages knew;
On freedom's stalk the engrafted scion grew.

Long had the clouds of ignorance gloomed mankind,
And Error held the sceptre of the mind;
Long had the tyrant kept the world in awe,
Swords turned the scale, and nods enacted law;
But where mild Freedom crowns the happy shore,
Law guides the king, and kings the law no more.
No threatening sword the forum's tongue restrains;
No monarch courts the mask, when Reason reigns.
Here glows the press with Freedom's sacred zeal,
The great Briareus of the publick weal.

Dire wars, those civil earthquakes, long had raged,
Seas burst on seas, and world with world engaged;
Freedom allured the struggling hero's eye,
Of arms the laurel—of the world the sigh.

But, ah! in vain the clarion sounds afar,
Vain the dread pomp, and vain the storm of war;
In vain dread Havock saw her millions die;
Vain the soft pearl, that melts the virgin's eye;
Vain the last groan of grey expiring age,
To move the marble of despotick rage!
In that dark realm, where science never shone,
On earth's own basis stands the tyrant's throne.
One murder marks the assassin's odious name,
But millions damn the hero into fame;
And one proud monarch from the throne was hurled,
That rival sceptres might dispute the world.

Freedom beheld new foes the old replace,
And ne'er extinct the despot's hydra race;
Still some usurper for the crown survived;
She stabbed a Cæsar, but Augustus lived.
So meanly abject was the vassaled earth,
Rome blazed a bonfire for a Nero's mirth;
While, like the insect round the taper's blaze,
The crowd beheld it with a thoughtless gaze.
No daring patriot stretched his arm to save
His country's freedom from oblivion's grave;
The slave, who once opposed the crown in vain,
Found a new rivet in his former chain.

Thus raged the horrors of despotick sway,
Till Albion welcomed freedom's dawning ray;
Which, like the herald of returning light,
Beamed through the clouds of intellectual night.
But here environed was the human path,
Cramped the free mind, and chained the choice of *faith*.
Religious despots formed the impious plan,
To lord it o'er the consciences of man.

This galling yoke our sires could bear no more;
They fled, for freedom, to Columbia's shore.
Truth for their object, Virtue for their guide,
They braved the dangers of an unknown tide.
The patriarch's God of old preserved the ark,
And freedom's guardian watched the patriot's bark.
The shrine of freedom and of truth to rear,
They left those scenes, which social life endear;
To Britain's courts preferred the savage den,
The free-born Indian to dependent men.

For this, the parting tear of Friendship fell;
For this, they bade their parent soil farewell!

In these dark wilds they fixed the deep laid stone,
On which fair Freedom since has reared her throne.
But still a cloud their civil views confined,
And gloomed the prospect of the pious mind;
While Britain claimed with laws our rights to lead,
And faith was fettered by a bigot's creed.

Then mental freedom first her power displayed,
And called a Mayhew to religion's aid.
For this dear truth, he boldly led the van,
That private judgment was the right of man.
Mayhew disdained that soul-contracting view
Of sacred truth, which zealous Frenzy drew;
He sought religion's fountain head to drink,
And preached what others only dared to think;
He loosed the mind from Superstition's awe,
And broke the sanction of Opinion's law.
Truth gave his mind the electrick's subtle spring,
A Chatham's lightning, and a Milton's wing.
Mayhew hath cleansed the bigot's filmy eye;
Mayhew explored religion's native sky,
Where ever radiant in immortal youth,
Shines the clear sun of inexhausted truth;
Where time's vast ocean, like a drop would seem,
The world a pebble, and yon sun a beam.
He struck that spark, whose genial warmth we feel
In heavenly charity's fraternal zeal.

Soon blazed the flame, with kindling ardour ran,
And gave new vigour to the breast of man.
Swift as loud torrents from a mountain's brow
Plunge down the sky, and whelm the world below;
Our patriots bade the vast idea roll,
And round Columbia waft a common soul.
Freedom resumed her throne; her offspring rose,
Braved the dread fury of despotick foes,
Explored the source whence all our glory ran,
Columbia's freedom and the "rights of man;"
Europa's wish, thé tyrant's dread and rage,
The noblest epoch on the historick page!

Hail, virtuous ancestors! seraphick minds!
Heroes in faith, and Freedom's noblest *friends!*
With filial fervour grateful memory calls,
To bless the founders of those sacred walls!
You gave to age a staff—a guide to youth,
Yon fount of science, and that lamp of truth.
Where Knowledge beams her soul-enlivening ray,
There Freedom spreads her heaven-descended sway.
Learning's an antidote of lawless power;
Enlighten man, and tyrants reign no more!

Hail, sacred Liberty! tremendous sound!
Which strikes the despot's heart with awe profound;
Bursts with more horrour on the tyrant's ears,
Than all the thunders of the embattled spheres;
More dreadful than the fiend, whose noxious breath
Consigns whole nations to the realms of death;
Than all those tortures, which Belshazzar felt
Convulse his tottering knees, his bosom melt,

Then, ye fair Nine, the trembling muse inspire;
In raptured notes awake her feeble lyre;
Now swell your boldest strains! Maria's praise
Claims all the majesty of Homer's lays.

MORNING.

Now Phosphor swells the clarion note of morn,
And all the hostile clouds of night are *gone;*
Ambrosial zephyrs ope the fragrant flowers,
And rosy Health attends the jocund hours.
The Morn, with pearly feet advancing, leads
Joy's smiling train, and blushes o'er the meads.
The golden flood of light o'er eastern hills
She pours, and every breast with rapture fills.
The ocean, sheathed in light's effulgent arms,
Rolls his high surges bright with borrowed charms.
The little hills around their carols sing;
The vales with soft mellifluous echoes ring;
The early lark attunes her matin lay,
And vocal forests hail the approach of day.

The vigorous huntsman leaves his downy bed,
And mounted swiftly scours along the *mead.*
Hark! the shrill clarion's winding note resounds;
Hark! the air trembles with the cry of hounds.
The raging wolves through gloomy forests prowl,
The tawny lions through the meadows howl.
Lo! o'er the fields Maria bends her way;
The gazing hounds forget their trembling prey;
The grateful woods repeat Maria's name,
And all the savage race, inspired, grow tame.

The youthful shepherd, who had housed his flock
Within the dark recesses of a rock,
To screen them from the wolf's resistless jaw,
Needs now no crook to keep his foe in awe;
For, while his notes Maria's name resound,
The wolf no more infests the peaceful ground.

In beauty clad, more beauteous than the morn,
The fair Maria trips the dewy *lawn;*
The ambroisal zephyrs, from each meadow, seek,
To steal new perfumes from her fragrant cheek;
Celestial Virtue guides her wandering feet,
And Science courts her to her fair retreat.
Here shall the rose grow, free from every thorn,
And here her life be fair, be sweet as morn.

NOON.

Now the fierce coursers of the sultry day
Breath from their nostrils the meridian ray;
Beneath such heat the landscape faints around;
The birds forget to sing, the woods to sound;
The withered rose forgets perfumes to yield,
And murmuring brooks mourn o'er the drooping field.

The sprightly lambs, which in the morning played,
And near a fount their fleecy form surveyed,
On the green tuft, the limpid stream o'erflows,
Subdued by heat, their weary limbs repose.

The sweating ploughman leaves his sultry toil,
To quench his thirst from crystal streams, that boil

O'er the rough pebbles, which incessant chide,
As o'er the fields they in meanders glide.

The love-sick swain now leaves his drooping flock,
And seeks retreat beneath some shelving rock,
Which Spring's fair hand, with fairest flowers, has graced;
Here he retires the heat of day to waste.

All Nature droops; no joy the meadow yields:
How languid is the green, which graced the fields!
But see, Maria comes, by zephyrs fanned;
See how the gales the enlivening flowers expand.
Spontaneous roses in her footsteps spring;
The fields revive, the cheerful warblers sing;
The drooping forest now the lyre resumes,
In fair Maria's praise each landscape blooms;
Now tears of joy array the smiling lawn,
And soaring larks would fondly think, 'twas *morn*.

EVENING.

Retiring day now blushes o'er the heaven,
And slow in solemn brown brings on the even;
Now silent dews along the grass distil,
And all the air with their sweet fragrance fill;
Now chaste Diana, with her silver train,
In her bright chariot rising quits the main;
Now all the stars in bright confusion roll,
And with their lustre gild the glowing pole.
The happy swains now seek the ambrosial groves,
On their sweet pipes to warble forth their loves.
'Twas here reclined beneath the leafy shade,
While busy thought Maria's form surveyed,

The artless **** with his rude pipe retired,
To sing those carols, which his love inspired.
His pipe, though rude, ne'er swelled a treacherous lay;
His pipe and bosom owned Maria's sway.
'Twas here he taught the woods her name to sound,
And her soft praises echoed all around.

Not far retired, the object of his love
With her sweet strains enchanted all the grove;
While bending forests listened to the tale,
And her sweet notes re-echoed o'er the vale.
A nightingale, who, from a neighbouring spray,
Attentive heard Maria's matchless lay,
With envy saw the well deserved meed,
Bloom with new honours to adorn her *head*.
She thrice essayed to emulate the lay,
And thrice her wandering thoughts were led astray.
Charmed by the musick of Maria's song,
Her heedless notes forgot to pass along.
A sudden quivering seized her tender throat;
She ceased to breathe her sweetly plaintive note;
Her languid wings she fluttered on the spray,
And at the shrine of Envy sighed her life away.

Thus, fair Maria, in your wondrous praise,
The youthful muse has sung her feeble lays;
And though your name is all that in them shines,
Forgive the errors of her artless lines.
Your true, conspicuous merit e'en will claim
A rank immortal on the list of fame.

As on one tree, when sin had not beguiled,
Blossoms and fruits in sweet confusion smiled.
So youth's gay flowerets in your features bloom,
And wisdom's sacred rays your mind illume.

REFLECTIONS ON A LONELY HILL, WHICH COMMANDED THE PROSPECT OF A BURYING GROUND.

Here museful Thought and Contemplation dwell;
Here Silence spreads her horrors round;
Hark! the dull tinkling stream from yonder cell!
The soul recoils at every sound!

Startled, I view new phantoms round me rise,
And seem to chide my dull delay;
View yonder spot where human greatness lies;
Thus all must moulder and decay.

Hark! from afar the solemn sounding bell
Fills the dull ear with plaints of woe;
'Tis Death awakes, and spreads the warning knell;
Through the sad gates the mourners flow.

The distant landscape fades; thick glooms arise;
Twilight the sombre scene surveys;
While tears, in dew drops, glisten in her eyes,
And faintly shroud her pitying rays.

When blooming spring adorns the verdant mead,
Zephyrs arise from every grove;
The notes of joy along the woodland spread,
And breathe the fragrant sweets of love.

O'er hill, o'er dale the nimble huntsmen bound,
And wake the morn to health's employ;
With variegated flowers the mead is crowned;
Spring wantons in the bowers of joy.

But sultry summer wings the Sirian ray,
Whose heat subdues the blooming field;
The fair blown flowerets wither and decay;
The trees unripened fruitage yield.

Now the black tempest gathers from afar;
With horror all the horizon's bound;
Now clashing clouds along the ether war,
And pour their inundations round.

WHEN ****'s graces bid the pencil break
Through Nature's barriers, and the canvass speak;
Lo! stooping Time stands gazing at the form,
And e'en his frigid limbs with love grow warm.
But when her lofty muse commands the page
To soothe the passions, or inspire with rage,
Charmed with each line the hoary despot stands,
And ruin's uplift scythe drops from his hands.

FRAGMENT.

The splendid morn with flaming light had graced
The gold fringed clouds, the curtains of the *east*;
Invited by the breeze to taste the sweets
Which breathe in Harvard's venerable seats,
Beneath her flowery groves and bowers I strayed;
Morpheus had just forsook the happy shade;
He saw me, rambling o'er the morning dew,
And in my face enraged his poppies threw;
Pressed with the load, my heavy eyelids close,
And in the shade my drowsy limbs repose.
When to my eyes an aged dame appeared,
Gazed on the scene and treasured all she heard.
Upon her brow deep thought in furrows lies,
And wild anxiety distorts her eyes;
Me thus accosting in my cool resort;
"I come," says she, "from Wisdom's brilliant court,
"Where fair Maria, of immortal name,
"Holds the high sceptre with unbounded fame.
"My name's Investigation, fondly sought,
"Where Truth can please the mind, or warm the thought.
"Then follow in my steps to yonder shade;
"There stands a mirror to the eye displayed;
"In it each virtue of the deepest breast,
"And every vice and fault appear exprest.
"'Twas there Maria bade me lead your eyes,
"To amend each error, and to make you wise."
My willing hand then to the path she drew;
I fondly bade to vice a long adieu!

We lost the matin carol of the lark,
And entered in the grove;—'twas still and dark.
A solemn silence sat on every scene,
And envious night veiled spring's delightful mien.
In mazy rout we rove the winding road,
And oft retrace the path we once have trod,
'Till through the transient gloom a ray of light,
From the broad mirror, beamed upon our sight.
Above a running brook, the mirror's gleam,
With bright reflection, tinged the glassy stream;
Hence light, emerging round, the grove displayed,
'Till faintly dim it mingled with the shade.
Cheered by the feeble ray through many a maze,
We turn our feet and reach the mirror's blaze.
Fair Truth, the spotless offspring of the sky,
Rayed in a robe of flowing white, stood by;
With gentle voice she thus accosts my guide:
"Hail, honoured maid, fair Reason's noblest pride!
"Oft hast thou won the prize of bliss supreme,
"And these fond warbling groves chose thee their theme;
"And oft have I, enticed by fond regard,
"The stainless laurel for your brow prepared.
"But say, fair nymph, whence come you thus again?
"What happy mortal follows in your train?"
To whom my guide, "Where fair Maria's court
"For exiled Wisdom opes a kind resort,
"Thence I return, at her command, once more
"These spotless groves and blest retreats to explore;
"To teach this youth thy undissembling lore;
"In thy pure mirror to display each stain
"Which blots his bosom, *or what virtues reign.*"

Then heavenly Truth her magick sceptre moved,
And from the mirror all its gloss *removed.*
The undazzled eye could now unhurt behold
The inmost secrets of the breast unfold.

The following lines, I am inclined to think, make a part of the "Invention of Letters," as that poem was first designed by Mr. Paine;—but, because my opinion is without other evidence, than such as arises from the subject, I place the fragment here, rather than in a note to the "Invention of Letters."

SAGE Cadmus, hail! to thee the Grecians owed
The art and science, that from letters flowed;
To thy great mind indebted ages stand,
And grateful Learning owns thy guardian hand.
Without the invention of a written tongue,
E'en Fame herself no lasting notes had sung;
Thy brow she crowns with tributary bays,
And sounds thy glory in immortal lays.

Hark! a swift whirlwind rushes through the heaven;
Before its wrath the stateliest oaks are riven.
Say! is the thunderbolt from Jove's right hand,
Launched on the earth to scourge a guilty land?
Say! have the embattled winds, in eddies whirled,
Joined their whole force to storm the shivering world?
Lo! bold Demosthenes advances forth,
His voice, like thunder bursting from the north;
Dread Philip hears, and trembles from afar;
Greece springs from slumber to the field of war.
From his keen eyes the livid lightnings dart,
And freedom's flame from breast to breast impart.

This translation of the Tityrus was made by Mr. Paine in April 1790;—it gives the sense of Virgil with considerable fidelity and elegance.

TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

MELIBŒUS.

WHILE you, O Tityrus, beneath the shade,
Which the broad branches of this beech display,
Devoid of care, recline your peaceful head,
And warble on your pipe the sylvan lay;
While vocal woods to your enchantment yield,
And Amaryllis' praise with joy resound,
We wander far from home, by fate *compelled*,
And leave our peaceful cot, our native ground.

TITYRUS.

These are the blessings, which a God bestowed;
His bounteous hand e'er proved a God to me;
The tender lamb oft stains his shrine with *blood*,
And by his leave my herds rove o'er the lea;
Beneath his smiles I live with joy and ease,
And carol on my pipe whate'er I please.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune, but rejoice,
While raging tumults in the country reign,
While the inveterate sword each field *destroys*,
That happiness still smiles along your plains.
But, adverse fate still frowns where'er I go;
My fleecy goats with pensive gait I lead,

And this I drag along with much ado,
Who just now yeaning in the hazle shade,
Departing thence forsook her tender young,
The little hope of my decreasing fold,
On the cold bosom of a flinty stone.
Dire omens oft have all these ills foretold!
I should have seen, of reason not bereft,
Yon oak, which grew so fair, by lightening riven,
And the hoarse raven, croaking from the left,
Presage the vengeful storm of frowning heaven.
But, tell me, Tityrus, who is this God,
That on his favourite swain such gifts bestowed?

TITYRUS.

A fool I was to think the city Rome,
Whither we drive our tender herds from home,
Like Mantua; thus I might likewise dare
Bitches with whelps, and dams with kids compare;
As well the great to small a likeness own;
But regal Rome erects her lofty throne,
Above the cities, which around her shine,
As the tall cypress o'er the creeping vine.

MELIBŒUS.

What mighty cause could force you thus from home,
And urge the fond desire of seeing Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom; whose ray at length disclosed its light,
After old age had blossomed all its white,
Upon my hoary chin it came at last,
After long years of slavery were passed,

After my love for Galatea ceased,
And beauteous Amaryllis warmed my breast;
For while in Galatea's love enchained,
Nor freedom's hope, nor rural cares remained;
Though frequent victims thinned my rising fold,
And many a cheese for the ingrate city sold,
Yet still for her I spent whate'er I earned,
And still with empty purse I home returned.

MELIBŒUS.

Why Amaryllis to the gods complained,
And why the trees their ripened loads sustained,
I cease to wonder; Tityrus, for thee
Her vows were made, and fruitage bent each tree;
The groves, the fountains wish for your return,
And 'twas for this the pine's tall branches mourn.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? Love still inflamed my heart,
Nor suffered me from slavery to depart.
Return I could not, for a gracious ear
The auspicious gods there granted to my prayer;
There first I saw the youth, whose altars burn,
With grateful incense at each month's return;
'Twas there he kindly gave my steers again
To own the yoke, my herds to graze the plain.

MELIBŒUS.

O, happy sire, for you your fields remain,
For you, shall plenty smile along your plain;
Although the marshy bulrush overspread,
And flinty rocks clothe o'er the neighbouring mead;

Yet shall no dire contagion waste your flock,
Nor noxious food the pregnant kine *provoke.*
Fortunate man! what pleasures on you wait;
Here, where the well known river winds its flood,
Where sacred groves embower a cool retreat,
Where gales, to fan you, breathe from every wood.
From yonder hedge, which guards the neighbouring ground,
Where *Hyblean* bees the willow grove surround,
Still shall their murmurs slumbering, as they creep,
O'er the closed eyelids spread the balm of sleep;
While from yon craggy rock the pruner's song,
Your slumbers shall with pleasing dreams prolong;
Nor shall the dove forget her cooing note,
And from the elm the turtle's musick float.

TITYRUS.

Sooner the stag the earth for air shall change,
The fish on shore retreating ocean cast;
Along the Tygris' banks the German range,
The exiled Parthian of the Arar taste,
Than from my grateful breast his angel face,
E'en hoary Time be able to erase.

MELIBŒUS.

But, we in exile from our native lands,
Shall seek retreat in Africk's parching sands;
To swift Oasis or to Scythia haste,
Or from the world to Britain's cloistered waste,
And must we thus our hapless fate deplore,
And ne'er our eyes review our native shore;
Or shall some future year restore my throne,
The lowly cot, those meadows once my own?

And shall the impious soldier seize my field?
For the barbarian shall the harvest yield
Its annual products? Ah! what horrid wars,
And scenes of misery spring from civil jars?
For whom have I beneath the sultry sun
Thus tilled my ground? the labour's all that's mine.
Go, Melibœus, haste, your pear-trees *prune*,
In beauteous order plant the tender vine;
Go, my once happy, now deserted flock,
No more beneath the verdant grot I *lay*,
Nor view you grazing on the craggy rock,
No more upon my rural pipe I'll play;
No more shall you upon the hillock's top,
The flowery shrub or bitter osier crop.

TITYRUS.

With me at least to night lay by your care,
We can for you a bed of leaves prepare;
With ripened apples, which the fields afford,
Chestnuts and milk we'll store the frugal board.
Now the blue vapours o'er the hills arise,
And smokes from village chimneys paint the skies.
Now setting Phœbus meets his western bed,
And from the hills the lengthening shadows spread.

TRANSLATION

OF THE TENTH ODE, SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Addressed to Licinius.

If o'er life's sea your bark you'd safely guide,
Trust not the surges of its stormy tide;
And while you dread the tempest's horrid roar,
Avoid those shoals, which threaten from the shore.

The happy few, who choose the golden mean,
Free from the tattered garb, the cell obscene,
From all the world's gay pageantry aloof,
Spurn the rich trappings of the envied roof.

The stately ship, which cuts the glassy wave,
Is oftener tossed than skiffs, when tempests rave:
The tower, whose lofty brow sustains the sky,
With greater ruin tumbles from on high:
The lightning's bolt, with forky vengeance red,
Vents its first fury on the mountain's head.

The mind, where Wisdom deigns her genial light,
Led by the star of Hope in adverse night,
Fortune's gay sunshine never can elate—
Dauntless, prepared to meet the frowns of Fate.

'Tis Jove who bids the dashing tempest swell,
And the bright sun the stormy clouds dispel.

If o'er your paths clouds now should cast a gloom,
Soon will the scene in brighter prospects bloom:
Apollo does not always strike the lyre,
Nor bid the arrow from his bow aspire.

When raging grief and poverty appear,
Strengthen thy sickening heart, and banish fear.
When you are wafted by a prosperous gale,
Learn wisely to contract the swelling sail.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FIFTH ODE, FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

Addressed to the courtezan Pyrrha.

WHO, fair Pyrrha, wins thy graces?
What gay youth imprints a kiss?
Or in roseate groves embraces
Urging thee to amorous bliss?

To delude to your caresses
What young rake, or wanton *blade*,
Do you bind your golden tresses,
In plain elegance arrayed?

Soon the unhappy youth, deploring,
Shall lament thy proud disdain;
Thus, the winds, tempestuous roaring,
Rend the bosom of the main.

He, who's now thy beauty prizing,
In thy smiles supremely blest,
Dreams not of the storm that's rising,
To disturb his peaceful breast.

Misery's sharpest pang he suffers,
Who, secure from all alarms,
Like all thy deluded *lovers*,
Clasped a serpent in his arms.

Once, thy deep intrigues unknowing,
I embarked upon the deep;
Boisterous storms, dread horrors blowing,
Roused me from lethargick sleep.

Billows were around me roaring,
When great Neptune's friendly aid,
Me to Rome again restoring,
There my grateful vows I paid.

STANZAS

ON RECEIVING A FROWN FROM CYNTHIA.

A GLOOMY cloud in heaven appears,
And shrouds the solar ray;
All Nature droops, and bursts in tears,
And mourns the loss of day.

What wrath has sent the tempest down
To gloom the azure sky?
Lo! Cynthia's mien assumes a frown,
And Colin heaves a sigh!

Yes, Cynthia frowns!—in mourning clad
Young Colin seeks the plain,
And there in silent sorrow sad,
Sighs, weeps, and sighs again.

Ah! luckless hour! the lover cries;
Vain Hope! no more beguile!
Ah! seek no more, in Cynthia's eyes
The sunbeam of her smile!

Once in the days of happier fate,
In smiles she tripped the lea;
But I, with fondest pride elate,
Thought all those smiles for me.

Where once benignant beams were shed,
Now sad displeasure lowers:
On Colin's fond, devoted head,
The storm, dark rolling, showers.

The fount of grief has now grown dry,
And tears no more can flow;
No more can trickle from the eye,
The streams of mental woe.

Cynthia, behold a captive heart;
Its real anguish see,
Transcending all descriptive art;
It bleeds alone by thee!

So deep a wound can never close,
The heart cannot endure,
You opened all its bleeding woes,
And you alone can cure.

Then deign a gentle smile of grace;
On Colin's bosom shine;
And, raptured at so fair a face,
Elysium will be mine!

TRANSLATION

OF THE NINTH ODE, THIRD BOOK, OF HORACE.

Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

HORACE.

WHEN no fond rival's favoured arms
With rapture clasped thy snowy charms;
When but to me thy smile was given
It warmed me like the smile of heaven.
Thus blest, I envied not the state
Of Persia's monarch rich and great.

LYDIA.

When Lydia's smile allured thee more
Than Chloe's sweet seducing power,
Then did the cords of love unite
Our hearts in mutual delight;

Then so revered was Lydia's name,
I envied not great Ilia's fame!

HORACE.

The Cressian Chloe now detains
My soul in fascinating chains:
She tunes the harp's melodious strings,
But with much sweeter musick sings:
Could dying snatch my love from death,
How gladly would I yield my breath!

LYDIA.

Me, Calaïs, to love inspires;
Our bosoms glow with gentlest fires.
In him has every graced combined—
But, oh! what charms adorn his mind!
I twice the pangs of death would bear,
If Fate my Calaïs would spare!

HORACE.

Say, what if former love aspire,
And glow with an intenser fire?
Say, what if Chloe's charms I spurn—
Will Lydia to my arms return,
And bid the Paphian queen again
Unite us with a stronger chain?

LYDIA.

Though light as cork, your passions reign,
And rougher than the raging main;
Though Calaïs by far outvies
The great enlightener of the skies;
Yet from his eager love I fly,
To live with you, with you to die!

THE LAURELLED NYMPH.

Addressed to Philenia.

WHERE famed Parnassus' lofty summits rise,
With garlands wreathed, and seem to prop the skies,
There bloomed the groves, where once the tuneful choir
In boldest numbers waked the sounding lyre.
Fast by the mount descends the sacred spring,
Whose magick waters taught the world to sing.
Hence men, inspired, first tuned the rural strain,
And sung of shepherds and the peaceful plain,
The beauteous virgin and Idalian grove,
And all the pains and all the sweets of love;
But soon the Muse, with glowing rapture fired,
Seized the bold clarion, and the world inspired;
To arms, to arms, resounds from either pole,
Steels every breast, and man's each daring soul.
Wide Havock reigned; the world with tumult shook;
Thick lightnings glared, and muttering thunders *broke*;
The boisterous passions waged continual wars;
The sun grew pale, and terror seized the stars.
But, hark! soft musick floats upon the gale!
'Tis Harmony herself, who chants the tale!
A strain so sweet, so elegantly terse,
Joined with such lofty majesty of verse,
Arrests Apollo's song-enraptured ear,
A nobler carol, than his own, to hear.
The astonished muses cease their feebler song;
No more the tabor charms the village throng;

The aërial tribe in air suspend their wings;
All Nature's hushed; for lo, Philenia sings!
Philenia sings, and sings the soldier's toil,
Blest with the lovely virgin's generous smile.
The bards of old, who sung of wars and loves,
Of iron ages, and Arcadian groves,
Around Philenia's brow the laurel twine,
And vie in honouring genius so divine.
Hence, if in after age a bard should hope
To gain those tints which grace the verse of Pope;
In Sorrow's gently sympathizing flow,
To make each bosom feel another's woe;
Or Virtue's heavenly portrait to display,
In the full light of beauty's golden ray;
To sing of patriots in the martial strife,
The gallant soldier and heroick *chief;*
To paint in colours that can never fade;
Let him invoke Philenia to his aid,
Her smile shall bid these varied charms expand,
As vernal flowers by gentlest zephyrs fanned.
In her bold lines may admiration see
Impartial Justice rule the fair decree.
Not, like the sun, whose lustre shines on all,
Do her diffusive panegyricks fall,
While Faction's idols meet repulsive shame,
The wandering outcasts from the dome of Fame;
The patriot glories in his laurel crown,
Decked with the deathless verdure of renown.
To adulation's fawning scribes belong,
With guile to captivate the giddy throng;
To rend from Honour's brow his laureat plume;
To trample down the generous statesman's tomb;

To gild with servile Flattery's dazzling beam,
The imperial meteor of a baseless dream.
But when Philenia charms the listening throng,
'Tis Virtue's praise inspires the noble song.
Her Muse, who oft her venturous bark had rode,
On Learning's wide, immeasurable flood,
Whose crowded canvass touched at every shore,
New mines of golden letters to explore;
In Fancy's loom Pierian webs hath wrought,
Decked with the varied pearls of splendid thought;
Perennial roses round the work appear,
And all the beauties of the vernal year.
She, like a Newton, in poetick skies,
Shall e'er on Fame's triumphant pinions rise.
When Death's cold slumbers shall have sealed that eye,
Whose radiant smiles with solar splendours vie;
When that warm tongue, from which such musick flows,
Shall in the tomb in quietude repose;
Thy deathless name through Envy's clouds shall burst,
And baffle hoary Time's corroding *rust*.
Then those fair portraits, which thy muse has drawn,
Which the long gallery of Fame *adorn*,
Through Nature's fated barriers shall break,
Start into life, and all thy praises speak.

ODE TO COMPASSION.

All hail, divine Compassion! see
Low at thy shrine, my bended knee!
Lend to my verse thy melting glow,
And all the tender plaintiveness of woe!

The man who feels when others grieve,
And loves the wretched to relieve,
Enjoys more true delight,
Than he, who in the fields of war
Triumphant rolls his thundering car,
And gains the laurels of the fight!
Than he, whom shouting realms proclaim,
The victor of mankind, the boast of Fame.

Sweet Compassion! noblest friend;
From thy native skies descend;
Gently breathing through the heart,
All thy tender warmth impart!
Lure us from the gloomy cell,
Where Indifference loves to dwell!
Come with Truth, celestial maid,
In her brightest robes arrayed;
And with Bliss, delightful prize,
Blessing our enraptured eyes!

Behold! the heavens of heavens unbar
Their golden portals wide;

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In glory clad, thy train appear;
Upon the spheres they ride.
Pleased with a Howard's glorious fame,
Thou comest from realms above,
To kindle at his tomb the flame
Of universal love;
To crown with wreaths of endless bloom,
And joy, that never fades,
The man, whose heavenly paths illume
Misfortune's dreary shades.

Welcome, on earth, thy golden reign!
Now hideous vice, and tottering pain
Shall quickly flee away.
As hills of snow in face of day
In winter their high heads display;
But, melted by the vernal beams,
Their mass dissolves in liquid streams:
So by thy genial ray
Inspired, the frozen cheek of woe
Shall feel soft Rapture's pleasing glow,
And tears of joy around the world shall flow.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

When Faith and Honesty with willing hand,
Swayed the blest sceptre of the smiling land,
Then bloomed the Golden Age; then all mankind
Beneath the bowers of sweet content reclined,

No brazen records kept the crowd in awe,
For innocence supplied the want of law;
No conscious guilt disturbed each peaceful bower,
No fierce tribunal grasped despotick power,
Nor pale Revenge pursued with endless wrath;
But peace with flowers bestrewed life's rugged path.
The lofty pine, which crowned the mountain's brow,
Where clouds of green around the horizon flow,
Had not yet sought the distant world t' explore;
Nor heard the ocean's wild tumultuous roar.
Ambition had not yet inflamed mankind,
Within their cots by sweet content confined.
War's ruthless hand had not the rampart raised,
No hostile standards o'er the meadows blazed,
No threatening clarions taught the field to bleed,
Nor brazen horns aroused the martial steed,
No savage sword cut short the vital breath,
Nor glittering helmets braved the approach of death.
In soft delight, far from the din of arms,
The world reposed, secure from all alarms;
No shining share the fertile vallies tore,
Spontaneous earth her rich luxuriance bore;
Divine Content, whose charms ne'er fail to please,
Fed on the fruits, which bent the labouring trees.
The smiling berries, which on mountains glowed,
Or blush beneath the brambles on the road,
The sacred acorn, shaken by the wind,
Supplied the daily wants of all mankind.
Unceasing spring breathed fragrance round their bowers,
And soft Zephyrus fanned spontaneous flowers.
The earth untilled, with smiling fruitage glowed,
And round the fields the yellow harvest flowed.

The heavenly nectar from the skies was showered;
And streams of milk along the meadows poured;
The verdant oak with honey bathed the plain,
And blest Content prolonged the golden reign.

Addressed to Harriot, who presented the author with a bunch of roses, saying, she had preserved them a long while, and that they were the fairest of the season.

Such bounteous flowerets from so fair a hand,
The warmest thanks from Friendship's pen demand;
Ere yet the expanding buds perfumed the air,
Blest with the nurture of thy tender care,
The bloom they copied of celestial grace,
The lovely pictures of thy lovelier face.
Thine are those tints, which charm the admiring eye;
Thine the fair lustre of each fragrant dye.
On the free bounty of thy smile they live,
And to the world their borrowed splendour give.
Thus planets glitter on the robe of night,
And from the sun receive their silver light.
The flower, which blooms beneath the vernal ray,
Owes all its beauty to the orb of day;
For though the lily boasts its spotless form,
Yet Sol's pure lustre gave it every *charm*.
Thus mildly brilliant those effulgent eyes,
Which bade the fainting rose in bloom to rise,
Which each in Beauty's sky a golden sun,
Claim all those plaudits, which the rose has won.

Then, Rapture, cease on Harriot's gift to gaze,
And, Admiration, hold thy eager praise!
For though e'en Justice this encomium deigns,
That in its charms her faint resemblance reigns,
Yet while her tongue such lavish praise bestows,
In her, in her we view a fairer rose.

VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY, LATELY RECOVERED FROM SICKNESS.

With gloomy clouds of dismal dread,
The horizon sullenly is bound;
The sun, obscured, weeps through the *shade*;
The zephyrs mourn along the ground,
Where Darkness reigns,
Where Woe's sad strains
Wind o'er the plains.

Vaulted with Terror's sable veil,
Fringed with the sunbeam's glossy hue,
Deep lies the solitary vale,
Where round the grove a rural crew,
In smiling throng,
With sweetest song,
Charm Time along.

Thus seated in the breezy shade,
Before them in the winding vale,
Appeared a sweetly pensive maid,
Whose silence spoke the melting tale
Of one, who trod
From Health's abode,
Misfortune's road.

From her sad eye the tear of grief,
Unknown, gushed silently along;
The swains were moved to her relief,
And Pity wept amid the throng.
They thought their eyes,
Saw, in disguise,
One from the skies.

Lovely, as Morn, who weeps in dews;
Mild as the fragrant breath of Even;
Though streams of woe her eyes suffuse,
She shone the silver queen of heaven.
Dian her guide,
Fair Beauty's pride
In sense outvied.

While thus the swains, in rapture's trance,
Her lonely wandering steps surveyed,
Two seraphs on the wing advance,
Contending for the heaven-born maid.
So great the prize,
That e'en the skies
Viewed with surprise!

One of the seraphs thus began:
" My name is Fame; on earth I sway;
" The glory, pride, and boast of man,
" The world's proud kings my voice obey.
" From pole to pole,
" My glories roll;
" I rule the whole.

" Long have I made yon fair my pride,
" The brightest gem my crown adorned;
" Her name Oblivion's power defied,
" And all his low attempts has scorned.
" Forbear your claim,
" Ne'er will her name
" Descend from Fame.

" But say, if you can boast to share
" The affections of yon turtle dove,
" Why, with the storms of bleak despair,
" Do you afflict her from above?
" To force is vain;
" Where'er I reign,
" No slaves complain."

The angel sent from heaven replied;
" We doom the fair to Mercy's road,
" To wean her love from mortal pride;
" To bliss supreme in heaven's abode.
" To heaven restore,
" A mind too *pure*
" For earth's wild shore.

"Angels with envious eyes have seen,
"Earth in her smiles supremely blest."
He spoke; the swains beheld the scene,
And admiration swelled each breast.
Sweet queen of worth,
Heaven gave to earth
Thy angel birth!

Loud echo rent the joyful skies:
"Sweet visitant, with us remain;
"Where'er you smile, Misfortune flies,
"And Heaven enraptures all the plain.
"Hail, to thee, Fame;
"Long may'st thou claim
"The virtuous dame!"

They sung; the cloudy mists retire;
The azure skies in smiles expand;
Burst through the clouds, the solar fire
Flamed in wide lustre round the land.
From sickly fears
The fair appears.
Hail, golden years!

TRANSLATED FROM SAPPHO.

WELL may the happy youth rejoice,
Who, to thy arms a welcome guest,
Hears the soft musick of thy voice,
And on thy smiles may freely *feast*.

As gods above, securely blest,
He envies not the throne of Jove;
Endearing graces win his breast,
And sweetly charm him into love.

Ah, adverse fate! unhappy hour!
With horror, at thy form I start!
My faltering tongue forgets its power,
And struggling passions rend the heart!

Quick flames enkindle in my veins;
Impervious clouds my eyes surround;
Deep sighs I heave; wild Frenzy reigns;
My ears with dismal murmurs sound!

My colour, like the lily, fades;
Rude tremours seize my throbbing frame;
A gelid sweat my limbs pervades,
And strives to quench the vital flame;
My quivering pulse forgets to play;
Enraged, confused, I faint away!

ODE TO WINTER.

No fragrance fills the playful breeze;
No flowers the fields adorn:
But bare and leafless are the trees,
And dreary is the *lawn*.
For bliss-destroying Winter reigns,
The Lapland tyrant of the plains.

The crystal lakes unruffled stream,
With face serene, as even,
Whose surface in the solar beam,
Shone with the smile of heaven;
Chilled by cold Winter's frigid sway,
Reflect no more the face of day!

The nymphs no longer trip the field,
Nor, from the crowded green,
Fly, in some grove to lie concealed,
Yet hope their flight was seen.
No more, amid the sylvan dance,
Smiles round the soul-subduing glance!

And sylvan Pleasure's voice is hushed;
And the sweet roseate dye,
Which on the cheek of Nature blushed,
No more delights the eye.
Oh! thus the cheek of Beauty fades,
When wintry age its bloom pervades!

A SONG.

THE LASS OF EDEN GROVE.

In Eden grove there dwells a maid,
Adorned by every grace;
The pearls, that deck the dewy shade,
Fairer confess her face.
The sun has spots, the rose has thorns,
And poisons mix with love;
But every spotless charm adorns
The Lass of Eden grove.

The sparkling, soft, cerulean eye;
Bright Virtue's starry zone;
The smile of Spring's Favonian sky;
These charms are all her own.
The sun has spots, &c.

The frozen veins of age have felt
New youth in Eden grove;
Her smiles, like spring, the frost can melt,
And warm the heart with love.
The sun has spots, &c.

The monarch quits his dazzling throne,
And seeks her rural lot,
To find in her a richer crown;
A palace in a cot!
The sun has spots, &c.

While toy-enamoured eyes admire
The gaudy bubble, Fame;
Her virtues brighter joys inspire,
And softer honours claim.
The sun has spots, &c.

Her charms the noblest laurel prove,
The hero's meed outshine;
And round the brow of faithful love,
Perennial garlands twine.
The sun has spots, &c.

When Cupid all his darts has hurled,
From her he draws supplies,
And Hymen's flambeau lights the world
From her resplendent eyes.
The sun has spots, &c.

To her, sweet nymph, the captive soul,
Pours forth its votive lay;
'Tis bliss to own her soft control;
'Tis rapture, to obey.
The sun has spots, the rose has thorns,
And poisons mix with love;
But every spotless charm adorns
The Lass of Eden grove.

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE.

In this Division of the work will be found most of the Pieces, produced by Mr. Paine, on various occasions, from July 1792, *when he took his first degree, till a short time before his death, with the exception of the regular Poems, Odes, and Songs, which will form a series by themselves.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

HAIL, to the natal hour of nuptial joy,
When life, from Nature's second birth, begins;
When the fond lover, and the damsel coy,
Are born in wedlock, Love's connubial twins!

Ingenuous Edwin! whom pale Envy's *frown*,
For thee half-brightened to a smile, applauds;
Who, mid the leaves of Harvard's bay-wrought crown,
Entwin'st the wreath, which female taste *awards*.

Enchanting Emma, whose translucent face,
Like heaven's expanse, a ground work was designed,
Where Nature's hand her brightest gems might place,
To shine a picture of the perfect mind.

Blest, favoured pair, of rival charms the pride,
By Fortune nursed, by gay Refinement bred;
Unconscious Beauty, modest Worth allied,
By Cupid's hand to Hymen's temple led.

Whate'er in Love's bright landscape charmed your view,
May you, in sweet reality, enjoy;
Feel all, that Hope of rapture ever drew;
Live all, that Fancy ever dreamt of joy!

When man primæval walked with parent Heaven,
Eden his table crowned, and Eve his bed;
But, when by Fate's sad alternation driven,
He chose the bride, and from the garden fled.

More happy Edwin! 'tis thy lot assigned,
Not, Adam-like, to waver which to leave;
But, favoured youth, to find them both combined,
Thy Eve, an Eden; and thy Eden, Eve!

Auspicious union! with thy silken sweets,
Should sensual life her sackcloth joys compare;
The best morceau, that Epicurus eats,
Is but a tear-wet crust—a beggar's fare!

Lo! o'er yon night-wrapped precipice afar,
Gay, smiling, lingers Love's benignant queen!
There, rapt in ecstacy, she checks her car,
To feast her eyes upon the bridal scene!

A scene, so bright, that well might choirs above
Envy the lavish bliss, to mortals given;
Pant for the raptures of connubial love,
And wish, that wedlock was no sin in heaven!

Oh, happy pair, to every blessing born!
For you, may life's calm stream, unruffled, run;
For you, its roses bloom, "without a thorn,"
And bright as morning, shine its evening sun!

Yours be each joy, that easy affluence brings;
Each tranquil pleasure, that esteem can prove;
Each tender bliss, that from Affection springs,
And all the thrilling luxuries of love.

May not a tear in Emma's eyelid melt,
But that, which flows to meet her Edwin's kiss;
May not a throb in Edwin's breast be felt,
But that, which palpitates for Emma's bliss!

And when life's drama, like some worn out toy,
No more shall dazzle with its wonted charms;
Like old Anchises from the flames of Troy,
May Age retire in young Affection's arms!

Soft as the ringdove breathes her dying coo,
Serene, as Hesper gleams the dusky heath,
Be Emma's sigh, that wafts the world adieu;
Be Edwin's smile that gilds the lip of death.

But, Penseroso, hush thy digge-toned string!
Each sprightly note should trill a fuge of mirth;
And, ere their souls to yon bright skies you wing,
Let them enjoy a prior heaven on earth!

A MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF W. H. BROWN.

PALE sleeps the moonbeam on the shadowy surf;
Lorn to the gale, *elegiack* willows wave;
Cold-glistening, fall the night-dews on the turf;
And Nature leans upon her Pollio's grave.

Clouds veil the moon—'tis Nature garbed in woe;
The willow droops—'tis plaintive Nature sighs;
The night-dews fall—they are the tears, that flow
On Pollio's flower-wreathed urn, from Nature's eyes.

Yes!—he was doating Nature's favourite son;
The fostering muses fondly nursed the child;
His infant prattle into numbers *run*,
And Genius, from his opening eyelids, smiled.

In life maturing, Fancy's attick germ
The stalk of judgment with its blossoms graced;
Nor feared corroding Envy's latent worm,
The frost of criticks, nor the drought of taste.

At length full beamed the summer of his prime;
No fixed star—a rolling sun, he shone;
Now glanced his rays on Beauty's temperate clime;
Now flamed his orb o'er Grandeur's torrid zone.

As burnt the bush to Moses' raptured gaze,
Nor lost its verdure 'mid the flame divine;
Thus bloomed his song in rhetorick's splendid blaze,
Nor drooped the vigour of his nervous line.

With charms to move, with dignity to awe,
His tragick muse the lyre of pathos strung;
Loud wailed the horrors of fraternal *war*,
And dying Andre* struggled on her tongue.

In either eye, a liquid mirror moved;
A tender ray illumed each crystal sphere;
While thus she sung the hapless chief beloved,
His life, the smile received—his fate, the tear.

With features, formed the moral laugh to hit,
Thalia knew his useful scene to frame;
And, scorning ribaldry, that trull of wit,
Preserved the chastity of lettered fame.

Ithaca's† queen, his comick pencil drew,
Whom suitor-hosts, so long, in vain, adored;
Who, to the widowed bed of wedlock true,
Lived Sorrow's nun at riot's festive board.

His prose, like song, without its numbers, glowed;
Correctly negligent, with judgment bold:
Here reasoned sentiment, there humour flowed;
Now flashed the thought, and now the period rolled.

* Mr. Brown chose this unfortunate Officer for the hero of a tragedy, which received the highest approbation of many gentlemen of taste.

† He wrote a comedy, entitled Penelope, in the style of the West-Indian.

Swift, as the light to Nature's suburbs wings;
Quick, as the wink of Heaven's electrick eye;
Lo! Pollio's mind, with subtle vigour, springs;
And volumes, sketched in thoughts, perspective lie.

Not Cato-like, a miser of applause,
He loved the genius, that eclipsed his own;
Nor dreamt, like Johnson, that by Nature's laws,
He reigned the Sultan of the classick throne.

To censure, modest—generous, to commend;
To veteran bards he left of taste the van;
A keen eyed critick—still, a tender friend;
An idol'd poet—but, a modest man.

Such Pollio was!—but heaven, with hand divine,
Deducts in period, what it adds in boon;
Life's April day, with brighter beams, may shine,
But meets a sunset, in a cloud, at noon.

Felt ye the gale?—It was the Sirock blast,
That spreads o'er burning climes Death's gelid sleep!
Hear ye that groan? 'tis dying Pollio's last;
And Friendship, Genius, Virtue, speechless, weep!

"Oh, Pollio, Pollio!"—all Parnassus cries!—
Their breasts the grief-delirious muses beat;
Torn from their brows, the withering garland dies;
And drooping groves this funeral dirge repeat:

"Lamented Pollio, o'er thy sacred tomb,
"The laurel-sprig we plant, the turf to shade;
"Bathed by our tears, its spreading boughs shall bloom,
"'Till Fame's most verdant amaranths shall fade!

"No towering marble marks thy humble dust,
"Yet there shall oft our pensive choir repair;
"Thy modest grave can boast no sculptured bust,
"Yet Nature stands a weeping statue there!"

With these verses Mr. Paine concludes a prose Essay on the Pleasures of

SELF-COMPLACENCY.

Let no rude Care, with anxious thoughts, invade,
Nor print her footstep in my chosen shade!
O'er the wide world I've traced the tour of day,
Where restless Love has taught my feet to stray;
If Anna's taste this favourite spot approve,
I'll drop the Scythian, and forget to rove.
All hail, ye deserts, bend a pitying ear,
A sound unknown, a human voice to hear!
Wave your tall brows, to hail a stranger-guest,
Whose throbbing bosom seeks in you a rest.
Proud earth, adieu! Your smile I ask no more,
Nor all your sordid, soul-contracting ore!
The Syren's bowl, and pleasure's deep abyss
Yield to the crystal fount a tranquil bliss.
The purest joy will ever love to dwell
In the lone confines of the hermit's cell;
On him the day lamp sheds its mildest beam,
His board the forest, and his cup the stream.
Like him, the menial arts of life forsook,
To hold pure converse with the babbling brook;

Here let me rove amid these wild retreats,
The bee of Nature's yet untasted sweets;
Here let my feet, o'erwearied, find repose,
My head a pillow, and my griefs a close!
The simple pleasures of uncultured earth
Can please no palate of exotick birth;
Lost is the social fire, with all its joys,
Lost is the splendid dome, with all its toys.
A long adieu! to all the world calls great,
Fame's glittering baubles, and the pomp of state!
Far from the tumults of the roaring sea,
The waves of Fortune roll no more for me.
Far from the vultures of corroding strife,
And all the senseless butterflies of life,
Here have I flown to trace new soils of bliss,
And clasp rude Nature in her loose *undress*;
Her naked graces Rapture's throb impart,
And spurn the pencil and the veil of art.
Beauty ne'er blushed, of harmless man afraid,
Nor asked a fig-leaf in the secret shade.
Oft in the modish circle, have I seen
The thoughtless canvass of a pictured mien;
And grown genteel, by Fashion's dire constraints,
The well-laced spider in a hectick faints.
Art can but mimick; Heaven alone must give
That innate force, by which the graces live.
The form and colour artists oft disclose,
But who has sketched the fragrance of the rose?
Ye dames, ambitious of applauding eyes,
Shall vile cosmeticks tempt the dubious prize?
Refine the heart, nor stoop to arts so base;
Sense never sparkled in a painted face!

Mine be the nymph, whom native charms adorn;
Who looks on Fashion's painted mask with scorn;
Who never spread the Syren's artful guise
To chain attention, or entrance surprise;
Who ne'er would wish the rising scale of fame,
If she, ascending, sunk a sister's name;
Who never heard, without a kindling glow,
The boast of Virtue's too successful foe.
Such be the fair, to whom my hopes would rise,
Whose soul gives language to her sparkling eyes;
Whose smile the gloomiest scene of life can cheer,
With rapture glisten, or dissolve a tear;
Whose charms with softness clothe her modest mien,
As light pellucid, and as heaven serene;
Whose lovely converse sweetens every boon;
Whose cheek the morning, and whose mind the noon.
Ah! lovely Anna! these are traits divine,
And Fancy's pencil glows with charms, like thine!
Come then, thou dearest, heaven-congenial maid,
And rove with me the grove, the hill and glade!
Behold those rocks of huge colossal size,
Whose cloud-girt tops appear to prop the skies;
Like them, above the world, we'll soar sublime;
Like them, our love shall brave the rage of Time!
Here rich Luxuriance waves her ample wing,
And spreads a harvest mid perpetual spring;
But ne'er can Nature's flowery charms endear,
If Anna, Nature's blossom, be not here.
Come then, my fair, and bless my lonesome hours.
And grace the palace arbour of the bowers.
All Nature waits my Anna to receive;
A second Eden wants a second Eve.

The following Stanzas were addressed to the late Thomas Brattle, Esq. soon after he had embellished his seat at Cambridge, in a manner highly creditable to the taste of that worthy gentleman.

WHERE'ER the vernal bower, the autumnal field,
The summer arbour, and the winter fire;
Where'er the charms, which all the seasons yield,
Or Nature's gay museum can inspire,

Delight the bosom, or the Fancy please,
Or life exalt above a splendid dream;
There, Brattle's fame shall freight the grateful breeze,
Each grove resound it, and reflect each stream.

Each bough, that waves o'er brown Pomona's plains,
Each bud, that blossoms in the ambrosial bower,
Nursed by this great Improver's art, obtains
A nobler germin, and a fairer flower.

The rural vale a kind asylum gave,
When Peace the seats of ermined woe forsook;
Retirement found an Athens in a cave,
And man grew social with the babbling brook.

Here, happy Brattle, 'twas thy envied place,
In gay undress fair Nature to surprise;
By Art's slight veil to heighten every grace,
And bid a Vauxhall from a marish rise.

The airy hill-top, and the Dryad's bower,
No more shall tempt our sportive nymphs to rove;

This willow-shade shall woo the social hour,
And Brattle's mall surpass Arcadia's grove.

Fair Friendship, lovely virgin, here resort;
Here with thy charms the joy-winged morn beguile:
Thy eyes shall glisten eloquence to thought,
And teach the cheek of hopeless gloom to smile.

Here too, thy modest damsels oft shall pass,
Yield a soft splendour to the evening beam,
Gaze at the image in the watery glass,
And blush new beauty to the flattering stream:

While the pleased Naiad, watching their return,
As oft at morn her sportive limbs she laves,
Hears their loved voice, and leaning on her urn,
Stops the smooth current of her silver waves.

ADDRESSED TO MISS B.

Poor is the friendless master of the globe,
And keen the ingrate's heart-inserted probe;
But keener woes that wretch is doomed to prove,
The poorer hermit of unfriended love!

Oh, woman! subtle, lovely, faithless sex!
Born to enchant, thou studiest to perplex;
Adored as queen, thou play'st the tyrant's part,
And, taught to govern, would'st enslave the heart.

Now, cold as ice-plant, fickle as the wind,
Nor pity melts, nor pride can fix thy mind;
Now, warm and faithful as the cooing dove,
Thou breath'st no wish, and sing'st no note, but love!

In thee has Nature such elastick power,
She changes seasons, as she turns the hour;
In one short day, you roll through every sign,
From Passion's tropics, to Decorum's line.

Now from above, in vertic-heat you blaze,
And melting stoicks half enamoured gaze;
Now, dim from far your rays obliquely gleam,
And freeze the current of the poet's stream.

Thus, through our system, Nature's frolick child,
Fair woman, roves, a comet, bright and wild;
Supreme in art, our purblind sex she rules:
Wits may be lovers—lovers must be fools.

TO CLORA.

Thou nymph satirick, for a nymph thou art,
Whose varying lyre, like thy once doubtful sex,
Can with its tones the nicest ear perplex,
And numb with wonder the still pondering heart!

Thou, whom Menander joys to call a nymph,
Whose lips have freely quaffed the sacred lymph;
Who erst, in sweet Eliza's lovely guise,
Didst bless the vision of these mental eyes.

Thou injured maid, to gain whose secret name,
Intent I've listened with arrected ear;
Patrolled the whispering gallery of Fame,
And walked the watch-tower of the winds to hear!

Thou injured maid, to thee this verse belongs:
The lyre, that caused, shall expiate thy wrongs!

When first the soft Eliza tuned her lyre,
In notes, the pathos of whose dulcet swell
Might charm a Zeno with its potent spell,
And the fond passion, which she felt, inspire;

Enamoured Pride, from Fancy's hill-top, heard
The softened musick of the fluttering strain;
While Echo, prattling like the human bird,
Rechanting, chanted every note again.

But Judgment, wrinkled with a frown severe,
Checked the young rapture, which thy lays inspired;
Though Hope's pleased eye the page proscribed admired,
And shed upon the sweet forbidden fruit a tear.

Weak Jealousy outspread her saffron wing,
And, through the infection of the jaundiced hue,
Saw from Eliza's garb a monster spring,
In voice a Circe, and in poison too:

A magick chantress, from whose Hyblean tongue,
While fell the honied melody of praise,
Alas! impervious to the soul's fixed gaze,
A vocal death from every note she flung!

SONNET TO ELIZA.

Ah! do the Muses, once so coy and shy,
Pursue Menander, hard as legs can lay?
By Heavens, Menander swears, he will not fly,
But meet their gentle ladyships half way!

What! shall this coward bard turn pale with fear,
When clinging round his knees these virgins lie?
Is he afraid of drowning in a tear,
Or being blown to atoms by a sigh?

No, dear Eliza, with expanded arms
I turn to clasp the fair one that pursues;
But, struck with such divinity of charms,
Shrink from alliance with so bright a muse.

Yet weep not, that from Hymen's yoke I've slipt my neck,
For you've escaped a bite, while I have lost a spec.

SONNET TO BELINDA.

Pathetick chantress! Nature's feeling child!
Thou, like thy parent, rulest a variant sphere
Where Judgment ripens, Fancy blossoms wild;
Thy page the landscape, and thy mind the year.

Oft in the rainbow's heaven-enchasing beams,
Thy hand, sweet limner, many a pencil dips;
And oft receive Pieria's sacred streams
New inspiration from Belinda's lips.

Pure, as the bosom of the virgin rose,
Blooms the rich verdure of a heart sincere;
And e'en Belinda's smile more radiant glows,
Through the clear mirror of the pearly tear.

But, ah! her lyre in hushed oblivion sleeps,
While Edwin mourns, and all Parnassus weeps.

During the years 1792 and 1793, Mr. Paine, beside other contributions to that Miscellany, published in the Massachusetts Magazine such pieces, as appeared there under the signature of Menander. As those pieces are addressed to a lady whose title to the first place among our native poetesses is undisputed and indisputable; and as, in order to understand Menander, it is indispensably necessary, that Philenia may be easily consulted, no apology is required for inserting Mrs. Morton's verses in this collection. The first piece of this correspondence, which was originally published in the Massachusetts Mercury of February, 1793, as were also the second and third pieces, alludes to a Poem entitled, "Beacon-Hill," supposed to be then preparing by Philenia for the press.

MENANDER TO PHILENIA.

Blest be the task, along the stream of Fame,
To waft the Patriot's and the Hero's name!
Blest be the Muse, whose soft Orphean breath
Recalls their memories from the realms of death!
And blest Philenia, noblest of the choir,
Whose hallowed hands attune Columbia's lyre!
'Tis thine to bid the deathless laurel bloom,
And shade departed Virtue's sacred tomb;
While pruned by thee, its loftier branches grow,
And yield new honours to the dust below!

'Tis thine, like Joshua, sun of Glory stand!
And gild the urn of Freedom's martyred band!
While in thy song, with charms illustrious, shine
Gods, shaped like men, and men, like gods, divine!
Hail, lofty Beacon, hill of Freedom, hail!
Thy torch her herald to the distant vale!
What various scenes, from thy commanding height,
The horizon paint—the turning eye delight!
Loud Ocean here, with undulating roar,
Calls daring souls to worlds unknown before;
While mazing there, like Fancy's wanton child,
Charles curls along, irregular and wild.
Here, Commerce, decked in all the wings of Time,
Courts the fleet breeze, and ranges every clime;
There the gay villa lifts its lofty head,
The social mansion, and the humbler shed.
But nobler honours to thy fame belong,
And owe their splendour to Philenia's song.
Beacon shall live the theme of future lays;
Philenia bids—obsequious Fame obeys.
Beacon shall live, enbalmed in verse sublime,
The new Parnassus of a nobler clime.
No more the fount of Helicon shall boast
Its peerless waters, or its suitor-host;
To thee shall every fabled muse aspire,
And learn new musick from Philenia's lyre.
No more the flying steed the bard shall bear,
Through the wild regions of poetick air;
On nobler gales of verse his wings shall rise,
While Beacon's eagle wafts him through the skies.
'Tis here Philenia's muse begins her flight,
As Heaven elate, extensive as the light:

Here, like this bird of Jove, she mounts the wind,
And leaves the clouds of vulgar bards behind.
Her tuneful notes, in tones mellifluous flow,
With charms more various, than the coloured bow.
Here, softly sweet, her liquid measures play,
And mildest zephyrs gently sigh away;
There, towering numbers stalk, majestick rise,
Like ocean storm, and lighten like the skies.
While here, the gay Canary charms our ears,
There, the lorn Philomel dissolves in tears.
While here, the deep, grave verse slow loiters on,
There, the blythe lines in swift meanders run.
Thus to each theme responds her echoing lay;
Bold, without rashness; without trifling, gay:
Serene, yet nervous; easy, yet sublime;
With modulation's unaffected chime;
Soft, without weakness; without frenzy, warm;
The varying shade of Nature's varying form.
Let souls, elated by the pomp of praise,
The arch triumphal, or the busto raise;
Bid marble, issuing into life, proclaim
Their bubble greatness in the ear of Fame!
Gay trifles, pictured out on Glory's shore,
Which Time's first rising billow leaves no more!
'Tis thine, Philenia, loveliest muse, to raise
A firmer monument of nobler praise!
Thou shalt survive, when Time shall whelm the bust,
And lay the pyramids of Fame in dust.
Unsoiled by years, shall thy pathetick verse
Melt Memory's eye upon the Patriot's hearse;
And while each distant age and clime admire
The funeral honours of thy epick lyre,

What Hero's bosom would not wish to bleed,
That you might sing, and raptured ages read?
'Till the last page of Nature's volume blaze,
Shall live the tablet, graven with thy lays!

PHILENIA TO MENANDER.

BLEST Poet! whose Eolian lyre
Can wind the varied notes along,
While the melodious Nine inspire
The graceful elegance of song.

Who now with Homer's strength can rise,
Then with the polished Ovid move;
Now swift as rapid Pindar flies,
Then soft as Sappho's breath of love.

To nobler themes attune that strain
Whose magick might the soul subdue,
Calm the wild frenzies of the brain,
And every fading hope renew.

Ne'er can my timid Muse aspire,
To wake the harp's majestick string;
Nor with Menander's "epick" fire,
The deeds of godlike heroes sing.

My lute, with many a willow bound,
Flings the lorn pathos to the gale;
While o'er the modulated sound,
The sighs of Sympathy prevail.

'Tis for thy eagle mind to tower
  Triumphant on the wing of Fame;
To dash the idiot brow of Power,
  And waft the Hero's laurelled name;

To sketch the full immortal scene,
  Each mental and each pictured view;
Meandering Charles embowered in green,
  The warrior's turf impearled with dew;

The hapless maid whose plighted truth,
  And peerless beauties could not save
The brave, heroick, victim-youth,
  Dishonoured by a felon-grave.

Where the red hunter chased his prey,
  The hand of culturing Science reigns;
Where forests arched the brow of day,
  The temple lights its glittering vanes.

Such are the themes, thou minstrel blest!
  That to thy classick lyre belong,
While Genius fires thy passioned breast
  With all the eloquence of song.

Thine be the chief, whose deeds sublime
  Shall through the world's wide mansion beam,
Unsullied by the breath of Time,
  Exhaustless as his native stream.

Divine Menander, strike the string;
  With all thy sun-like splendour shine;
The deeds of godlike heroes sing,
  And be the palm of Genius thine!

MENANDER TO PHILENIA.

The star, that paves the blue serene,
Or sparkles on the brow of even,
Courts from the sun that lucid mien,
Which gems the glittering mine of heaven:

The breeze, that spreads its Cassia wing,
Perfumes the breath of scentless air
From rich bouquets, which jocund Spring
Selects from Nature's gay parterre:

Thus too, Philenia, muse supreme,
Whose clear, reflecting pages shine,
Like the translucent, crystal stream,
The mirror of a soul divine;

Thus, from thy lyre, Menander's ear
The song-inspired vibration caught;
Thus, from thy hand, his temples wear
A wreath, which thou alone hast wrought.

To thee his muse aspired with pride,
And sealed her carol with thy name,
Whose signet gave, what Heaven denied,
A passport at the door of Fame.

True merit shines with native light,
Obscurest shades ne'er cloud its blaze;
For, diamond like, it gilds the night,
And dazzles with unborrowed rays.

Hence, with a zeal of equal flame,
The world has with Philenia vied,
While Admiration winged her fame,
And modest Merit blushed to hide.

But, ah, thy lavish praise forbear!
'Twere madness to believe it due;
For none, but Nature's fondest care,
Deserves a glance of Fame from you.

To me no charms of verse belong;
The tints of every classick grace,
Mild Contemplation, nurse of song,
Beamed from thy muse-illumined face.

When thy "lorn pathos" fills the gale,
Wild Fancy learns of Truth to weep,
Romance forgets her tragick tale,
And Werter lulls his griefs to sleep.

Serene, amid the bursting storm,
You check the frenzied passion's scope,
And, radiant as an angel form,
Smile on the death-carved urn of Hope.

Thy magick tears leave Slander mute,
They melt the Stoick heart of snow;
And every willow on thy lute,
Has proved a laurel for thy brow.

SONNET

TO PHILENIA, ON A STANZA, IN HER ADDRESS TO MYRA.

The Stanza, which suggested this Sonnet, is highly encomiastick on Mr. Paine. It is here given from the Massachusetts Magazine of Feb. 1793.

"Since first Affliction's dreary frown
"Gloomed the bright summer of my days,
"Ne'er has my bankrupt bosom known
"A solace, like his peerless praise."

THY "bosom bankrupt!"—fair Peru divine
Of every mental gem, that e'er has shone,
In dazzled Fancy's intellectual mine,
Or ever spangled Virtue's radiant zone.

Thy "bosom bankrupt!"—Nature, sooner far,
Shall roll, exhausted, flowerless springs away;
Leave the broad eye of noon, without a ray,
And strip the path to heaven of every star.

Thy "bosom bankrupt!"—Ah, those sorrows cease,
Which taught us, how to weep, and how admire;
The tear, that falls to soothe thy wounded peace,
With rapture glistens o'er thy matchless lyre.
Ind and Golconda, in one *firm* combined,
Shall sooner bankrupt, than Philenia's mind.

THE COUNTRY GIRL TO MENANDER;

Yes! 'twas thy numbers, sailing on the breeze,
Floating in rich luxuriance, 'mongst the trees,
That caught my ear, as heedlessly I strayed,
O'er the soft velvet of the verdant glade.
'Twas thy own trembling lyre, I knew it well,
That gave the magick spring, the glowing swell;
That, borne on wings seraphick, glided by,
And filled my soul, with richest melody.
Oft, have I heard thy rapturous, treasured strains,
When roving careless, 'midst the dewy plains;
Oft, has thy well known lay joyed my rapt soul,
When sunk unnoticed, 'neath the rising knoll;
Whilst catching from afar the golden note,
I've bid my praises, on the zephyrs float.
Amid thick woods, and close embowering shades,
Stupendous rocks, and verdant flowery glades,
I've heard thy matchless, thy resistless strains,
Whilst lilies spread them o'er the lengthening plains.
To thee unknown, except by kindred fire,
That taught me how to love, and how t' admire,
I've hailed, have sung—and oft have sought to gain
One sweet responsive chord, to my dull strain.
Lost to all thoughts, or cares, for other's lays,
Philenia's brow alone thou crown'st with bays;
To her rich mine a monthly tribute send'st,
Nor to a younger vot'ry ever lend'st
A single warbling note of love, or praise,
Though sought, though urged, in ev'ry ardent gaze.

STANZAS

TO THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BLEST nymph unknown! fair minstrel of the plain!
When lyres of swelling grandeur cease to please,
Shall charm thy simple, nature-breathing strain,
Where sweetens Beauty's tone mellifluous ease.

Coerced by Fate, my Muse had sighed farewell,
A long farewell to all Apollo's train;
But thou hast charmed her from Retirement's cell,
And strung her loosened, tuneless chords again.

Thus while pale Morpheus walks his midnight rounds,
Soft Musick's echoing voice the ear invades;
And, Orpheus-like, with life renewing sounds,
Recalls the soul from Sleep's unconscious shades.

Say, in what region, what Arcadian skies;
What ville Elysian, what Castalian grove;
Where Tempean bowers, and Attick Edens rise,
The school of Genius, and the lap of Love?

Oh! where, O! tell me, where is thy retreat?
What myrtles twine their arms to shade thy path?
What Naiad's grotto forms thy mid-day seat?
What bank thy couch, what envied stream thy bath?

Tell me but this, and lo! Menander flies,
To hail the fair, whose picture Fancy views;
T' unmask the face, which charms him in disguise,
And clasp the Nymph, as he has kissed the Muse.

THE COUNTRY GIRL TO MENANDER.

Oh! cease thy too seducive strain,
Nor touch the warbling harp again;
The rapturing tones invade my heart,
And Peace and Rest will soon depart;
Love, with his downy, purple wing,
Will to my breast his roses bring;
But, ah! beneath their roseate dye,
The sharpest thorns of Anguish lie:
Then hush the enchanting, soul-detaining lyre,
And let Indiff'rence quench the kindling fire.

Yet, oh 'tis rich, to hear the trilling sounds;
On the full swell,
With rapture dwell,
As the slow numbers steal along the grounds;
Then as they rise in air,
And on the fragrant zephyrs float,
And wanton there,
How sweet, to catch the silver note!
But Wisdom wills the stern decree,
And puts a lasting bar, 'twixt love and me.
The streams of joy, that Cupid sips,
And where he laves his gilded plumes,
Must never glisten on the lips,
She says, where sober Wisdom blooms.

Thou call'st me from my native grove,
And bid'st me tell where 'tis I rove;

It is, the Goddess bids me say,
Where Love and thou must never stray:
Where Peace and Pleasure constant bloom,
And Rapture smiles around the tomb.
But though alone, with mental eye,
This form thou ne'er must view;
In answer to this deep drawn sigh,
Breathe me one last adieu;
So may full tides of joy around thee flow,
And life's more fragrant flow'rets ever blow.

SONNET

TO THE COUNTRY GIRL.

HASTE, Zephyr, fly, and waft to Anna's ear
This bosom echo—'tis my heart's reply;
Say, to her notes I listened with a tear,
And caught the sweet contagion of a "sigh."

But, ah! that "last adieu!" oh! stern request!
Cold, as those tides of vital ice, that roll
Through the chilled channels of the maiden breast,
When prudish Sanctity congeals the soul.

O'er Fancy's fairy lawn, no more we rove;
No more, in Rhyme's impervious hood arrayed,
Hold airy converse in the Muse's grove,
While you a shadow seemed, and I a shade.

For know, Menander can thy features trace,
Nor more thy verse admire, than idolize thy face!

SONNET,

TO ANNA-LOUISA, ON HER ODE TO FANCY.

SAY, child of Phœbus and the eldest Grace,
Whose lyre melodious, and enchanting face,
The blendid title of thy birth proclaim;
Say, lovely Naiad of Castalia's streams,
Why thus thy Muse on Fiction's pillow dreams,
And fondly woos the rainbow-mantled Dame?
When stern Misfortune, with her Gorgon frown,
Congeals the fairy face of Bliss to stone,
Hope to the horns of Fancy's altar flies;
But what gay nun would seek asylum there,
When Beauty, Love and Fortune crown the fair,
And Hymen's temple greets her raptured eyes?
Then haste, sweet nymph, to bless the ardent youth;
Then, Fancy, "blush to be excelled by Truth."

STANZAS

TO ANNA, ON HER VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

COME, power ethereal, whose mellifluous aid
Taught Shenstone's lyre with dulcet swell to move,
Sweet, as the minstrel of the evening shade,
Soft, as the languor in the eye of Love!

So, "Dulness" owns me for a "favourite son!"
Thank ye, good Sir, that worse ye don't abuse us;
This self-same strumpet, ere her time was run,
Swore thee on Chaos, a *Naturæ lusus!*

Ah! is the praise of fools no proof of merit?
Their censure, surely then, an envied "praise" is,
And blest be all the stars, that I inherit
So large a portion of your evil graces!

"Then dare be honest, and to Knavery own?"
Hadst thou the office of confessor claimed,
Then might I kneel, and all my sins make known,
To one, of whom e'en "Knavery" is ashamed!

"The greatest fool, that lives!"—Why heaves that groan?
I'll wear no wreath, that costs my friend a tear;
The cap receive again, 'tis thine alone;
For you, like Cæsar, find on earth no peer!

"As Sense, the accountant, sure has entered sound!"
This error on the clerk of "Fame" must fall;
I'm proud, that in her books my name is found;
With thee she opens no account at all!

"And find the whole amount not half a sous!"
As well might ants about the Alps declaim,
And garret-criticks preach upon Peru,
As "Truth" the lowest coin of Genius name.

"Philenia's sergeant!" Pride adores the thought!
The humblest halbert, which Pieria's queen
From Taste's bright armoury gives, were cheaply bought
With all the epaulets of envious Spleen!

"puffs" not one recruiter drew,
more successful drumstick rob;
ve heard thee beat the loud tattoo,
ith thy long-roll muster Wapping's mob!

Gorgon train array, in battle ire;
Philenia triumphs with unaided Charms;
Like Rome's illustrious chief, her magick lyre
Could speak a tuneful Myriad into arms.

By "puffs" Menander "seeks his fame to raise!"
Thy sickly fame were shocked by means so rough;
The mildest breath puts out the Taper's blaze,
And bubbles vanish at the slightest "puff!"

"My sinking credit!"—Should it sink to wreck,
'Tis joy, to hear thee own, my credit rose;
Thine, by a fall, can never break its neck,
The tide can never ebb, before it flows!

Thou son of Zoilus, hail! His pulpit host
Exult in thee, a second leader gained;
Whose greatest praise the vilest grub might boast;
Whose only glory is a laurel stained!

But I'll no longer war against a foe,
On whom too condescending Justice snears;
A foe, so lost to every tender glow,
That Adamant a Sensitive appears!

The surly Critick, who with envy blind,
To shine the pedant, with the man would part,
In Fame's ascending scale may raise his mind,
While in the falling balance sinks his heart.

Poor is the ruffian victor of the field,
Where tortured feelings melt the female eye,
Where wounded Tenderness, compelled to yield,
Leads the barbarian's triumph with a sigh.

STANZAS

TO A YOUNG LADY ON A BAMBOO FAN, ACCIDENTALLY TORN.

ERST, wanton Toy, 'twas thine to move,
By beauty's lovely queen caressed;
While, waving, like the wing of love,
Thou fanned'st a flame in every breast!
'Twas thine, in her imperial hand,
The cold to warm, the proud subdue;
The female Franklin's magic wand,
Olivia's sceptre, sweet Bamboo!

Whene'er the Nymph displayed thy charms
Thy airy flutters graceful move;
Each bosom, throbbing soft alarms,
Appeared an aspen leaf of love.
And while, too fondly, thought the maid
To smile unseen, when veiled by you;
Her treacherous eyes the plot betrayed,
And dazzled through the thin Bamboo.

But oh! ye LOVES, whence heaves that sigh,
And whence those tears, ye Graces, flow?
Why swells the sorrow-glistening eye?
Why ventilates the breast of woe?

"'Tis rent! Olivia's fan is rent!
"Farewell, our triumphs! Fame, adieu!"
Alas!—But why, this wound lament?
'Tis glory to your loved Bamboo!

Two rival Zephyrs, knights of air,
Contended for Olivia's lip;
To dwell, like Epicureans there,
And riot on the nect'rous sip;
To that pure fount, of chaste delight,
These Chesterfields of æther flew;
Rushed on the Fan, which checked their sight,
And rudely tore the soft Bamboo.

Ah! could I gain the ear of Jove,
To list propitious to my prayer,
This sole request my wish should prove,
That I thy envied form might bear.
Then, from the nymph I'd steal a kiss,
And sigh, in plaintive zephyrs too;
While tender tales of love and bliss,
I'd whisper from the fond Bamboo!

THE

PRIZE PROLOGUE:

Spoken in the character of Apollo.

BY Mr. C. POWELL,

AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST THEATRE, IN BOSTON,

JANUARY, 1794.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The subsequent Poem was originally written by Mr. Paine, for a Prologue at the opening of the Federal Street Theatre, in 1794. *It was spoken by Mr. Charles Powell, the first manager, and afterwards published in the Massachusetts Magazine. The Trustees proposed a medal for the best Prologue. Censors were appointed to examine and award; and numerous competitors crowded the list for the Prize. We believe there was no diversity of opinion among the censors, and the medal was accordingly adjudged to Mr. Paine. Since the original publication the Poem has been improved and greatly ramified. Mr. Paine had pourtrayed, with great labour and skill, and finished with the most vivid colouring, the characters of all the great English dramatic poets, which, had he lived to publish his own works, he would have incorporated into this Poem. The sketch of these characters he considered, as the most perfect, polished and elevated of his poetical productions. They were written upon detached pieces of paper, and through negligence or casualty are now irrecoverably lost. His profound knowledge of the Drama, and his familiar intimacy with the great luminaries, who have adored it with their genius, eminently qualified him for the undertaking. None of his fragments could have been more precious. But, like the mystic leaves of the Sybil, they elude the most diligent search, and cannot be embodied with his works*.*

* *The above notices are communicated to the editor, and the publick, by a gentleman who remembers to have seen the outlines at least, of Shakespear's, Johnson's, Fletcher's Dryden's, Centlivre's, Otway's, Congreve's, Farquar's, Sheridan's and other characters, as sketched by Mr.* PAINE.

PRIZE PROLOGUE.

When first, o'er Athens, Learning's dawning ray
Gleamed the dim twilight of the Attick day;
To charm, improve, the hours of state repose,
The deathless father of the Drama rose.
No gorgeous pageantry adorned the show;
The plot was simple, and the scene was low.
Without the wardrobe of the Graces, drest;
Without the mimick blush of Art, caressed;
Heroick Virtue held her throne secure,
For Vice was modest, and Ambition poor.

But soon the Muse, by nobler ardours fired,
To loftiest heights of Scenick verse aspired.
From useful Life her comick fable rose,
And Epick passions formed her tale of woes:
The daring Drama heaven itself explored,
And gods descending trod the Grecian board.
The scene expanding, through the temple swelled;
Each bosom acted, what each eye beheld:
Warm to the heart, the chimick Fiction stole,
And purged, by moral Alchymy, the soul.

Hence Artists graced, and Heroes nerved the age,
The sons or pupils of a patriot stage.
Hence, in this forum of the virtues fired,
This living school of Eloquence inspired;

With bolder crest, the dauntless warrior strode;
With nobler tongue, the ardent statesman glowed;
The void of Life instinctive morals filled,
And Fame herself with chaste Ambition thrilled;
Imperial Grief gave social Pity birth,
And frightened Folly feared instructive Mirth.

Thus Athens reigned Minerva of the globe;
First, in the hemlet—fairest in the robe;
In arms she triumphed, as in letters shone,
Of Taste the palace, and of War the throne.

But, lo! where, rising in majestick flight,
The Roman eagle sails the expanse of light!
His wings, like Heaven's vast canopy, unfurled,
Stretch their broad plumage o'er the subject world.
Behold! he soars, where climbing Phœbus rolls,
And, perching on his car, o'erlooks the poles!
Far, as the chariot winds its radiant way,
His empire follows on the ebb of day;
And Rome and Light revolve with rival fires,
And Cesar governs, when the Sun retires.

Bland nurse of Genius! mother queen of Grace!
Lo! Cecrops' throne is Ruin's charnel place!
Long ages past, with beating wing, have swept
Thy crumbling tomb, and as they smote, have wept;
Now, Time's grey eve, serene with lingering day,
Sheds o'er thy wrecks his sad sepulchral ray!
Departed Athens! round thy sullen shores,
Choaked with thy gods, thy vexed Pyræus roars,

Once proud to glitter where thy columns stood,
That Heaven might see thy temples in his flood.
From their cold altars all thy priests have flown,
And hermit Silence worships there alone!
O'er thy drear mound no dirge thy muses swell;
Mute is the breath, that filled their votive shell.
Pierced at their shrines, the sacred sisters fled,
Veiled their stained breasts, and pitied while they bled;
Then, grouped in air, they showed the wounds they bore,
And dropped their broken lyres, to sound no more.
The Chissel's life still loves the realm it graced,
And weeps in marble o'er thy sculptured waste;
O'er broken cenotaphs and mouldering fanes,
Sits black Despair, while pagan Wonder reigns;
Where frowned thy Sages, from their niches thrown,
The prophet raven fills the vacant stone;
With Arab scars the Parian hero bleeds,
And Beauty's statue sleeps in groves of weeds;
Minerva's temple vainly grects the stars,
And pirates shelter on the rock of Mars.

Where lightens now, the Drama's vivid eye,
Whose glance reformed, where'er its beams could fly?
Who, when Desire was fond, and Art was young,
So rudely sported, and so simply sung?
Yet, when thy realm was wild, and dark with fate,
Could charm the tumult, and allay the state?
Could gently touch the film, that made thee blind,
And pour new day o'er thine infatuate mind?

Where, now, thy lofty Muse, thou bard divine!
Who bade a nation's wealth adorn her shrine!

Who, graced their passions, and their pride to move,
A people's homage, and a senate's love,
With gorgeous drapery, and imperial air,
Awed mobs to think, and "wonder why they were;"
Who with her pencil moved the state-machine,
And swayed a faction, as she turned a scene;
With Art's last glories bade her temple flame,
And gave to Virtue, all she won from Fame;
Who o'er a realm her vast proscenium threw,
And saw all Athens in one splendid view;
With Attick genius moral truth impressed,
And taught a nation, while she charmed a guest!

In vain Illyssus flowed, or Locris bled,
The vital virtue of my heart had fled!
What though to victory patriot Valour wades;
Or musing Science consecrates thy shades;
While thankless Praise on dangerous Glory frowns,
And Envy banishes, whom Fortune crowns;
While the blest seer, who taught all, Nature knew,
Receives a chalice for the heaven he drew.

In vain thy Epick heroes wake with rage,
And stalk like spectres o'er thy trembling stage!
Ruled by caprice, with varying passion raised,
As rhetorick flattered, or as triumph blazed;
Bound by no law, a trope could not repeal,
Just to no merit, faction could not feel;
A crowd of schools, and a scholastick crowd,
Light, though forensick, impotent, though loud;
Wild by abstraction, and by fiction vain,
Crude by refinement, and by sense insane;

With quick conceits thy fickle fancy burned,
With learning fooled thee, 'till thy folly learned;
With clamoruus Wisdom waged its patriot feud,
'Till words alone defended publick good.
Disgusted Pallas her allegiance broke,
Ilium revived, and bade thee pass the yoke.

Dear wild of Genius! o'er thy mouldering scene,
While Taste explores, where Time's rude step has been,
Thy marble fragments, and thy desert mart,
Frown Fate to Faction, and Despair to Art;
Alike they mark thy frenzy and thy fame,
Record thy glory, and confess thy shame!

Bare and defenceless to the blast of war,
The gates of Greece received the victor's car;
Chained to his wheels, was captive Faction led,
And Taste transplanted bloomed at Tyber's head.
O'er the rude minds of Empire's hardy race,
The opening pupil beamed of lettered grace.
With charms so sweet, the houseless Drama smiled,
That Rome adopted Athens orphan child:
With bounty cloathed her, and with kindness cheered,
Her fancy copied, and her satire feared;
Vice, fashion, folly—to her power resigned,
And bowed an empire to the Muse's mind.
Wealth, honour, fame her Cesar's hand bestowed,
Wit, virtue, grace repaid the debt, she owed;
Life breathed in fable, eloquence in mien,
And manners taught how morals should be seen.
From Beauty's touch no mail could guard the heart,
Rome conquered science and was ruled by art.

Transplanted Athens' in her stage revived,
Her patriots mouldered, but her poets lived.
Fledged by her hand, the Mantuan swan aspired;
Glanced by her eye, e'en Pompey's self retired;
And raptured Tully half his graces caught,
While Roscius bodied all the forms of thought.
Sheathed was the sword, by which a world had bled;
And Janus blushing to his temple fled:
The Globe's proud butcher grew humanely brave;
Earth staunched her wounds, and Ocean hushed his wave.

Augustan Rome, with sad, prophetick eye,
Beheld her empire circle round the sky;
And saw along the ever rolling view,
Her shadow tremble, as her pennons flew.
Around her throne Pretorian cohorts stood,
Yet Fiction governed what her arms subdued.
O'er vassal man she dared not reign alone,
And called the Drama to support her throne;
And shook her sceptre, and her legions led,
When spoke the Larva, or the Arena bled.

At length, though huge of limb, by power oppressed,
Groaning with Slavery's mountain on their breast,
Her giant nations struggled from disgrace,
And Rome, like Ætna, tottered to her base.

Thus set the sun of intellectual light,
And, wrapped in clouds, lowered on the Gothick night.
Dark gloomed the storm—the rushing torrent poured,
And wide the deep Cimmerian deluge roared;

E'en Learning's loftiest hills were covered o'er,
And seas of dulness rolled, without a shore.
Yet, ere the surge Parnassus' top o'erflowed,
The banished Muses fled their blest abode.
Frail was their ark, the heaven topped seas to brave,
The wind their compass, and their helm the wave;
No port to cheer them, and no star to guide,
From clime to clime they roved the billowy tide;
At length, by storms and tempests wafted o'er,
They found an Ararat on Albion's shore.

Yet sterile proved the cold, reluctant Age,
And scarcely seemed to vegetate the stage;
Nature, in dotage, second childhood mourned,
Outlived her wisdom, and to straw returned.
But, hark! her mighty rival sweeps the strings;
Sweet Avon, flow not!—'tis thy Shakespeare sings!
With Blanchard's wing, in Fancy's heaven he soars;
With Herschel's eye, another world explores!
Taught by the tones of his melodious song,
The scenick Muses tuned their barbarous tongue,
With subtle powers the crudest soul refined,
And warmed the Zembla of the dormant mind.
The World's new queen, Augusta, owned their charms,
And clasped the Grecian nymphs in British arms.

Then triumphed Nature with imperial Art,
The Drama's province was the human heart.
No tint of verse can paint the extatick view,
When Garrick sighed the Muse his last adieu!
Description but a shadow's shade appears,
When Siddons' looks a nation into tears!

But, ah! while thus unrivalled reigns the Muse,
Her soul o'erflows and Grief her face bedews;
Sworn at the altar, proud Oppression's foe,
She weeps, indignant for her Britain's woe.
Long has she cast a fondly wishful eye,
On the pure climate of the Western sky;
And now, while Europe bleeds at every vein,
And pinioned forests shake the crimsoned main;
While sea-walled Britain mid the tempest stands,
And hurls her thunders from a thousand hands;
Lured by a clime, where, hostile arms afar,
Peace rolls luxurious in her dove drawn car;
Where Freedom first awoke the human mind,
And broke the enchantment, which enslaved mankind;
Behold! Apollo seeks this liberal plain,
And brings the Thespian Goddess in his train.
O, happy realm! to whom are richly given
The noblest bounties of indulgent Heaven;
For whom has Earth her wealthiest mine bestowed,
And Commerce bridged old Ocean's broadest flood;
To you a stranger guest, the Drama, flies;
An angel wanders in a pilgrim's guise!
To charm the fancy and to feast the heart,
She spreads the banquit of the Scenick art.
By you supported, shall her infant stage
Pourtray, adorn, and regulate the age.
When rages Faction with intemperate sway,
And grey-haired Vices shame the face of day;
Drawn from their covert to the indignant pit,
Be such the game to stock the park of Wit;
That park, where Genius all his shafts may draw,
Nor dread the terrors of a forest law.

But not to scenes of pravity confined,
Her polished life an ample field shall find;
Reflected here, its fair perspective, view,
The stage, the Camera—the landscape, you.

Ye circling fair, whose clustering beauties shine
A radiant galaxy of charms divine;
Whose gentle hearts those tender scenes approve,
Where pity begs, or kneels adoring love;
Ye sons of sentiment, whose bosom fire
The song of pathos, and the epick lyre;
Whose glowing souls with tragick grandeur rise,
When bleeds a hero, or a nation dies;
And ye, who, throned on high, a Synod sit,
And rule the turbid atmosphere of wit;
Whose clouds dart light'ning on our comick wires,
And burst in thunder, as the flash expires.
If here, those eyes, whose tears with peerless sway,
Have wept the vices of an Age away;
If here, those lips, whose smiles with magick art,
Have laughed the foibles from the cheated heart;
On Mirth's gay cheek, can one bright dimple light;
In Sorrow's breast, one passioned sigh excite;
With nobler streams, the Buskin's grief shall fall;
With pangs sublimer, throb this breathing wall;
Thalia too, more blythe, shall trip the stage,
Of Care the wrinkles smooth, and thaw the veins of Age.

And now, Thou Dome, by Freedom's patrons reared,
With Beauty blazoned, and by Taste revered;
Apollo consecrates thy walls profane,—
Hence be thou sacred to the Muses reign!

In Thee, three ages in one shall conspire;
A Sophocles shall sweep his lofty lyre;
A Terence rise, in chariest charms serene;
A Sheridan display the polished scene;
The first, with epick Grief shall swell the stage,
And give to virtue fiction's noblest rage;
The second, laws to Beauty shall impart,
And copy nature by the rules of art;
The last, great master, ends invention's strife,
And gilds the mirror, which he holds to life!
Thy classick lares shall exalt our times,
With distant ages and remotest climes;
And Athens, Rome, Augusta, blush to see,
Their virtue, beauty, grace, all shine—combined in thee.

THE

INVENTION OF LETTERS:

A

A POEM,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE PRESIDENT OF

HARVARD UNIVERSITY;

AND DELIVERED, IN CAMBRIDGE, ON THE DAY OF ANNUAL

COMMENCEMENT, JULY 15, 1795.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

WHOSE CIVICK AND MILITARY VIRTUES DESERVE A NOBLER

EULOGIUM, THAN THE

"INVENTION OF LETTERS"

CAN BESTOW,

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY AN OBEDIENT

AND GRATEFUL CITIZEN,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

INVENTION OF LETTERS.

Scarce had the cedar cleft the virgin wave,
That erst to Tyre its chaste embraces gave;
Scarce had the bold Phœnician, forced to roam
By barren nature and a desert home;
His vales of rock exchanged for Ocean's field,
And left the plough's, the trident's beam to wield;
When Cadmus, eldest heir of classick fame,
First gave each element of thought a name.
Of oral tongue the varying sounds he caught,
For every tone a varying emblem wrought;
From signs a word; from words a period flows;
A page succeeds, and next a volume grows.

Thus, on the surface of the polished rind,
He sketched the features of the viewless mind;
At length aspired to rhetorick's colouring grace,
And pictured thought, as artists shade the face.

Now to Achaia's rude, unlettered shore,
His glorious art the bold discoverer bore.
In that calm seat of innocence and ease,
Where Nature strove to bless, and Life to please:

No ruffling passion shook the placid breast,
For Anger's fluid surface was at rest.
With rising sun, the swain his course renewed,
His flock conducted, or his Daphne wooed;
And when his vows she heard in dale or grove,
Her smile was friendship; but her blush was love.
No jealous fear, as roving arm in arm,
Her brow could wrinkle, or her heart alarm;
As chaste, as Eve, when she, in virtue pure,
Without a fig-leaf thought her charms secure.

Soon, for the sceptre, was the crook resigned,
And arts and arms employed the active mind.
From Attick climes, the Cadmean tablet spread,
And Roman eyes the page of Athens read.
By Genius sunned, by fond Ambition nursed,
Forth from its germ the flower of Science burst.
Now rose the temple; now the clarion rung;
The forum thundered, and the Muses sung:
Now flew the shuttle; now the quarry broke;
There breathed the canvass; here the marble spoke.

Be such the lay to sons of elder time,
Whose green tombs flourish in immortal prime.
May no rude Saracen's unhallowed tread
Profane the ashes of the classick dead!
But let the pedant, whelmed in learned dust,
Who values Science only for its rust,
No more presume with bigot zeal to raise,
O'er modern worth, the palm of ancient days.
No more let Athens to the world proclaim,
Her classick phalanx holds the field of fame;

No more let delving Tyre's mechanic host
The birth of letters, as of commerce, boast;
And thou, proud Tyber! vaunt those waves no more,
Which once a Cesar bathed, a Virgil bore!
The barbarous Rhine now blends its classick name,
With Rome's, Phœnicia's, and Achaia's fame;
See, midst her waves, their fragrance to restore,
He dips the laurels, which your heroes wore;
Green with new life, and chastened of their dust,
Restores each chaplet to its votive bust.
Sovereign of Art, Invention's noblest son,
He claims the bays, which every art has won;
Of fame unenvious, living worth rewards,
And loves the genius, which his page records.

Egyptian shrubs, in hands of cook or priest,
A king could mummy, or enrich a feast;
Faustus, great shade! a nobler leaf imparts,
Embalms all ages, and preserves all arts.

The ancient scribe, employed by bards divine,
With faultering finger traced the lingering line.
So few the scrivener's dull profession chose,
With tedious toil each tardy transcript rose;
And scarce the Iliad, penned from oral rhyme,
Grew with the bark, that bore its page sublime.

But when the Press, with fertile womb, supplies
The useful sheet, on thousand wings it flies;
Bound to no climate, to no age confined,
The pinioned volume spreads to all mankind.

No sacred power the Cadmean art could claim,
O'er time to triumph, and defy the flame:
In one sad day a Goth could ravage more,
Than ages wrote, or ages could restore.

The Roman hemlet, or the Grecian lyre,
A realm might conquer, or a realm inspire;
Then sink, oblivious, in the mouldering dust,
With those who blest them, and with those who curst.
What guide had then the lettered pilgrim led,
Where Plato moralized; where Cesar bled?
What page had told, in lasting record wrought,
The world who butchered, or the world who taught?

Thine was the mighty power, immortal sage!
To burst the cearments of each buried age.
Through the drear sepulchre of sunless Time,
Rich with the trophied wrecks of many a clime,
Thy daring genius broke the pathless way,
And brought the glorious relicks forth to day.

To thee the historian's pen, indebted, owes
The map of ages, which his page bestows:
From thee e'en Fame inhales the air, she breathes,
And crowns thy brows with tributary wreathes!

The Press, that engine, formed to rouse mankind,
To expand the heart, and civilize the mind,
In feats, like these, each statesman has outdone,
From Nimrod's house of peers, to Chatham's peerless son!

By Freedom guarded, and by Virtue graced,
It weeds the morals, while it prunes the taste.
But when, in thraldom of oppressive chains,
The curb of power the liberal press restrains,
Vice, who has charms, Circassia never knew,
In voice a Circe, and in poison too,
With luring dimples, and with wanton smiles,
The eye enamours, and the heart beguiles.
In publick veins her foul infections roll,
Seduce the nation, and corrupt its soul.

Had Vulcan's web, which once, in realm of Jove,
Trapped in crim. con. the tripping queen of love,
Of late at Gaul's lascivious court been spread,
Ere fettered Type from dread Bastile was led;
The magick seine, such shoals its wires had caught,
Like Peter's net, had broken with the draught!

The mystick Fossil, whose attracted soul,
With fond affection, seeks its kindred pole,
To bless the globe, had ne'er explored the wave,
But, Cortes-like, discovered to enslave.
Had letters ne'er the bold ambition crowned,
And Printing polished what the magnet found;
In vain had Gama traced the orient way,
And Europe stretched her wings 'mid Indian day;
In vain Columbus, spurning Neptune's roar,
Gave earth a balance, and the sea a shore,
'Till truth-winged Science, bursting Error's night,
Shed her religion, where she beamed her light.

But most that triumph of the press we prize,
Which bade the slumbering rights of Nature rise;
Stripped of his mask, the despot's face displayed,
And showed the world the monster, they obeyed.

Not Tell's fleet arrow sped with surer art;
Not Cordé's dagger deeper cleft the heart;
Not tower-armed elephant, nor bursting mine,
The battering aries, nor the blazing line,
With deadlier prowess spread their fatal rage,
Than Type, indignant for an injured age.
When patriots, leagued a nation to redress,
At tyrants point the artillery of the press,
Loud, o'er the gorgeous canopy of state,
It falls, like Erie; and it strikes, like Fate;
Wide as La Plata, as the Andes high,
Its thunders echo, and its lightnings fly;
To heaven appealed, ascends the dread decree;
The tyrant falls—America is free!

Long may our nation guard the rights, she boasts;
Green be the tombs where sleep her patriot hosts.
May war-worn Scipio reap the field, he gained,
Nor see his laurels stripped, his honour stained!
Ne'er may a warrior's urn reproach the brave,
Ungrateful Rome, thou can'st not rob my grave!

By smiling Peace, and fruitful vallies blest,
By freemen loved, by distant climes caressed,
Columbia rules a brave and generous land,
And scatters blessings, where her laws command.

What though no wave Pactolian laves her shore,
Nor gleam her caverns with Peruvian ore;
Rich is the soil, through which her rivers run,
And all her diamonds ripen in the sun.
Let torrid climes in sterile caves infold
Their gleaming vineyards of luxuriant gold;
Let India boast the philosophick churl,
Who starves an oyster, to create a pearl.
Thee happier wealth, Columbia, Fate has given,
Nor gleans from famine what descends from heaven.
Thy native mines nor rod nor art require,
To dig by magick, nor to purge by fire;
And chymick skill, thy glittering veins to trace,
Resigns thy bosom, to survey thy face.

Beneath the shade, which Freedom's oak displays,
Their votive shrine Apollo's offspring raise.
With youthful Fancy, or with matron Taste,
They cull the meadow, or explore the waste;
Each tract, they culture, verdant life perfumes;
With Judgment ripens, or with Genius blooms.

In strength of scene, delights a Ramsay's page;
With classick truth, a Belknap charms the age;
In cloudless splendour, modest Minot shines;
And Bunker flames, in Allen's* glowing lines.
By sister arts and kindred powers allied,
The Trumbulls rise, the lyre's and pencil's pride;
And every muse has carved Philenia's name,
On every laurel in the grove of Fame.

* Mr. James Allen, of Boston; author of a celebrated manuscript poem, entitled, "*The Battle of Bunker's Hill.*"

From Harvard's fount, by native springs supplied,
Presiding Science rolls her copious tide.
Blest seat of letters, to thy sacred walls
This festive day my fond remembrance calls!
In Life's broad road, whate'er my path may be,
Full oft shall Memory turn to gaze on thee;
Still, like some faithful ghost, delight to dwell,
And hover o'er the spot, she loved so well!

A lurking moth in every art we find,
That braves the weakness of the human mind.
Born in the pore, it burrows through the heart,
And kills the oak, whose leaf it could not start.

In yon drear garret, Faction's dark recess,
Her nightly dæmons load the groaning press.
With cobwebs hung, she rubs her sleepless eyes,
While Norfolk spiders weave her half-spun lies.
Her motley brood by law, nor gospel tied,
Whom honour cannot bind, nor reason guide,
The dregs of nature and of vice compose;
For Envy these creates, and Folly those.
In tricks expert, or buzzing on the wing,
Like apes, they mimick, or, like insects, sting!
And still another useless proof supply—.
The sun that warms a monkey, breeds a fly!

For place or power, while demagogues contend,
Whirled in their vortex, sinks each humbler friend.
See Crispin quit his stall, in Faction's cause,
To cobble government, and soal the laws!

See Frisseur scent his dust, his razor set,
To shave the treaty, or to puff Genet!
In doubtful mood, see Mulciber debate,
To mend a horse-shoe, or to weld the state!
The whip's bold knight, in barn, his truck has laid,
To spout in favour of the carrying trade!
While Staytape runs, from hissing goose, too hot,
To measure Congress for another coat;
And still, by rule of shop, intent on pelf,
Eyes the spare cloth, to cabbage for himself!

Envy, that fiend, who haunts the great and good,
Not Cato shunned, nor Hercules subdued.
On Fame's wide field, where'er a covert lies,
The rustling serpent to the thicket flies;
The foe of Glory, Merit is her prey;
The dunce she leaves, to plod his drowsy way.
Of birth amphibious, and of Protean skill,
This green-eyed monster changes shape at will;
Like snakes of smaller breed, she sheds her skin;
Strips off the serpent, and turns—Jacobin.

Each hero's seat her lawless steps invade,
From George's banks, to Vernon's laurel shade.
E'en to thy brow, immortal Freedom's Sire!
Her pagan hands, in sacrilege, aspire!
Can'st thou, great Chief, her thankless sons forgive,
Who owe to thee the soil, on which they live?
These senseless reptiles, who, with Slander's bane,
The bright medallion of thy life would stain,
Yield to the glories of thy deathless name,
The noblest tribute ever paid by fame.

The beams of Phœbus shower their brightest blaze,
When Heaven is shadowed by the clouds they raise:
And the proud pyramids, that propped the sky,
Whose spires were scarcely kenned by mortal eye;
Whose height the loftiest strides of Art surpassed,
Were measured only by the shade they cast.

Oh, WASHINGTON! thou hero, patriot, sage!
Friend of all climates; pride of every age!
Were thine the laurels, every soil could raise,
The mighty harvest were penurious praise.
Well may our realms thy Fabian wisdom boast;
Thy prudence saved, what bravery had lost.
Yet e'er hadst thou, by Heaven's severer fates,
Like Sparta's hero at the Grecian straits,
Been doomed to meet, in arms, a world of foes,
Whom skill could not defeat, nor walls oppose;
Then had thy breast, by danger ne'er subdued,
The mighty buckler of thy country stood;
Proud of its wounds, each piercing spear would bless,
Which left Columbia's foes one javelin less;
Nor felt one pang, but, in the glorious deed,
Thy little band of heroes, too, must bleed;
Nor throbbed one fear, but, that some poisoned dart
Thy breast might pass, and reach thy country's heart!

By Heaven ordained, ne'er in the sea of Fame
Shall sit the disk of thy resplendent name;
But, like yon Arctick star, forever roll,
In ceaseless orbit, round the glowing pole.

Could Faustus live, by gloomy Grave resigned;
With power extensive, as sublime his mind,
Thy glorious life a volume should compose,
As Alps immortal, spotless as its snows.
The stars should be its types—its press the age;
The earth its binding—and the sky its page.
In language set, not Babel could o'erturn;
On leaves impressed, which Omar could not burn;
The sacred work in Heaven's high dome should stand,
Shine with its suns, and with its arch expand;
'Till Nature's-self the Vandal torch should raise,
And the vast alcove of Creation blaze!

THE

RULING PASSION;

AN OCCASIONAL POEM,

WRITTEN BY THE APPOINTMENT OF THE SOCIETY

OF THE

PHI BETA KAPPA;

AND SPOKEN, ON THEIR ANNIVERSARY, IN THE

CHAPEL OF THE UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE,

JULY 20, 1797.

THE

RULING PASSION.

RANGE we through Nature's social walks, to scan
That little world, that greater wonder, man.
The Sage's study, which but few improve;
Religion's mystery, which none remove;
Reason's proud toy; in his machine unite
Powers, dense as earth; conceptions, rare as light;
Its wheels more complex, than the central sphere,
Which guides a comet, while it moulds a tear;
Its springs more subtle, than the secret soul,
Which bids a world cohere, an atom roll.

Less by himself, than others, understood;
More led by sense, yet more with mind endued;
His nature oftener sets our world at odds,
Than Jove, in Ovid's "Green-Room" of the gods.

Since, then, the wisest are as dull, as we,
In one grave maxim let us all agree;
Nature ne'er meant her secrets should be found,
And man's a riddle, which man can't expound!

Then let us shun the rapt seer's loftier flight,
For paths more pervious to our ken of sight;
Vain were our pride, like Icarus of yore,
In realms of fire, on wings of wax, to soar;
Ours be the Muse, who humbler tracts essays;
Descends from theory, and life portrays.
On what man *is*, the schools may disagree,
We only know him, as he *seems to be*.

In beings, formed their own pursuits to guide,
No wonder moves it, and excites no pride,
When bards, less curious than Lavater, find
Some spring of action ruling every mind.

Like Egypt's gods, man's various passions sway;
Some prowl the earth, and some ascend the day:
This charms the fancy, that the palate feasts;
A motley Pantheon of birds and beasts!

Were the wild brood, who dwell in glade and brake,
Some kindred character of man to take;
In the base jackall's, or gay leopard's mien,
The servile pimp, or gay coquette, were seen;
The patient camel, long inured to dine
But once a fortnight, would a poet shine;
The stag, a cit, with antlered brows content;
The rake, a pointer, always on the scent;
The snake, a statesman; and the wit, a gnat;
The ass, an alderman; the scold, a cat;
The wife, a ring-dove, on the myrtle's top;
The wolf, a lawyer; the baboon, a fop!

Life is a print-shop, where the eye may trace
A different outline, marked in every face;
From chiefs, who laurels reap in fields of blood,
Down to the hind, who tills those fields for food;
From the lorn nymph, in cloistered abbey pent,
Whose friars teach to love, and to repent,
To the young captive in the Haram's bower,
Blest for a night, and empress of an hour;
From ink's retailers, perched in garret high,
Cobwebbed around with many a mouldy lie;
Down to the pauper's brat, who, luckless wight!
Deep in the cellar first received the light;
All, all impelled, as various passions move,
To write, to starve, to conquer, or to love!
All join to shift Life's versicoloured scenes,
Priests, poets, fiddlers, courtesans and queens;
And be it pride, or dress, or wealth, or fame,
The acting principle is ne'er the same.
Each takes a different rout, o'er hill, or vale,
The tangled forest, or the greensward dale.
But they, who chiefly crowd the field, are those,
Who live by fashion—constables and beaus.
The first, I ween, are men of high report,
The law's staff-officers, and known at court.
The last, sweet elves, whose rival graces vie,
To wield the snuff-box, or enact a sigh:
To Fashion's gossamer their lives devote,
The frieze, the cane, the cravat and the coat.
In taste unpolished, yet in ton precise,
They sleep at theatres, and wake at dice;
While, like the pilgrim's scrip, or soldier's pack,
They carry all their fortune on their back.

From fops, we turn to pedants, deep and dull;
Grave, without sense; "o'erflowing, yet not full."
See, the lank book-worm, piled with lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore,
With toil incessant, thumbs the ancient page,
Now blots a hero, now turns down a sage!
O'er Learning's field, with leaden eye he strays,
Mid busts of fame, and monuments of praise.
With Gothick foot, he treads on flowers of taste,
Yet stoops to pick the pebbles from the waste.
Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
Were Æsop's legs, how large was Tully's wart;
And, scaled by Gunter, marks, with joy absurd,
The cut of Homer's cloak, and Euclid's *beard!*

Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night,
This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight;
'Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes.

Born in the fens of Dulness, dank and mute,
Where lynx might sleep, and half-starved owlet hoot;
With head of adamant, and nerves of steel;
Without or pulse to throb, or soul to feel;
Not Warren's glory could one bliss supply,
Nor Trenck's captivity excite a sigh.
Should Beauty's queen, in all her charms disclosed,
As when to Paris' wondering eyes exposed,
She loosed her cestus, and unyoked her doves,
And stood unveiled 'mid Ida's conscious groves,
Attempt, with loviest attitude of Art,
To warm the polar current of his heart;

Vain were the toil, as Alexander's plan,
To carve mount Athos to the form of man!

Next in the group, a love-lorn maid we trace,
Whose heart was virtue, and whose form is grace.
In Life's gay prime, when passion, pure as truth,
Bids the blood frolick through the veins of youth;
The plighted vow her easy ear received,
The proffered faith her glowing heart believed.
Artless herself, she thought the world so too,
Nor feared those vices, which she never knew.
Ill-fated girl, thy erring steps declare,
Truth should suspect, and Innocence beware!

Ere, ripe for bliss, consenting hearts unite;
Ere retrospection chill the young delight;
The airy web of Fancy's dreams to prove,
Unbind the bandeau from the brow of Love!

Sad be the hour, in Memory's page forlorn;
The cypress shade it, and the willow mourn;
When the fond maid, subdued in Reason's trance,
Child of Desire, and pupil of Romance,
Beneath the pensile palm, or aloed grove,
Like Cleopatra, yields the world for love.
Poor is the trophy of seductive Art,
Which, but to triumph, subjugates the heart;
Or, Tarquin-like, with more licentious flame,
Stains manly truth to plunder female fame.
Life's deepest penace never can atone,
For Hope deluded, or for Virtue flown.

Yet such there are, whose smooth, perfidious smile
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in guile.
Thorns be their pillow; agony their sleep;
Nor e'en the mercy given, to "wake and weep!"
May screaming night-fiends, hot in recreant gore,
Rive their strained fibres to their heart's rank core,
Till startled Conscience heap, in wild dismay,
Convulsive curses on the source of day!

But, see, what form, so sprigged, behooped, and sleek,
With modern head-dress on a block antique,
Trips through the croud, and, ogling all who pass,
Stares most demurely, through an Op'ra glass!
Sunk in the wane, she courts the gay parade;
A belle of Plato's age, a sweet old maid.
While lived her beauty, (for 'tis now a ghost!)
The fair one's envy, and the fopling's toast;
What slaughtered hearts by her fierce eye-beams fell,
Let Fiction's brokers, bards and tombstones, tell.
Fled are the charms, which graced that ivory brow;
Where smiled a dimple, gapes a wrinkle now:
And e'en that pouting lip, where whilom grew
The mellow peach-down, and the ruby's hue,
No more can trance the ear with sweeter sounds,
Than fairies warble on enchanted grounds!

Now, hapless nymph, she wakes from dreams of bliss,
The knee adoring, and the stolen kiss;
And for the Persian worship of the eye,
Meets the arch simper of the mimick sigh.
Still she resolves her empire to regain,
And rifles Fashion, tortures Art, to reign.

Oft at the ball, she flaunts, in flowers so gay,
She seems December in the robes of May;
And oft, more coy, coquettes behind her fan
That odious monster—dear, sweet creature, man!

At length, grown ugly, past the aid of gold;
And, spite of essences and rouge, grown old;
Each softer passion yields to Pride's controul,
And sour Misanthropy usurps her soul.
Now, first on man, the spleeny gossip rails,
Arraigns his justice, and his taste assails;
Till, as her tea's exhausted fragrance flies,
Her wit evaporates, her scandal dies.
Yet still invidious of the art to bless,
She blasts the joys, she lingers to possess;
And, while on Hymen's bridal rites she sneers,
Her pillow trickles with repentant tears.
While thus, to all her sex's pleasures dead,
She vents her rage on Adam's guilty head,
Who rather chose, than lose his rib for life,
To have the crooked member made a wife;
From waking woe to visioned bliss she flies,
And dreams of raptures, which her fate denies.
The tender flame, which warmed her youthful mind,
By affectation's mawkish rules confined,
Though quenched its heat, illumes with many a ray,
The tedious evening of her fading day;
And though unknown, unnoticed, and unblest,
Still suns the impassive winter of her breast.

Next comes the miser, palsied, jealous, lean,
He looks the very skeleton of Spleen!

'Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectred gloom,
Some desert abbey, or some druid's tomb;
Where, hersed in earth, his occult riches lay,
Fleeced from the world, and buried from the day.
With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,
Limps to the spot, and turns the well-known sod;
While there, involved in night, he counts his store,
By the soft tinklings of the golden ore;
He shakes with terror, lest the moon should spy,
And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.

This wretch, who, dying, would not take one pill,
If living, he must pay a doctor's bill,
Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;
His god is gold, and his religion theft!
And, as of yore, when modern vice was strange,
Could leathern money current pass on 'change,
His reptile soul, whose reasoning powers are pent
Within the logick bounds of cent per cent,
Would sooner coin his ears, than stocks should fall,
And cheat the pillory, than not cheat at all!

To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blithe Savoyard hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary Glaciers fling their diamond blaze;
Geneva's broad lake rushes from its shores,
Arve gently murmurs, and the rough Rhone roars.
'Mid the cleft Alps, his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.

While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless light'ning flies;
While, far above, from battlements of snow,
Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
On rustick reed he wakes a merrier tune,
Than the lark warbles on the "Ides of June."
Far off, let Glory's clarion shrilly swell;
He loves the musick of his pipe as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
And Pride her tesselated pavement tread;
More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare:
His days are jocund, undisturbed his nights;
His spouse contents him, and his mule delights!

All hail, sweet Poesy! transcendent maid!
To whom my fond youth's earliest vows were paid;
Who, dressed in sapphire robes, with eye of fire,
Didst first my unambitious rhyme inspire;
Lured by whose charms, I left, in passioned hope,
My Watts's Logick for the page of Pope;
If e'er regardful of thy wildered sons,
For whom so gingerly Life's current runs;
Who, like the slaves, beneath the iron sway
Of cursed Mezentius lingering, loath the day,
Doomed, horrid Fate! the living Muse to see,
Bound to the mouldering corpse of Penury;
Descend, like Jove, suffused in golden shower,
And on our garret-roofs the rain drops pour!
But if the current of Castalia's waves
No Wicklow mine, no Georgian acre, laves;

If still bleak Want must chill thy votaries' fire—
Their taste extinguish, and take back thy lyre.

Where you send genius, send a fortune too;
Dunces by instinct thrive, as oysters woo!
For ne'er were veins of ore by chymist found,
Except, like Hebrew roots, in barren ground!

Each scribbling wight, who pens a birth-day card,
Was born, as grannams say, to be a bard!
Which is, in prose, if rightly understood,
To chum with spiders, and catch flies for food.

In Youth's gay flush, when first the sportive Muse
Each bright ephemera of the brain pursues;
Ere sobered Fancy, touched by Reason's ray,
Sees all her frost-work castles melt away;
Were, then, the enthusiast bard, like Moses, led
To Pisgah's top, and life in vision spread;
There, while he blessed the promised land, were told,
The Canaan, he must ne'er possess, was gold;
How many minstrels of the classick lay
Had left the Appian, for the Indian way!
How few would lumber, negligent of pelf,
The Printer's garret, or the Grocer's shelf!

Fame, that bright phantom, flitting, vain, and coy,
Is all the meed, which poets e'er enjoy;
Nor e'en her fickle, short embrace possess,
'Till all her charms have lost the power to bless.

Heroes and bards, who nobler flights have won,
Than Cesar's eagles, or the Mantuan *swan*,
From eldest era, share the common doom;
The sun of Glory shines but on the tomb.
Firm, as the Mede, the stern decree subdues
The brightest pageant of the proudest Muse.
Man's noblest powers could ne'er the law revoke,
Though Handel harmonized what Chatham spoke;
Though tuneful Morton's magick genius graced
The Hyblean melody of Merry's taste!

Time, the stern censor, talisman of fame,
With rigid justice, portions praise and shame:
And, while his laurels, reared where Genius grew,
'Mid wide Oblivion's lava bloom anew;
Oft will his chymick fire, in distant age,
Elicit spots, unseen on ancient page.

So the famed sage, who plunged in Etna's flame,
'Mid pagan deities enshrined his name;
'Till from the iliack mountain's crater thrown,
The Martyr's sandal cost the God his crown.

So too Italia's victor paused, of late,
While the red war beleagured Mantua's gate,
And bade his myrmidons the village spare,
Where Virgil first inhaled his natal air.

While thus of chequered life our motley lay
Has sketched a various, though a crude survey,
Say, shall Columbia's sons the theme prolong?
Their "Ruling Passion" claims our noblest song.

Theirs is the pride, bequeathed by glorious sires,
To guard their Lares, and protect their fires;
To rear a race, enlightened, brave and free,
Heirs of the soil, and tenants of the sea;
Whose breasts the Union shield, its laws revere,
As country sacred, and as freedom dear.

Long as our hardy yeomanry command
The rich fee-simple of their native land;
While, mid the labours of the ripening plain,
They form the phalanx, and the courser train;
While, in our martial school, are chiefs enrolled,
As Lincoln prudent, and as Putnam bold;
While, Catiline expelled, our senate prize
Hearts, just as Russell's; heads, as Bowdoin's, wise;
While guides our realm a patriot sage, who first,
When Power's volcano o'er our nation burst,
Unawed, like Pliny, saw the flame aspire,
And cities sink in cataracts of fire;
Undaunted heard the rocking of the spheres,
While all Vesuvius thundered in his ears:
No longer dread Columbia's gallant host,
The fierce invader, lowering on their coast;
Nor wiles of traitors, nor Corruption's power;
Nor Blount's conspiracy, nor Randolph's "flour!"

Of late, in Gorgon's hall, from Anarch's tub,
What Rhetorick graced the orgies of the Club?
But now, an injured people, wiser grown,
Taught dear Experience, by the wrongs they've known;
This maxim hold, which much fine spouting saves,
Ex-clusive patriots are *con*-clusive knaves!

Stern power of justice, whose uplifted hand
Would sweep from earth Sedition's wayward band;
Scourged by their crimes, redeem the scattered host,
Nor let the remnant of her tribe be lost;
With arm relenting, to their morbid gaze,
The mystick serpent of thy mercy raise:
The sins of Faction, now deceased, forgive,
While her repenting sons look up and live!

From foreign feud, and civil discord free,
As is Columbia, may she ever be!
May Europe's storms ne'er damp the generous flame,
Which warms each bosom for his country's fame!
Long roll between our shores the Atlantick tide;
Wide as our hemispheres, our laws divide!
And should some earthquake, with more powerful vent,
Than that, which Dover's cliffs from Calais rent,
With prisoned force insurging Neptune's reign,
Convulse the deep foundations of the main,
Till both the continents, in Nature's fright,
Cleft from their bases, totter to unite;
May Fate the closing empires intervene,
And raise, when Ocean sinks, an Alps between!

In realms, where Law and Liberty unite,
In the broad charter of co-equal right,
Where publick Will invests the civil sway,
Where those, who govern, must in turn obey;
From Party's chrysalis, unseen to rise,
The buzzing beetle of Ambition flies.
What time, those fiends accursed no longer draw
The People's sanction from the People's law;

What time, the choral hymn of Union flows,
And Concord's temple hears a nation's vows;
When every sect supports, with patriot zeal,
One universal creed, the publick weal:
Then, blest Columbia, shall thy spotless fame
Shine, like the vestal lamp's perennial flame!
Then shall thy car disperse, thy Trident awe
The hovering hordes of predatory war;
Thy neutral flag protect its wealthy sail,
Freight every tide, and charter every gale;
The deep Patowmac's sea-like breast sustain
The keels of fleets, the commerce of the main:
And, while their giant shades project from high,
The walls of Washington shall lift the sky;
And see, expanding round thy Civick Dome,
The bay of Naples, and the towers of Rome!

When Asian kingdoms, whelmed in moral guilt,
By Terror governed, as on rapine built,
Like lost Palmyra, only shall be known,
By sculptured fragments of Colossal stone;
When thou, as musing Tully paused and wept,
Where Syracuse and Archimedes slept,
With solemn Sorrow and with pilgrim feet,
Shalt trace the shades of Vernon's still retreat,
And, as the votive marble's faithful page
Inscribes to Fame the Saviour of his age,
Shalt dew the knee-worn turf, with streaming eyes,
Where, urned in dust, the mighty Fabius lies:
Thy realm, maturing 'mid the feathery flight
Of ages, trackless as the plumes of light,

In vigorous youth, the vital power shall prove
Of private Virtue ripening publick Love;
Which, Ægis-like, shall more thy foes appal,
Than China's fence, or Albion's floating wall;
Shall bid thy empire flourish and endure,
Thy people happy, and thy laws secure;
Thy Phœnix-Glory renovate its prime,
Extend with Ocean, and exist with Time.

NOTES TO THE RULING PASSION.

Page 177, line 2.

That little world, that greater wonder, man.

So intimate is the analogy between the physical and moral kingdoms, that man is not unfrequently styled a microcosm. To define every feature of the resemblance, would fill volumes; and were the natural history of this "Biped without feathers,' in all his affections, seasons, and properties, written with the greatest perspicacity, it would demand more talent and labour, than the philosophical or botanical researches of a Linnæus, or a Darwin.

Page 177, line 14.

Than Jove, in Ovid's "Green-Room" of the gods!

There is a Magazine of theatrical biography published annually in London, called "The Green-Room;" which is not only replete with sketches of the dramatick characters of the actors and actresses, but is sometimes enlivened with the tender anecdote of private amour.

Ovid, who "took a peep behind the curtain" of Olympus, has Pasquin-*ized* the intrigues of Jupiter's court in the same figurative style of elegant "tete à tete!"

Page 178, line 16.

A motley Pantheon of birds and beasts!

The Egyptian mythology was so heterogeneous and absurd, that, not confined to the extensive regions of animated nature, that hieroglypical nation stupidly descended to the vegetable world, to fill the

niches of their temples. "In Egypt," says a learned writer, "it was more difficult to find a man, than a God."

Page 189, line 2.

———o'erflowing, yet not full.

A PARODY on part of the last line in the following passage of Denham's "Cooper's Hill."

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Page 180, lines 11—12.

Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
Were Æsop's legs, how large was Tully's wart!

Æsop, the Phrygian, the most celebrated fabulist of antiquity, was not only disfigured in his legs, but was deformed in almost every other part of his body.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the father of Roman oratory, is said to have received his last appellation, from an uncommon excrescence on his cheek, resembling a Cicer, or vetch.

Page 185, line 26.

Bound to the mouldering corpse of Penury!

Mezentius, a prince of the Tyrrhenes, a contemner of the gods, was the inventor of the savage punishment of binding the devoted offender to the putrescent body of some victim, sacrificed to his barbarity.

Page 186, line 5—6.

For ne'er were veins of ore by chymist found,
Except, like Hebrew roots, in barren ground.

THOSE spots of earth, which are impregnated by mineral strata, are generally distinguished by the desolate aridity of their surface, which is totally insufficient to support the vegetation even of graminous productions.

Page 187, 9—10.

Though tuneful Morton's magick genius graced
The Hyblean melody of Merry's taste!

ROBERT MERRY, esquire, the only pupil in the school of Collins, who possesses the genius of his master, is the author of those elegant poems in the British Album, signed Della Crusca, of Paulina—the Pains of Memory, and several dramatick pieces. In the summer of 1791, he married Miss Brunton, a celebrated actress in Covent-Garden theatre, and no less admired for her pre-eminent talents as a daughter of the Buskin, than esteemed as a woman of unblemished principles, and polished accomplishments.

Mrs. Morton, of Dorchester, the reputed authoress of an heroick Poem, of much merit, entitled "Beacon-Hill," may, without hesitation, be announced the American Sappho.

Page 187, line 14.

'Mid wide Oblivion's lava bloom anew.

IT is a fact, that, in countries, subject to volcanick inundation, the subsiding lava super-induces a fertility of soil, not to be equalled by the most exuberant luxuriance of the tropical climates.

Page 187, line 20.

The Martyrs' sandal cost the God his crown.

EMPEDOCLES is recorded, in fabulous history, to have leaped into the flames of Ætna, to obtain, in the dark ages of paganism, an apotheosis for his memory; but the brass slipper, which he had worn during his hermitage in a cave of the mountain, was soon after thrown up by the volcano, and exposed the impostor to the world.

Page 187, line 24.

Where Virgil first inhaled his natal air.

THIS event, so honourary to the character of Buonaparte, took place soon after the capitulation of Mantua. The village, which boasts the nativity of this immortal bard, lies in the suburbs of that city.

Page 188, line 20.

While all Vesuvius thundered in his ears.

THE first eruption of this mountain happened in the 79th year of the Christian era. Pliny, the elder, a man no less renowned for forensick than military powers, was at that time commander of a fleet in the bay of Misenum. Unintimidated by the terrible phenomenon, he hastened with his ships to the relief of the nobility and peasants, whose villas and farms had been ingulphed in the flames. In this benevolent and heroick attempt, he died by suffocation. This eruption destroyed the cities of Herculaneum, and Pompeii. To support the poetick allusion, it may be necessary to add, that the burning of the towns of Charlestown and Fairfield, in the revolutionary war, affords but too prominent a trait in the similitude.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS;

SPOKEN BY MR. HODGKINSON, OCTOBER 29, 1798, AT THE

OPENING OF THE

NEW FEDERAL THEATRE,

IN BOSTON.

.....

Flammis refectum, ruinis virescit.

.....

DEDICATORY ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

ONCE more, kind patrons of the Thespian art,
Friends to the science of the human heart,
Behold the temple of the Muse aspire,
A Phœnix stage, which propagates by fire!

Each fault rescinded, and each grace renewed,
By magick reared, and with enchantment viewed,
Our dome, new mantled, 'mid its ravaged wall,
Stands, like Antæus, stronger by its fall;
And like Creusa's ghost, in Trojan strife,
Its spectre rises larger than its life!

Ye, who have oft with pleased observance traced
Each latent charm our mimick life has graced;
Whose hearts yet ache, when Retrospection views
The woes and wanderings of the scenick Muse;
Since from the cradle of her young renown,
Her infant warblings lured the listening town,
To that dark era, when one luckless hour
Her empire ravaged, and dethroned her power,

Till proudly towering o'er the Gothick waste
Through chaos smiled this paradise of taste.
The mystick maids, who here unite their reign,
Whom bards and actors oft implore in vain,
With Truth's warm rapture, bid you welcome all,
Gents, belles, and godships, to their fairy hall;
Where Shakespeare's spirit, who delights to flit
O'er criticks' noses, snoring in the pit,
Like Hamlet's father, armed from casque to sandals,
Shall "visit oft the glimpses of" our candles!

If blest by those kind smiles, whose beams impart
Pulse to the brain, and vigour to the heart,
The Drama now her languid powers will rear,
The laugh awaken, and exhale the tear;
Correct, yet animate, she aims to join
Salvator's clouds with Hogarth's waving line,
And hopes, aspiring, by your favour warmed,
Again to charm you, as she once has charmed.

Nor need her friends, with Fear's retorted glance,
Recall the horrors of her late mischance,
When wrapt in bursting flames, and awful gloom,
She saw her temple mouldering to her tomb!
No more shall Nero's ravished eye behold
The usurping element these walls enfold;
Nor shall one tear from houseless Genius start,
To glut the savage pleasure of his heart!

To guard our fane, Apollo tuned his lyre,
And leagued the gods of water and of fire;

Crumped Vulcan deigned his Cyclop den to quit,
And clothe in Panoply the Dome of Wit;
While Neptune gave an urn, of such vast use,
'Tis always filling, like the widow's cruse!

Now, (heaven forbid!) by hidden ways and means,
Should whelming fire again invest our scenes,
Lest on your heads the blazing roof should fall,
We'll spring the Aqueduct, and drown you all!
"I'll burn first, smoke me," cries a spruce young bobby,
"Splash me, I shan't be fit to walk the lobby!
"If roast or drown's the word, your fire commence, Sir,
"That clownish water always spots my spencer!"

How wise men differ! Water, some would think,
Would wash away the stain of taylor's ink!
But don't swoon, beaus! another mode we'll try,
To save our lives, and keep your ruffles dry.
From fire and water your escape is certain;
Your shield of safety is—our Iron Curtain!

Ladies and gentlemen, my duty claims
To tell you, that our Stage is all in flames!
The fire, though strange to you the sight might be,
First caught Mont Blanc, and then burnt up the sea;
The actors, like Octavian from his cave,
Rush from the Green-room, not to help, but rave;
While each one stampers in the other's way,
Like fops' umbrellas in a rainy day!
But let not belle in sweet hystericks fall;
Our Iron Curtain will protect you all!

In elder time, when first the Stage was reared,
'Twas nursed by patriots, and by traitors feared;
Its glowing scenes, the fire of States supplied,
For Valour's praises waked Ambition's pride;
And still the Drama, with corrected zeal,
Exists an engine of the publick weal.
Smeared with sedition, should the hand profane
Of plotting knaves, our nation's Chief arraign,
The indignant Stage would glory in the task,
From lurking demagogues to strip the mask;
Drag the dark traitor into publick shame,
And nail him to the pillory of Fame!
In such a cause, the powers of verse would rise,
'Till seared, and headless, Faction's hydra dies;
And the stern eagle would suspend his wing,
To listen, while the federal Muses sing.

No scite of clime can long protect a race,
Whose souls are reckless of their realm's disgrace.
Bid stormy oceans roll, and mountains rise,
Faction will cross them, and pollute your skies;
Her cursed miasma speeds its fatal way,
The gale impregnates, and attaints the day;
Her subtle root with equal vigour strikes,
In Gallia's hotbed, or in Holland's dykes.
On coldest shores, her rank luxuriance grows,
As Hecla flames 'mid Thule's endless snows.

Where laws are fashioned by the publick will,
The helm of state demands a master's skill.
The social compact is a bond so weak,
The feuds of party can the cement break;

When cracked, like Rupert's drop, it mocks controul,
Snap but the point, and you destroy the whole.

In such mild climes, if true to Freedom's cause,
The people's virtue will support the laws;
And Publick Spirit crush, with arm elate,
The fiend, who dares "to clog the wheels of state."

In France, whose motley breed extremes delight,
Who grin like monkeys, or like tygers fight,
Autun's meek priest, whose conscience knows no qualm,
Except the cravings of an itching palm;
Who, born a miser, and a prelate reared,
His flock deserted, when their fleece was sheared.
The ancient patriots from their niches jostles,
And calls French pirates, Liberty's apostles!
This, though the bishop spoke it, is no brag,
For he's the Judas, and still bears the bag!

But, thanks to heaven, who propped our wavering state,
And saved its glory from Venetian fate,
This silk-worm knave in vain has wound his maze,
In vain his basilisk eye has fixed its gaze;
In vain the holy pimp his toils has spread,
And smoothed Delilah's lap for Sampson's head.

Led to the altar, by his wiles ensnared,
Columbia stood, for sacrifice prepared;
High flamed the pyre; her struggling arms were bound;
The steel was lifted for the fatal wound;
When, like the angel, who, by God's command,
The filial off'ring saved from Abraham's hand,

Our guardian, Adams, robed in light divine,
Burst through the clouds which veiled the impious shrine;
The dagger seized, the felon chords released,
And snatched the victim from the apostate priest!

France stood aghast; the palsying wonder ran;
The five kings trembled in their dark divan!
Compelled new schemes of vengeance to devise,
They changed the lion's for the hyæna's cries.
No more their menanced wrath assailed our ears;
In sooth they seemed, "like Niobe, all tears!"

As some old Bawd, who all her life hath been
A fungus, sprouting from the filth of *sin;*
Whose dry trunk seasons in the frost of Vice,
Like radish, saved from rotting by the ice;
When threatening bailiffs first her conscience awe,
Not with the fear of shame, but fear of law,
Sets out at sixty, in contrition's search,
Rubs garlick on her eyes, and goes to church!

Thus Europe's courtezan, well versed in wiles,
Whose kisses poison, while the harlot smiles,
With pious sorrow hears our cannon roar,
And swears devoutly, that she'll sin no more!

Our rescued nation long will bless the day,
Which hailed their Adams cloathed in civick sway;
Which saw again our eagle's pinions reared,
His olive courted, and his arrows feared.

Long shall the fame of our illustrious Sage,
The peerless statesman of a peerless age,
With quenchless splendour beam through many a clime,
And light the darkling avenues of Time.
His deeds, on Glory's marble page engraved,
Shall live coeval with the realm, he saved;
And when, in Heaven beloved, as honoured here,
He shines the regent of some brighter sphere,
Nations shall mark the epoch of his birth,
With festal gratitude, and sainted mirth;
And ages, yet unborn, with grateful breast,
Shall rise, and call the shade of Adams blest!

ADDRESS,

Delivered on the occasion of Master John H. Payne's first appearance on the Boston Stage, in the character of Young Norval.

FRIENDS of the mimick world! our scenes this night
An age of fame has sanctioned to delight!
Oft to their aid the Fabling Muse has come,
And called up Roscius, from his shroud at Rome!
We, loath to wake again the classick ghost,
A native Roscius on our boards can boast.

A shepherd boy, in Celtick fiction drest,
The fire of Nature struggling in his breast,
Forsook his cottage to atchieve a name,
And found a mother, where he sought for Fame!
Proud from her hand, the laurel he receives,
While tears of rapture glitter on its leaves!

This night, a brother champion will advance,
In Thespian tournament to break the lance!
He throws no gauntlet at a critick age,
Nor dares with wits a rude encounter wage;
Yet, like the Norval of a sterner clime,
He hopes a boy's ambition is no crime!
Like him, he dares aspire to earn a name,
Your heart, his mother, your applause, his fame!

Blest, if your eyes with beams of Pleasure burn;
And humbly proud, if they correct, to learn!

Thus, would he preface, with ingenuous tongue,
That manly worth, which should not pass unsung.
Though o'er his head Life's spring has scarcely smiled,
A classick actor cannot be a child!
The rays of Fancy youthful bosoms warm,
Learning and Life, maturer minds inform!
Yet here, in manhood's dawn, he dares to raise
The torch of Science, to the shrine of Praise!
By Genius fired, he yields to Passion's glow;
Nor rules by verse the prosody of woe!
The tear of feeling Art can ne'er supply;
The heart must moisten, e'er it melts the eye!

His caves of voice no measured thunders roll;
He speaks from nature, and he looks from soul!
In all the Drama's technick lore untaught,
He reads by sentiment, and moves by thought.
When love-lorn Pathos pours its melting moan,
Truth's fibre trembles at his touching tone!
When o'er the scene contending Passions fly,
He groups the shadows with a Poet's eye.
And when his brows the hero's plumes erect,
"The blood of Douglas, can itself protect;"
Through Fiction's range, he gives, with skill profound,
Genius to Grace, and eloquence to Sound!
The tragick code of artificial speech
Taste may reject, or discipline may teach;
But, as the eye the trackless ridge explores,
Genius o'erleaps the cliff, where Labour never soars!

A humble weed transplanted from the waste,
Formed the proud chapiter of Grecian taste.
Chance dropped the weight its yielding foliage twined,
And drooped, with graceful negligence inclined.
Sculpture a model saw, to Art unknown,
Copied the form, and turned the plant to stone!
The chiselled weed adorned the Temple's head,
And gods were worshipped, where its branches spread!
If in our Norval, candid judges find
Some kindred flower, to grace the stage designed;
If, to the pressure, Fortune has imposed,
You owe those talents, Art had ne'er disclosed;
If, like the graced Acanthus he appear,
Be you Callymachus, be Corinth here!

EPILOGUE

TO THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

[Spoken by Mrs. Stanley, in the character of the Widow Cheerly.]

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly tied;
Before I change the widow for the bride;
Once more at this tribunal I appear,
A Soldier's Daughter and a volunteer.
Such am I now, though not by martial laws,
I volunteer it, in my sex's cause.
Ladies, I one proposal fain would make,
And trust you'll hear it for your country's sake.
While glory animates each manly nerve,
Shall gentle woman from the contest swerve?
No!
We'll form a female army—of reserve;
And class them thus: Young romps, are pioneers;
Widows, sharp-shooters; wives, are fusileers;
Maids, are battalion, that's—all under twenty;
And as for light troops, we have those in plenty!
Our smart, gay milliners, all decked with feather,
Are corps of infantry for summer weather!
Our belles, who, clad in cap and pantaloons
Shoot as they fly, shall be our light dragoons.
Old maids are spies; still fond of war's alarms,
They love the camp, although they don't bear arms!
Flirts are our van; for they, provoking elves!
Draw on a battle; but ne'er fight themselves,

Our prudes shall sap and mine; well versed to feign,
They fear no danger, though in ambush ta'en;
For who'd suspect a prude, could lay a train?
Gossips, who talk by rote, and kill by prattle,
Shall serve for bulletins to every battle.
Vixens the trumpet blow; scolds beat the drum;
When thus prepared, what enemy dare come?
Those eyes, that even freemen could enslave,
Will light a race of vassals, to their grave;
So shall the artillery of female charms
Repel invaders, without force of arms.

If this succeeds, as I the scheme have planned,
I hope, at least, the honour of command.
Trained on this field, and disciplined by you,
I'm doomed to pass your critical review;
For all recruits are, by the law's direction,
Women, or soldiers, subject to inspection.
In love, or arms, which claims the greater skill,
Eyes that can rifle, or carbines that kill?
Which best displays the tacticks of the art,
To storm a city, or subdue a heart?
Yet one distinction woman's fate obtains;
When towns capitulate the victor reigns;
The vassal prisoner bows him to the stroke,
And owns the master, that imposed the yoke.
But woman, vanquished, still pursues the strife,
She yields her freedom, to become a wife,
And thus surrenders, but to rule for life!
A Carthian war she wages with her eyes;
Routed, she triumphs, and, triumphant, flies;

For new campaigns, she deigns to be outdone,
And grounds her arms to slaves, her eyes have won.

Not so the band, who till Columbia's soil,
Disdaining peril, and inured to toil,
A firm, proud phalanx, whose undaunted hand
A bulwark rears to guard their native land;
And teach invading foes, that host to fear,
Which boast the name of patriot volunteer.
What say ye now? If you approve my plans,
Receive your general, with "presented fans!"

Now, brother soldiers, dare I sisters join?
If you, this night, your efforts should combine,
To save our corps from anxious Hope and Fear,
And send out Mercy as a volunteer,
To whose white banner should the criticks flock,
Our rallying numbers might sustain the shock;
The sword shall drop, then cease impending slaughter,
If Mercy's shield protect—the Soldier's Daughter.

The following lines were spoken as a Valedictory Address, by Miss Fox, a child about five years old, at her benefit in May 1807.

FAREWELL, a long farewell! dear patrons, friends!
This parting scene my infant bosom rends,
For spite of all my joy to see you here,
My heart will throb, and gush the frequent tear.
In you, my foster parents I behold;
Your kindness bade my tender mind unfold;
Warmed by your smiles, you saw me sportive run,
A little insect, fluttering in the sun;
Urchin I am, but me you've always loved,
My faults you pardoned, and my tricks approved;
My heart will break to be removed from you,
And oh! my mother—she has loved you too.
Full well you knew the faults of childish years;
The bud must blossom, e'er the fruit appears;
And oft, by smiling, you have seemed to say,
I'd grow a woman on some future day.
And then, some beau gallant my face might charm,
"Heaven save the mark," these eyes may do some harm.
Oh! how I've longed, that I might older grow,
To join this mimick world of joy and woe;
And teach some future scene, with graceful ease,
To charm like Stanley, or like Powell please;
But, oh! those fairy prospects now are o'er;
Farewell! perhaps we part to meet no more;

Pardon a child, forgive her artless tears,
She leaves the friends she loves, esteems, reveres;
Whate'er in life may be my varied lot,
Boston, dear Boston, ne'er shall be forgot;
Nor time shall bar, nor distance interfere,
My heart shall still return to visit here;
And if Success attend my riper days,
How proud I'll be to have deserved your praise.

Farewell, a sad farewell! sires, guardians, friends!
May Heaven, whose bounty all our blessings sends,
Pluck from Life's path the thorn that would molest,
And smooth Death's pillow, as you sink to rest!
And then receive you, borne on white winged hours,
Through opening clouds, to Joy's eternal bowers!

EPILOGUE

TO THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Gay, as the belle, who lightens down the ball,
While half, who gaze, can scarcely move at all;
Pert, as the elf, who, at a tonsor's shop,
Pops in a phantom, and pops out a fop;
As vain, as beauty, and as fashion, witty,
A tooth-pick Epilogue should lounge the city:
And prattle, *comme il faut*,—with nought to say,
A world of words—the newest kind of way!

Such was dame Epilogue, when blithe and young,
Of every belle she was herself the tongue;
Then, a whole peerage would a play engage,
If she but simpered, "All the world's a stage,"
But now, in vain she sports her ancient airs,
For all the "men and women" have turned "players."
Such is the strife among the motley rout,
They strip the actors, while they turn them out.
From Shakespeare's wardrobe each a fragment snatches,
And bustles through his part—in "shreds and patches."
All loud alike, none perfect but in scraps,
They all gesticulate, but no one claps.
Puns by descent, are wit by common law;
And every foundling bon mot knows papa!

No prompter checks the jargon universal,
For Life's a Spouting Club,—without rehearsal.

The smart frizeur, who deals in tropes and strops,
Exclaims—"a frost, a killing frost,"—in crops!
And vents, at fashion's cue, all cues to doff,
"A deep damnation on their taking off!!"
The fop demurs—"to be or not to be;"
"Off with his head!" roars Bobadil, and clips—a flea!
"We fly by night!"—while boasts the swindling spark,
Tipstaff "peeps through the blanket of the dark!
"My bond,—I'll have my bond,"—old Foreclose cries;
"Who steals *my* purse steals trash,"—the bard replies;
"Out, damned spot!" snarls old Miss Pimple Fret;
"There's rue for you,"—whispers her arch soubrette.
The love-sick cook-maid lisps—hist, Romeo, hist!"
"And snip,—the tailor,—rants, "List, list, oh! list!"

While thus the stage is filled with masquerade,
And bankrupt Thespis mourns his plundered trade,
What, if in turn,—'tis justice fairly due,—
The actor's eye-glass takes a squint at you!

Sir Fopling Classick is a wight, I ween,
Who reads to quote, and dresses to be seen;
The prince of folly, and the fool of wit,
He plots a dinner, to campaign a hit;
With well-drest wisdom, *tout à fait* he looks,
The sage of fashion and *bon-ton* of books.
In scenick unities so strict is he,
Time, place and action—touch and take rappee!

Anon, heigho! his critick sneeze emphatick,
Proclaims the raptures of effect dramatick.
In life's great play—no Stagyrite to shine—
His plot is woman, and his moral wine.
Thus with a muse, a mistress and a bottle,
Gay Skeffington surmounts grave Aristotle.

His own reverse, and yet himself the time,
A bard in powder, and a beau in rhyme;—
A man of coral,—such are fashion's powers!
A plant of stone,—that vegetates and flowers;
A fragrant exhalation,—raised to fade,—
From roseate rhetorick, and rose pomade;—
A sweet confection, fit for love or—tea,
A lettered lozenge,—stuffed—poeticé;—
Sir Fopling dashes, while his goblet pours,
And who can doubt, an empty glass encores!
His tropes and figures into ferment whipt,
See, in the froth of words, his tube is dipt!
The bubble floats,—from classick suds refined,—
It shines—it bursts—and leaves no foam behind!
Choice spirits all—his *scavoir vivre* club
Have tickled trouts, and sure may hook a chub!

Who delves to be a wit, must own a mine,
In wealth must glitter, ere in taste he shine;
Gold buys him genius, and no churl will rail,
When feasts are brilliant, that a pun is stale.
Tip wit with gold;—each shaft with shouts is flown;—
He drinks Campaign, and must not laugh alone.
The grape has point, although the joke be flat!
Pop! goes the cork!—there's epigram in that!

The spouting bottle is the brisk *jet d' eau*,
Which shows how high its fountain head can throw!
See! while the foaming mist ascends the room,
Sir Fopling rises in the *vif perfume!*

But ah! the classick knight at length perceives
His laurels drop with fortune's falling leaves.
He vapours cracks and clenches as before,
But other tables have not learnt to roar.
At last, in fashion bankrupt, as in pence,
He first discovers undiscovered sense—
And finds,—without one jest in all his bags,—
A wit in ruffles is a fool in rags!

Lorn through the lobby see the Poet steal,
Fregetting life, while he can live to feel;
To blank oblivion yielding private woe,
While publick virtue gives one tear to flow;
And, charmed with fiction, that her sorrows bless,
His fancy riots in the loved distress.
But ah!—illusion sweet of tears and smiles,
Where virtue revels, while romance beguiles,
What cheerless hours doth destiny delay,
Till recollected life returns with day!—
When he, who wanders with a poet's name,
Must live on friendship, while he starves on fame!

Blest be the bard, whose tender tale inspires
The passioned scene with virtue's holiest fires;
Who draws from brightest eyes the moistened soul
And bids their tributes glitter, as they roll!

To moral truth when loveliest grace is given,
The smile of Beauty is a ray from heaven;—
Soft as the fairy web, Arachne weaves
To ward the night-dew from the lily's leaves;
Chaste as the pity of Aurora's tears,
When the web trembles with the pearl it bears.

Yon dapper Dash—who screens the lobby fire—
Is doughty Peter Paragraph, Esquire,—
Forever knowing—and forever known,—
The gay Court Calender—of all the town.
His brilliant fancy wings such rapid flights,
That his pen flashes,—like the northern lights!
On fashion's face he marks each patch and pimple,—
Notes all the *Belle Assemble*—to a dimple!
Keeps dates of wrinkles—sets each freckle down,—
And knows the age of each old maid in town!
—Puff, and Post Obit,—naught is he perplexed on,—
And, Death or Marriage,—he is Clerk or Sexton!
Whate'er the theme,—his is the quill to grace it,—
From "*consumatum est*"—to grave—"*hic jacet*!"
Wherever folly lies—in wise perdue,—
Quick as heat lightning—and as harmless too,
He splinters words, as gamesters rattle dice,
And sparkles, like a man, who chops on ice.
In daily lounge, Cornhill *pavé* he passes,
To study signs, and ogle looking glasses!
His spleen—at vulgar gutters—never rankles;
He thanks their mud—for every pair of ankles!
Nor thinks,—while feasting on caprice and whim,—
One grace too naked, or one fop too slim!

Belles, beaux, and blankets,—tiffanies and teas,—
He borrows all he knows, from all he sees.
Then home for fame,—to scribble to be sure,—
For every traveller must write a tour;—
He gives the world the gleanings of his ramble,
As nuts are thrown to monkies,—for a scramble!

Eh!—I've a full length Critick in my eye!
Shall I or not?—He'll catch me, or I'd try!
Egad, I'm in for't!—see, he's at me too!
Pray, Sir, turn round,—I'll take a profile view.
Nay!—nouns and pronouns save such want of grace!
A Poet look a critick in the face!
Such courage ne'er was known 'mong rhyming elves,
Since they, who're criticks now, wrote tags themselves.
Streams, when neglected, sink to common sewers,
And disappointed Authors turn Reviewers!*
Like stagnant pools, they breathe putrescent air,
From the green film, their fetid bosoms bear.
Fie!—frown not,—WE, who catch the trick of faces,
Must rouse the passions, to excite the graces:
Now,—in what Act, Sir, was our—*epitasis?*
The busy, bustling action of our play?
"The scenes with Abigail"—ha! there you say!—
"The eyes of beauty beamed with lightning there,"
"When hopeless virtue proudly spurned despair."
Caught by a twinkle from "the eye of beauty!"
A Critick too!—most Stocick Sir,—my duty.—
Nature will break,—encase her how you will,—
A Cat in pattens is Grimalkin still.

* These two lines are altered from the "Children of Thespis."

But soft, he speaks—" An Epilogue may sport
" With a broad patent, like a fool at court;
" But while you laugh by text, and rail by rote,
" Your author's fable has our warmest vote."—
I thank you, Sir,—I'll have that down by note.
" His Hero needs no advocate at bar;—
" We see his virtues in its native spar!
Now,—what of Sindal?—How did he appear?
" Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!"
" In crime accomplished, and in wit refined,
" His very genius blurred the grace of mind."
But what of Gripe?—" Such knaves elude the law,
" And live, like leeches, on the blood they draw.
" When Gripe the balance with his conscience made,
" He kept his vices, as his stock in trade.—
" Spawned in the alley, by its logick reared,
" He shaves a note, as Smallpeace shaves a beard;
" And both so well their office understand,
" They trim you smooth,—and yet conceal the hand!"

Oh! what is man, who, thus debased by pelf,
All human nature sinks in human self;
Who basely pilfers, with unfeeling joy,
A mother's picture from an artless boy!
When man's deserting soul forsakes his breast,
To pine a death-watch in a miser's chest,
The starving hypocrite allegiance swears,
To gold and grace, to poverty and prayers;
And, not one joy his flickering lamp to cheer,
Lives without love, and dies without a tear!
Such are the, " Gripes," the meanest of their tribe,
Who cheat themselves, and chuckle at the bribe;

Who bury nature, ere her mortal doom,
And drag existence in a living tomb.

In life's dark cell, pale burns their glimmering soul;
A rush-light warms the winter of the pole,
To chill and cheerless solitude confined,
No spring of virtue thaws the ice of mind.
They creep in blood, as frosty streamlets flow,
And freeze with life, as dormice sleep in snow.
Like snails, they bear their dungeons on their backs,
And shut out light,—to save a window tax!

Not so gay Cœlebs lives, nor wife, nor child,
E'er blessed his arms, or on his bounty smiled;
Yet, touched by nature, his affections glow,
And claim their kindred to the man of woe.
Mid wine and mirth while rolls his daily round,
The secret want, the meek distress is found;
Silent as light, and, like its source, serene.—
His bounty gives unknown, and warms unseen.
He feels, while tears the sacred joy confess,
Man likens God, when he has power to bless.

Criticks there are, who boast a noble race;
Who twine with genius every lettered grace;
Candid to censure, generous to commend,
The polished scholar, and the faithful friend,
Loved by the Muse, they feel the poet's fire,
And soothe the minstrel, while they tune his lyre;
On private merit, publick fame they raise,
For every Nation shares its Author's praise.

EPILOGUE

TO THE POOR LODGER.

Enter HARRIET.

With anxious heart, that beats for perils past,
Your happy Harriet now comes home, at last:
A home, indeed! where oft, each generous mind
With fame has cheered her, and with taste refined:
Where first, her powers indulgent to disclose,
You op'd the petals of the budding rose;
Bade the young stalk, with trembling blossoms, rise,
Warmed by your beams, though foreign to your skies,
And placed,—oh, grateful joy! with fondest care,
The fostered flow'ret in your own *parterre!*

Enter SIR HARRY.

Sir Har. Sure, such a flower would flourish, any where?
Har. Gallant, Sir Harry—
Sir Har. —Harley, happy lover!
But I, as happy, am for life,—
Har. —a rover—
Forever on a voyage,—
Sir Har. —that ne'er is over.
Har. Spoke like a gownsman—
Sir Har. —No, I scorn the schools,
Wit may be wisdom, but all wits are fools.

Har. The slaves of fools—the most unlucky elves—
Life's feast they cater—
Sir Har. —but ne'er eat themselves—
One bliss they have, all other joys, above—

Enter LORD HARLEY.

L. Har. What's that, Sir Harry?—
Sir Har. *(With allusion.)* —To be blest in love.
L. Har. And none should envy, whom the fair approve.
Sir Har. *(Assuming himself.)* White hours attend you—*I bang up*—Adieu!
Ask not my rout—for none I ever knew—
And yet there's one I always shall pursue—
(Mimicking.) Cross channel, take chaise, down glass, look profound—
"Eh!—I say—Coachee—whither am I bound?"
[*Going off; noise without, between the Widow and Joblin. Sir Harry looking out.*
Prime!—Our old widow sparring like Mendoza!

WIDOW *entering, and* JOBLIN.

Wid. Not I! don't think I'll pay—
Job. —Dick's *fortin*—
Wid. —No, Sir,
Mai foie! (Bridling.)
Job. I'll charge it, then, as I'm—
DICK. *(Popping in.)* —a grocer.
Job. Dick, claim your rights, and don't stand there a grinning—
Wid. You marry Harriet—
Dick. —Yes—I'm very winning—
I courted purely—

Job. —put on all his graces—
And looked and talked—
Dick. —as fine as *aunty's* lace is.
Sir Har. And sighed, no doubt, as sweet as father's mace is.
Wid. No wife, no fortune—
Sir Har. —what a city drove!
Dick. Then *I be* certain, *I be* crossed in love—
L. Har. Ne'er mind it, Dick, 'tis no great odds in life,
To lose a fortune, or,—
Job. —to gain a wife—
Sir Har. *(Who has been reconnoitering the Widow.)*
Pray, did this gay antique ere chance to pop
Within the purlieus of a frizeur's shop?
Wid. Did'st ever see, the making—
Sir Har. —of—
Dick. —a fop!
Sir Har. *Prime and bang up!*—Why, widow, Dick's a wit;
Give him the fortune, he'll have need of it!
Job. Nay, fear not, Dick—be witty as you will—
I wrote a rebus once—
Dick. —who nibbed the quill?
L. Har. *(To Widow Danvers, who has been talking apart with him. At the same time* Poor Lodger *enters above.)*
Your generous offer I can ne'er reprove;
But I have wealth enough in Harriet's love.
Har. *(Advancing.)* Nay, since a fortune be in search of owners,
P. Lodg. *(Coming down.)* Adopt our author, and be you the donors! *(To the audience.)*
Fortune, who feeds all other fools on earth,
Was never present at a Poet's birth!

The oaf of Nature all her care partakes;
The child of mind she smiles on, and forsakes.
And though each Muse has sought her fond regard—
Job. She ne'er would stand godmother to a bard.
P. Lodg. Each well-dressed driv'ler lettered fame exacts,
Sir Har. Well!—Books are lettered only on their backs.
There's pedigree in dress; none else has charms;
A coat of fashion is a coat of arms!
P. Lodg. Hence the wise world, not wiser than of old,
That toiling chemist, still extracting gold,
Neglecting still Wealth's noblest use and end,
To polish man, and social life defend,
Calls sacred genius Nature's waste of pains,
The gift of Fortune—
Job. (Who has been fidgetting.)—Cures the want of brains!
Wid. There, Dick—
Sir Har. —Conclusive—
Dick. —Father, don't you sham?
Job. I'll prove, by ledger—
Dick. —what a wit I am.
Har. Since then a wit yourself with wealth; to spare it,
Reward our Poet—
Job. —he shall have our garret!
Dick. No father—had "Poor Lodgers" there, enough.
Sir Har. What would your wisdom, then?—
Dick. —write him a Puff!
Har. Truce to our trifling;—now, our author craves
That just decision, which condemns, or saves.
P. Lodg. (Coming forward.) A father, rescued by a child,
disowned—
Har. Has, by his kindness, every fault atoned.

L. Har. We all are wanderers—all mistake our way—
P. Lodg. Yet faithful Nature never goes astray.
Life's a great Inn; and each is but a guest;
Beneath this roof, then, let us take our rest.
And while, to errors past, I drop a tear—
Har. May our "Poor Lodger" find a welcome, here!

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE.

"He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
"That fashioned others." *Shakespeare.*

MONODY.

SCENE, *Corunna*....TIME, *Evening Twilight.*

WHAT glitt'ring form sweeps hurried o'er the main,
And, hov'ring, ponders o'er yon dark champaign,
Where bleak Corunna's bleeding waste extends,
And war's red bolt from bursting clouds descends?
I know Thee now, by thy majestick charms;
Bright Island Goddess, Queen of arts and arms!

High on thy barque, alone, thou spurn'st the flood,
Which deluged nations still o'erwhelms with blood.
The foaming tempest, while it strikes thy shore,
Exalts thy flag, and bids thy forests roar.
Calm on the surge, thy fixed, unaltering eye
Surveys the storm that breaks against the sky;
O'er mountain waves, along the whirlwind's race,
It dares the journey of the blast to trace.

But now, alas! thy robes imperial flow,
In all the frantick negligence of woe;

With burning bosom, o'er the darkling wave,
Thou com'st to kneel beside thy Warriour's grave;
Where sacred sleeps, in village turf enshrined,
That gallant form, which breathed a nation's mind.
Fame o'er his recent sod no statue rears,
But Victory writes his epitaph in tears!
Let Triumph weep! In Freedom's generous van
To die for glory, is to die for man;
The bleeding Patriot, with a seraph's eye,
Sees through each wound a passage to the sky.

Lamented Moore! how loved, how graced, wert Thou!
What air majestick dazzled on thy brow!
By genius raised, and by ambition fired,
To die distinguished, as to live admired;
In battle brilliant, as in council grave;
Stern to encounter, but humane to save;
Virtue and valour in thy bosom strove,
Which most should claim our homage or our love.
In thee they flowed without the pulse of art,
The throbbing life-blood of thy fervid heart;
While, warm from Nature, panting Honour drew
That vital instinct, Heaven imparts to few;
That pride of arms, which prompts the brave design,
That grace of soul, which makes the brave divine!

His heart elate, with modest valour bold,
Beat with fond rage, to vie with chiefs of old.
Great by resolve, yet by example warmed,
Himself the model of his glory formed.
A glowing trait from every chief he caught;
He paused like Fabius, and like Cesar fought.

His ardent hope surveyed the heights of fame,
Deep on its rocks, to grave a soldier's name;
And o'er its cliffs to bid the banner wave,
A Briton fights, to conquer and to save.

On martial ground, the school of heroes' taught,
He studied battles, where campaigns were fought.
By science led, he traced each scene of fame,
Where war had left no stone without a name.
Hills, streams and plains bore one extended chart
Of warriors' deeds, and showed of arms the art.
The tactick canvass all its lore revealed,
To seize the moment, and dispose the field.
Here, still and desperate, near the midnight pass,
Couched ambush listened in the deep morass;
There, Skill, opposed by Fortune, shaped its way
With prompt decision, and with firm array;
Here, paused the fight, and there the contest raved,
A squadron routed, or an empire saved![1]

Inspired on fields, with trophied interest graced,
He sighed for glory, where he mused from taste.
For high emprize his dazzling helm was plumed,
And all the polished patriot-hero bloomed.
Armed as he strode, his glorying country saw,
That fame was virtue, and ambition law;
In him beheld, with fond delight, conspire
Her Marlboro's fortune and her Sidney's fire.
Like Calvi's rock, with clefts abrupt deformed,
His path to fame toiled up the breach, he stormed;
Till o'er the clouds the victor chief was seen,
Sublime in terrour, and in height serene.[1]

His equal mind so well could triumph greet,
He gave to conquest charms, that soothed defeat.
The battle done, his brow, with thought o'ercast,
Benign as mercy, smiled on perils past.
The death-choaked fosse, the battered wall, inspired
A sense, that sought him, from the field retired.
Suspiring pity touched that godlike heart,
To which no peril could dismay impart;
And melting pearls in that stern eye could shine,
That lightened courage down the thundering line.
So mounts the sea-bird in the Boreal sky,
And sits where steeps in beetling ruin lie;
Though warring whirlwinds curl the Norway seas,
And the rocks tremble, and the torrents freeze;
Yet is the fleece, by Beauty's bosom prest,
The down that warms the storm-beat Eyder's breast;
Mid floods of frost, where Winter smites the deep,
Are fledged the plumes, on which the Graces sleep.

In vain thy cliffs, Hispania, lift the sky,
Where Cesar's eagles never dared to fly!
To rude and sudden arms while Freedom springs,
Napoleon's legions mount on bolder wings.
In vain thy sons their steely nerves oppose,
Bare to the rage of tempests and of foes;
In vain, with naked breast, the storm defy
Of furious battle, and of piercing sky;
Five waning reigns had marked in long decay,
The gloomy glory of thy setting day;[3]
While bigot power, with dark and dire disgrace,
Oppressed the valour of thy gallant race.

No martial phalanx, led by veteran art,
Combined thy vigour, or confirmed thy heart:
Thy bands dispersed, like Rome in wild defeat,
Fled to the mountains, to intrench retreat.[2]

O'er hill, or vale, where'er thy sky descends,
The pomp of hostile chivalry extends.
High o'er thy brow, the giant glaive is reared,
Deep in the wounds of bleeding nations smeared.
Ere Britain's shield could catch th' impending blade,
Thy helm was shattered, and thy arm dismayed.
Yet, while the faulchion fell, thy brave ally
Cheered, with a blaze of mail, thy closing eye;
By hosts assailed, her little Spartan band
Braved the swift onset, and the cool command.
Historick glory rushed through British veins,
And shades of Heroes stalked Corunna's plains;
While Gallia saw, amid the battle's glare,
That Minden, Blenheim, Agincourt, were there!

Loved as the sport, where erst, on Abraham's height,
Fate aimed her dart, as victory glanced her light:
Where bleeding Wolfe, with virtue's calmest pride,
Enjoyed the Patriot, while the Warriour died:

Firm, as the conflict, when the tumults roar
Rome's last great Hero woke on Egypt's shore;
When Abercrombie swelled the urn of fame,
And mixed his dust with Pompey's mighty name:

Bold, as the blast, which winged the blaze of war,
Round the rough rocks of trembling Trafalgar;

When Nelson, lightening o'er the maddened wave,
Bade Ocean quake beneath his coral cave;
And, heavenward gazing, as his God retired,
Thundered in triumph, and in flames expired:

Illustrious Moore, by foe and famine prest,
Yet, by each soldier's proud affection blest,
Unawed by numbers, saw the impending host,
With front extending, lengthen down the coast.
"Charge! Britons, Charge!" the exulting chief exclaims,
Swift moves the field; the tide of armour flames;
On, on they rush, the solid column flies,
And shouts tremendous, as the foe defies.
While all the battle rung from side to side,
In death to conquer, was the warriour's pride.
Where'er the unequal war its tempest poured,
The leading meteor was his glittering sword!
Thrice met the fight; and thrice the vanquished Gaul
Found the firm line an adamantine wall.
Again repulsed, again the legions drew,
And fate's dark shafts in vollied shadows flew.
Now stormed the scene, where soul could soul attest,
Squadron to squadron joined, and breast to breast!
From rank to rank, the interpid valour glowed;
From rank to rank, the inspiring Champion rode.
Loud broke the war-cloud, as his charger sped;
Pale the curved lightening quivered o'er his head!
Again it bursts! Peal, echoing peal, succeeds!
The bolt is launched; the peerless Soldier bleeds!
Hark! as he falls, Fame's swelling clarion cries,
Britania triumphs, though her Hero dies!

The grave, he fills, is all the realm she yields,
And that proud empire deathless honour shields.
No fabled Phœnix from his bier revives;
His ashes perish, but his Country lives!

Immortal Dead! with musing awe, thy foes
Tread not the hillock, where thy bones repose!
There, sacring mourner, see, Britania spreads
A chaplet, glistening with the tears she sheds;
With burning censer, glides around thy tomb,
And scatters incense, where thy laurels bloom;
With rapt devotion sainted vigil keeps;
Shines with Religion, and with Glory weeps;
With Grief exults, with Extacy deplores;
With Pride laments, and with despair adores!
Sweet sleep Thee, Brave! In solemn chaunt, shall sound
Celestial vespers, o'er thy sacred ground!
Long ages hence, in pious twilight seen,
Shall quires of seraphs sanctify thy green;
At curfew hour, shall dimly hover there,
And charm, with sweetest dirge, the listening air!
With homage tranced, shall every pensive mind
Weep, while the requiem passes on the wind;
Till, sadly swelling, Sorrow's softest notes,
It dies in distance, while its echo floats!

No stoneless sod shall hold that mighty shade,
Whose life could man's wide universe pervade.
No mould'ring prison of sepulchral earth,
In dumb oblivion, shall confine thy worth;
The battle heath shall lift thy marble fame,
And grow immortal, as it marks thy name.

Heaven's holiest tears shall nightly kiss thy dust,
That dawn's first smiles may gem the hero's bust;
And pilgrim Glory, in remotest years,
Shall seek thy tomb, to read the tale, it bears.

EPITAPH.

"Stop, Ruin! stay thy scythe! here slumbers Moore;
"Whom Honour nurtured, and whom Virtue bore!
"A nation's hope, adored by all the brave;
"Heaven caught his soul, and Earth reveres his grave!
"Sublime, the Christian, and the Hero, trod;
"His Country all, he loved, and all, he feared his God!"

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

"A squadron routed, or an empire saved."

It has been universally allowed, that the classical and military advantages of Sir John Moore's education were superiour to those of any modern English General. These great opportunities of improvement to his tactical intuition were afforded in the school of living history, on the scite of battles, marked with the vestiges of victory and defeat, of stratagem and fortune. The scenes, over which he dwelt with the fondest devotion, were those, which had formed the theatre of the wars of the illustrious Frederick; a hero, who, on one day could not place his foot on one inch of sand, which would own his impression as a master; and who, on on the next day, was the lord of an empire, and, by the fame of his talents, the awe, the astonishment and the admiration of Europe. The line of the poem above quoted alludes to the celebrated battle, which achieved this glorious event.

Had this distinguished military prince transmitted to the present incumbent on his throne that character and science of arms, which were so much admired, and so enthusiastically studied by Sir John, when he travelled under the tutelage of his father, with the Duke of Hamilton—the day, in which we live, would have been spared the shame to have witnessed the disgraceful and perfidious flight of Jena, nor would it have so painfully perceived the terrible distinction, between,

"A squadron routed, or an empire saved!"

But national hypocrisy, like the fraud of individuals, is always punished by a signal Providence. The affectation of sovereignty is but the shadow of power; and while the hundred arms of Briareus gave him the reputation of a Giant, yet this would have been but an empty proclamation of strength, had he not been inspired with the courage to lift even one of his fingers at his enemy.

"Has toties optata exegit Gloria pœnas."

NOTE 2.

"Sublime in terror, and in height serene."

It has been the fate of Sir John Moore, a fate most severely unpropitious to the reputation and honour of some administrations of the British Cabinet, to be envied, opposed, checked, cramped and neglected, *(durante potestate)* from the first onset of his military life. His great talents, dauntless courage, commanding person, practical knowledge, gallant virtues, contempt of selfishness, inaccessability to party, firmness in battle, and generosity to his army, and above all, his rapid and comprehensive foresight of the fears and the hopes of a jejunely projected expedition, and his own rejected map of an admirable campaign, which might, in all military and geographical calculation, have reduced the invaders of Spain to submission or flight, condemned him to the honourable neglect of the ministry, whom he despised. But this persecution had been practised before, and under the same influence. At the siege of Calvi, one of the mountainous, and the best fortified towns in Corsica, and to which the line in the Poem refers, Sir John was eminently distinguished. It was the last, and was deemed the impregnable strong hold of the Island. From the eminence of its rocks, and the danger of its access, it demanded a veteran and a hero in the art of war, to assault and reduce it to surrender. This exploit of skill and of honour Sir John undertook and performed; and this intrepid and scientifick General's services in Corsica were rewarded by the impolitick and calculating ingratitude of an invidious ministry.

NOTE 3.

"Fled to the mountains, to intrench retreat."

ROME was built on its own seven hills, which gave security to its glory, while its virtue remained. Yet its inhabitants, reared to habits of legionary discipline, and bold in their contempt of death, had not, for near five hundred years, any knowledge, either of the fosse and glacis of a city, or of the entrenchment and palisade of a camp. When stormed by Brennus, defeated by Pyrrhus, or overwhelmed by Hannibal, the citizens of Rome, despairing of its safety, fled either to the rock of the Capital, or to the mountains, which surrounded it. The Romans gained their first knowledge of intrenchment from the conquered camp of the Grecian hero, Pyrrhus.

PART III.

ODES AND SONGS.

ODE.

RISE COLUMBIA.

Written for, and sung at the first Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, 1794.

WHEN first the Sun o'er Ocean glowed,
And Earth unveiled her virgin breast,
Supreme mid Nature's vast abode,
Was heard the Almighty's dread behest:
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poise the Globe, and bound the Sea!

In darkness wrapped, with fetters chained,
Will ages grope, debased and blind;
With blood the human hand be stained,
With tyrant power, the human mind.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

But, lo, across the Atlantick floods,
The Star-directed pilgrim sails!
See! felled by Commerce, float thy woods;
And, clothed by Ceres, wave thy vales!
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Remote from realms of rival fame,
Thy bulwark is thy mound of waves;
The Sea, thy birth-right, Thou must claim,
Or, subject, yield the soil it laves.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Nor yet, though skilled, delight in arms;
Peace and, her offspring, arts be thine;
The face of Freedom scarce has charms,
When on her cheeks no dimples shine.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

While Fame for thee, her wreath entwines,
To bless, thy nobler triumph prove;
And, though the eagle haunts thy pines,
Beneath thy willows shield the dove.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the wave,
Be thine to rule the wayward hour!
Bid Death unbar the watery grave,
"And Vulcan yield to Neptune's power."
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Revered in arms, in peace humane,
No shore, nor realm shall bound thy sway;
While all the virtues own thy reign,
And subject elements obey!
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Bless the Globe, and rule the sea.

ODE.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Written for, and sung at the fourth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, 1798.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought,
For those rights, which unstained from your Sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of mild Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.

But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace like the dove, who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
But though Peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our Sov'reignty, Justice or Fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision,
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak;
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops, they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm ;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion ;
Then let clouds thicken round us ; we heed not the storm ;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder ;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his Breast, the assaults of the thunder !
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep !
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice ;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever ;
Her pride is her Adams ; her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish, till Liberty slumbers for ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land ;
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the fifteenth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, 1809.

GRAND RECITATIVE.

Bleak lowered the morn; the howling snow-drift blew;
Rude piles of devastation smoked around;
While houseless Outcasts, shivering o'er the ground,
Bade the sad phantoms of their Homes adieu;

AIR.

Ah! mouldering wrecks! ye flit in fearful trance,
And the vision of frenzy recall,
When in horror we leaped, with a fugitive glance,
From the flames of yon desolate Wall!
See, now, with blighting melancholy bare,
Like the monument stone at a sepulchre placed
It weeps o'er this ruinous waste,
As it totters and rocks in the air.
In vain, sweet pleading Pity calls;
Or the cry of shrill Terror appals;—
Bending, beetling, crushing o'er the crowded way,
Hark! it cracks! see, it falls!
And wretches forget all their griefs in dismay.

RECITATIVE.

But lo! along its crumbling base,
With vacancy's ecstatic pace,
All-reckless, a heart-broken mourner repair;

Grief has reason beguiled,
And with melodies wild,
Invoking her child,
She wanders like Hope, and bewails like Despair.

AIR—*Andante.*

My Boy beneath this ruin lies!
Lost William! hear a Mother's sighs!
Through blasts that freeze, and paths that burn,
Thy tombless dust she comes to urn.
Now I thy cherub spirit see!
It spreads its doating arms to me!
It smiles in air! while piteous grace
Softens the sorrows of its face.
Vain was thy Mother's frantick flight
To snatch thee from the Fiend of Night!
Thy Couch, alas! thy funeral pyre,
Mid shrieks of horror, sunk in fire!

ALLEGRO FURIOSO.

Now to clouds of purple light,
Where William sits, I'll steal my flight!
Cold is this crazy crust of clay,
He beckons to a warmer day!
Wealth! I'm a happier wretch than you,
And laughing bid the world, Adieu!

SONG.

TO ARMS, COLUMBIA!

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.

Tune—"HE COMES! HE COMES!

To arms, to arms, when Honour cries,
Nor shrink the brave, nor doubt the wise;
On foes, by earth and Heaven abhorred,
'Tis Godlike to unsheathe the sword!
To arms, Columbia! rule thy natal sea,
United, triumph; and resolved, be free.

Columbia's Eagle soars so high,
He kens the sun with sovereign eye;
Nor cowers his wing, when tempests pour,
Nor perches, when the thunders roar.
To arms, Columbia, &c.

Like Glory's dazzling bird of day,
Our realm should hold imperial sway;
Mid clouds and light'nings firmly stand,
Though Faction's earthquake shake the land.
To arms, Columbia, &c.

Shall Gallia bid our oaks descend,
Her rubrick banner to defend?
Enslave those forests, reared to reign,
The future monarchs of the main?
To arms, Columbia, &c.

Can glow-worm vie with noontide Sun,
Or Lodi's chief with Washington?
Can Earth her maniack moon obey,
Or Frenchmen free Columbians sway?
To arms, Columbia, &c.

Revenge! Revenge! The flag's unfurled!
Let Freedom's cannon wake the world,
And Ocean gorge on pirates slain,
'Till Truxton *Nelsonize* the main!
To arms, Columbia, &c.

The fate of nations waits the hour,
Foretold to end the serpent's power;
When fallen realms shall break their trance,
And Adams bruise the head of France.
To arms, Columbia! rule thy natal sea,
United, triumph; and resolved, be free.

SONG.

RULE NEW-ENGLAND.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, May, 1802.

WHAT arm a sinking State can save,
From Faction's pyre, or Anarch's grave?
Pale Liberty, with haggard eyes,
Looks round her realm, and thus replies,
Rule New-England! New-England rules and saves!
Columbians never, never shall be slaves.

New-England, first in Freedom's Van,
To toil and bleed for injured man,
Still true to virtue, dares to say,
Order is Freedom—Man, obey!
Rule, &c.

Gloomed, like Cimmeria's beamless day,
Our realm in misted error lay,
Delusion drugged a nation's veins;
And Truth was philtered in her chains.
Rule, &c.

'Twas now the witching time of night,
When grave yards yawn, and spectres fright;

While patriot fiends, with dæmon glare,
Flash, shriek and hurtle in the air!
Rule, &c.

Alone, amid the coil serene,
New-England stands, and braves the scene,
Majestic as she lifts her eye,
The stars appear—the dæmons fly.
Rule, &c.

At length the dawn, like that, which first
Upon primeval Chaos burst,
Athwart our clime its radiance throws,
And blushes at the wrecks, it shows.
Rule, &c.

Old Massachusetts' hundred hills
Awake and chaunt the matin song;
A realm's acclaim the welkin fills,
The federal Sun returns with Strong.
Rise, &c.

And thou, pale orb of waning light,
Democracy, thou changeling Moon,
Art doomed to wheel thy maniac flight,
Unseen amid the cloudless Noon.
Rule, &c.

ODE.

THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, June, 1804.

THE Street was a Ruin, and Night's horrid glare
Illumined with terror the face of Despair;
While houseless, bewailing,
Mute Pity assailing,
A Mother's wild shrieks pierced the merciless air,
Beside her stood Edward, imploring each wind,
To wake his loved sister, who lingered behind;
Awake, my poor Mary,
Oh! fly to me, Mary;
In the arms of your Edward, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he called, for now the volum'd smoke,
Crackling, between the parting rafters broke;
Through the rent seams the forked flames aspire,
All, all, is lost; the roof's, the roof's on fire!

A flash from the window brought Mary to view,
She screamed as around her the flames fiercely blew;
Where art thou, mother!
Oh! fly to me, brother!
Ah! save your poor Mary, who lives but for you!
Leave not poor Mary,
Ah! save your poor Mary!

Her visioned form descrying,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his frantick gaze,
Then plunges in the maddening blaze!
Aloft he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores;
The roof in cinders crushes,
Through tumbling walls he rushes!
She's safe from Fear's alarms;
She faints in Edward's arms!

Oh! Nature, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare.

ODE.

SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Humane Society, May, 1804.

Air.—ADAGIO.

O'ER the swift-flowing stream, as the tree broke in air,
Plunged a youth in the tyrannous wave;
No ear heard his shriek; faint with toil and despair,
He sunk, and was whelmed in his grave!

RECITATIVO.

See, Humanity's angel alights on the scene!
Though the shadows of Death have dissembled his mien;
See, his corse is redeemed from the Stream's icy bed,
And a mother's wild grief shrieks, "Alas! he is dead!"

Air.—LARGO MAESTOSO.

Spirit of the Vital Flame,
Touch with life his marble frame,
From the day-star's radiant choir,
Bring thy torch of quenchless fire,
And bid a mother's hope respire!

ALLEGRO.

Hither, sparkling cherub, fly!
Mercy's herald, cleave the sky!

To human prayer, benignant Heaven
The salient spring of life has given;
And Science, while her eye explores
What power the dormant nerve restores,
Surveys the Godhead, and adores;
And him, the first of Glory's clan,
Proclaims, who saves a fellow man!

MAESTOSO.

Spirit of the Vital Flame!
Touch again his marble frame!
Bid the quivering nerve return,
'Till the kindling eye discern
A mother's tears with rapture burn!

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

Behold the quickening Spirit raise
The trembling limb, the wandering gaze!
Instinct listens! Memory wakes!
Thought from cold Extinction breaks;
Reason, motion, frenzy, fear,
Religion's triumph, Nature's tear,
Almighty Power, thy hand is here!

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the celebration of the Artillery Election, June 4, 1797.

Tune—"THE HERO COMES."

WHEN first the Mitre's wrath to shun,
Our Grandsires travelled with the sun,
Columbia's wilds they sought from far,
And Freedom shone their guiding star.

CHORUS.

Seize thy clarion, Fame,
Let the Poles proclaim,
Each illustrious name,
That crossed the pathless wave.
Join, ye martial throng,
Fame's immortal song,
Bid the chorus roll along,
Long live the brave.

In battle brave, in council wise,
They bade the school of Valour rise,
Whose pupils awed the astonished world,
And Freedom's sacred flag unfurled.

CHORUS.

Seize thy clarion, Fame,
Let the Poles proclaim,
Each illustrious name,
That bade these banners wave.
Join, &c.

While o'er our fields, with havock dyed,
Bellona rolled her crimsoned tide,
Like Beauty's lovely goddess rose
Bright Freedom from our sea of woes.

CHORUS.

Seize thy clarion, Fame,
Let the Poles proclaim,
Every hero's name,
That dared our rights to save.
Join, &c.

Well skilled to guide the helm of state,
Like Howard good, like Chatham great,
A chief was ours of deathless fame,
And Hancock was the godlike name.

CHORUS.

Seize thy clarion, Fame,
Let the Poles proclaim,
Hancock's glorious name,
Whose soul disdained the slave.
Join, &c.

Columbia wept; the Virtues sighed,
And Freedom mourned when Hancock died;
While choirs of seraphs sung on high,
He's welcome to his native sky.

CHORUS.

Seize thy clarion, Fame,
Let the Poles proclaim,
Hancock's deathless name,
Has triumphed o'er the grave.
Join, &c.

To arms! to arms! when Freedom calls,
No pang the hero's breast appals;
But when the trumpet's clangours cease,
Let Virtue tune the lute of Peace.

CHORUS.

Seize thy clarion, Fame,
Let the Poles proclaim,
Freedom's glorious flame
Shall soon inspire the slave,
Join, ye martial throng,
Fame's immortal song,
Bid the chorus roll along,
Long live the brave.

SONG.

THE YEOMEN OF HAMPSHIRE.

Written for, and sung at the celebration of the Artillery Election, June 4, 1801.

Tune—"ADAMS AND LIBERTY."

To the shades of our ancestors loud is the praise,
That descends with their deeds, and inspires by reaction!
To the heirs of their glory the pæan we raise,
The "Yeomen of Hampshire," the Victors of Faction;
Be theirs the proud tale,
That though Anarch assail,
Each ploughman still sings to the Stream of his Vale.

CHORUS.

Roll on loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran,
Giving blossoms to Nature, and morals to Man.

Where'er thy rich waters erratick display
Thy deluge of plenty, like Nile, overflooding;
The Mind and the Season thy impulse obey,
And patriot Virtue and Spring are in budding;
While each leaf, as it shoots,
With its promise of fruits,
Proclaims the thrift moisture, that cultures its roots.

CHORUS.

Roll on loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran,
Giving blossoms to Nature, and morals to Man.

Through the vallies of Hampshire, bright Order's abode,
Thou lovest in gay circles to range and to wander;
While pleased with thy empire, to lengthen the road,
Thou givest to thy channel another meander;
And when on the way,
Near Northampton you stray,
How slow moves thy current its homage to pay!

CHORUS.

Roll on loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran,
Giving blossoms to Nature, and morals to Man.

Again flow thy stream, as sublimely it rolled,
In triumph effulgent, from Freedom reflected;
On that festival day, when Old Anarch was told,
That his arts had been foiled, and his Foe was elected;
When thy bright waves along,
Reechoed the song,
To the Christian, the Statesman, the Patriot STRONG;

CHORUS.

Whose course loved Connecticut like thine, has ran
To cultivate Nature, and moralise Man.

MASONICK ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Lodge, on the visitation of the Grand Lodge, 1796.

SWEET Minstrel, who to mortal ears
Canst tell the Art, which guides the spheres.
Blest Masonry, all hail!
With Nature's birth thy laws began,
To rule on earth fraternal man,
And still in Heaven prevail.

O'er Matter's modes thy mystick sway
Can fashion Chaos' devious way,
To Order's lucid maze;
Can rear the cloud-assaulting tower,
And bid the worm, that breathes its hour,
Its humble palace raise.

From nascent life to Being's pride,
The surest boon thy laws provide
When wayward fate beguiles:
The tears, thou shed'st for human woe,
In falling shine, like Iris' bow,
And beam an arch of smiles.

Come, priest of Science, truth arrayed,
And with thee bring each tuneful maid,
  Thou lov'st on Shinar's plain;
Revive Creation's primal plan,
Subdue this wilderness of man,
  Bid social Virtue reign!

*

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Sons of the Pilgrims, December 22, 1800.

Tune.—"PRESIDENT'S MARCH."

SAINTED shades! who dared to brave,
In Freedom's ark, the pathless wave,
Where, scarcely kenned by lynx-eyed fame,
No traveller but the Comet came,
And driven by Tempest's ravening blast,
Were wrecked upon our wilds at last;
How rose your faith, when through the storm
Smiled Liberty's celestial form,
Her lyre to strains of seraphs strung,
And thus the sacred pæan sung:

CHORUS.

Sons of Glory, patriot band,
Welcome to my chosen land!
To your children leave it free,
Or a desert let it be.

Round the consecrated rock,
Convened the patriarchal flock,
And there, while every lifted hand
Affirmed the charter of the land,
The storm was hushed, and round the zone
Of Heaven, the mystick meteor shone,

Which, like the rainbow, seen of yore,
Proclaimed that Slavery's flood was o'er,
That pilgrim man, so long oppressed,
Had found his promised place of rest.
Sons of Glory, &c.

Festive honours crown the day,
With garlands green and votive lay,
From whose auspicious dawn we trace
The birth-right of our favoured race,
Which shall descend from sire to son,
While seasons roll, and rivers run;
Till Faction's cankerous tooth devour
Of fatuate man each virtuous power;
Till dark intrigue our empire guides,
And patriot worth no more presides!
Sons of Glory, &c.

Heirs of pilgrims, now renew
The oath your fathers swore for you,
When first around the social board,
Enriched from Nature's frugal hoard,
The ardent vow to Heaven they breathed,
To shield the rights their Sires bequeathed!
Manes of Carver! Standish! hear!
To love the soil, you gave, we swear;
And midst the storms of state be true
To God, our country, and to you.
Sons of Glory, &c.

SONG.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN FARMER.

Written in 1798, on Washington's accepting the command of the United States army.

BLEST on his own paternal farm;
Contented, yet acquiring;
Below ambition's gilded charm,
Yet rich beyond desiring;
The hill-born rustick, hale and gay,
Ere prattling swallows sally,
Or ere the pine-top spies the day,
Sings cheerly through his valley;

CHORUS.

Green Mountains' echo Heaven's decree!
Live Adams, Law and Liberty.

With love and plenty, peace and health,
Enriched by honest labour,
He cheers the friend of humbler wealth,
Nor courts his prouder neighbour.
At eve, returning home, he meets,
His nut-brown lass, so loving,
And still his constant strain repeats,
Through groves and meadows roving.

CHORUS.

Green Mountains' echo Heaven's decree !
Live Adams, Law and Liberty.

Should Faction's wily Serpent spring
With treacherous folds to intwine him,
Undaunted by his venomed sting,
To flames he would consign him ;
The hardy yeoman, like the Oak,
That shades his wood-land border,

Would baffle Anarch's vengeful stroke,
And shelter Law and Order.

CHORUS.

Green Mountains' echo, still would be !
Live Adams, Law and Liberty.

Should hostile fleets our shores assail,
By home-bred traitors aided,
No free-born hand would till the vale,
By slavery degraded ;
Each youth would join the patriot brave,
To die proud Freedom's martyr,
And shed his latest drop, to save
His country's Glorious Charter.

CHORUS.

Green Mountains' echo then would be,
Fight on, Fight on for Liberty.

But hark ! the invading foe alarms,
Responsive cannons rattle ;
And Washington, again in arms,
Directs the storm of battle.

The locust swarm of Gallick fiends
He sweeps to mid-way ocean;
While fame the vaulted Ether rends,
With conquest's loud commotion.

CHORUS.

Shout! Shout! Columbians, Heaven's decree;
'Tis Washington and Victory!

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Boston Female Asylum, September 24, 1802.

SHALL man, stern man, 'gainst Heaven's behest,
His cold, unfeeling pride oppose!
To thankless Wealth unlock his breast,
Yet freeze his heart to Orphan's woes.
Weak Casuist! where yon thunder broke!
Seest how the livid light'ning glares!
Behold! it rives the knotted oak,
But still the humble Myrtle spares.

Let stoick valour boldly brave,
The wars and elements of life!
But, more like Heaven, who stoops to save
A being, sinking in the strife;
Poor Exiles! wandering o'er this sphere,
Through scenes, of which you form no part;
Loved Orphan girls! come welcome here,
The Asylum of the human heart.

Sweet Charity! thou spright benign,
Who oft art seen in Angel form,
To point the sunbeam, where to shine,
Or rein the coursers of the storm!

Oh! through yon dark and dripping cell,
Where Sorrow's out-cast offspring weep,
Flash, as when Peter's fetters fell,
And bid the woes, that guard them, sleep!

Warmed by thy beams, the frost unkind,
Which blasts sweet woman's vernal years,
In dew exhaled, shall leave behind
Pure Gratitude's unsullied tears!
So shall our Orphan girls no more,
Lament the untimely blight of woe;
But reared to virtue, thrice restore
To generous man the debt, they owe.

Blest Providence! whose parent power
All being gives, for all provides;
Co-equal, when it blooms the flower,
As when it curbs old Ocean's tides!
See, lorn and piteous, at thy throne,
Love, Mercy, Hope and Homage sue;
They weep for sorrows, not their own,
They bend, dear Orphan girls, for you!

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the American Independence, July 4, 1806.

Tune—"WHILST HAPPY IN MY NATIVE LAND."

WIDE o'er the wilderness of waves,
Untracked by human peril,
Our fathers roamed for peaceful graves,
To deserts dark and sterile.
No parting pang, no long adieu
Delayed their gallant daring;
With them, their Gods and Country too,
Their pilgrim keels were bearing.
All hearts unite the patriot band,
Be liberty our natal land.

Their dauntless hearts no meteor led,
In terrour o'er the ocean;
From fortune and from man they fled,
To Heaven and its devotion.
Fate cannot bend the high born mind
To bigot usurpation:
They, who had left a world behind,
Now gave that world a nation.

The soil to till, to freight the sea,
By valour's arm protected,
To plant an empire brave and free,
Their sacred views directed:
But more they feared, than tyrant's yoke,
Insidious faction's fury;
For oft a worm destroys an oak,
Whose leaf that worm would bury.

Thus reared, our giant realm arose,
And claimed our sovereign charter:
Her life-blood warm from Adams rose,
And all her sons from *Sparta*.
Be free, Columbia! proudest name
Fame's herald wafts in story:
Be free, thou youngest child of Fame,
Rule, brightest heir of Glory!

Thy Preble, mid the battle's ire,
Hath Africk's towers dejected;
And Lybia's sands have flashed with fire,
From Eaton's sword reflected.
Thy groves, which erst the hill or plain
Entrenched from savage plunder,
To Naiads turned, must cleave the main,
And sport with Neptune's thunder.

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the American Independence, July 4, 1810.

HAIL! Hail, ye patriot spirits!
Ye chiefs of valiant deed!
To war-scarred bosoms point no more,
Your wounds no longer bleed.
Oh! ever bless the festal shrine
Your hovering shades explore!
While laurel-crowned, ye glide around,
And the Seraph Anthem pour—
It is our country's natal day,
We hail it and adore!

High o'er the rock of ages,
See Independence stride,
Her shield she stretches o'er the vale,
Her spear across the tide.
The harvests of her teeming soil,
She bids the waves expand,
Though tempest roars, around her shores,
It dies along her strand;
For the arm, that can the plough direct,
The trident can command.

The storm, that rent her forests
A thousand ages past,
Now sweeps their branches as they fly
Along the ocean blast.
Through every clime her banners float,
And greet the Northern Wane,
Where dimly bright, with wheeling light,
He pales the freezing plain;
And sees new Stars beneath the pole,
New Pleiads on the main.

The Sea is valour's charter,
A nation's wealthiest mine:
His foaming caves when ocean bares,
Not pearls, but heroes shine;
Aloft they mount the midnight surge,
Where shipwrecked spirits roam,
And oft the knell, is heard to swell,
Where bursting billows foam.
Each storm a race of heroes rears,
To guard their native home.

But not the storm, that courses
The mountain and the deep,
Like Rapine's secret, whirling pool,
With tyrant, power can sweep:
Th' Imperial Gulf can whelm the keel,
Which tempests proudly bore;
In smooth serene, it glides unseen,
Till all its caverns roar;
Till all its hidden ledges crash,
And all its whirlwinds pour.

Rise, man's immortal spirit,
  Stern Independence, rise;
Mid wrecks, that choak the pirate's cave,
  Your tattered banner lies.
In fierce Napoleon's midnight cells
  Your gallant sailor grieves;
In chains he lies, and wistful sighs
  Towards his country heaves.
Rise Independence, wear thy crown,
  Or strip its oaken leaves.

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the American Independence, July 4, 1811.

Tune—"BATTLE OF THE NILE."

LET patriot pride our patriot triumph wake!
The Jubilee of Freedom relumes a Nation's soul!
On land, or main, no right of realm forsake.
Though warriour storms, like ocean tempests, roll.
Spread your banners, let Commerce, Industry directing,
Mantle the waves, by courage, Wealth protecting!
And new honours while we pay
To our Country's Natal Day,
Let us build her great renown,
From a soil and sea our own;
For Commerce, Agriculture, Art—rewarded shall be!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
Heaven gave to Man the Charter to be free.
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
Columbia lives, and claims the great decree.

Arise! Arise! Columbia's Sons, Arise!
Assert, on the ocean, your Ocean's sovereign law;

No hostile flag shall hover in your skies;
No pirate keep your mariners in awe.
Be the rights of your shores by *Cannon* Law expounded,
And your waters shall be safe, where hook and line are sounded.
On the shoals of Newfoundland,
Let your tars and boats command,
For a *Mine* of wealth you keep
In the *Bank* beneath the deep,
Whose Charter, lawful Charter, is renewed by every sea.
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

If equal justice neutral laws proclaim,
No power will presumptuous your sovereignty disgrace;
Among your Stars inscribe a Nation's name,
Your flag will guard, your freedom and your race.
Base submission, inviting indignity and Plunder,
Like a worm, kills an Oak, which should have braved the thunder.
Though beneath the rifting ball,
Should the mountain monarch fall,
Still in majesty he reigns,
And, though prostrate, rules the plains;
And scions, blooming scions, spring, to renovate the tree.
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

Arouse! Arouse! Columbia's Sons, Arouse!
And burst through the slumber of faction-dreaming fears;
Bid Cannons shake the tempests from your brows,
And the clouds shall echo glory on your ears.
When the trumpet of Victory, Independence claiming,
Swelled o'er your hills, from fields in battle flaming;

When the Freedom of the land,
By your Patriotick Band,
To this Temple was consigned,
'Twas with Washington enshrined,
That the Charter, sacred Charter, there, immortal should be.
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Faustus Association, October 3, 1809.

Tune—"ADAMS AND LIBERTY."

ON the tent-plains of Shinah, Truth's mystical clime,
When the impious turret of Babel was shattered,
Lest the tracks of our race, in the sand-rift of Time,
Should be buried, when Shem, Ham and Japheth were scattered,
Rose the genius of Art,
Man to man to impart,
By a language, that speaks, through the eye, to the heart.

CHORUS.

Yet rude was Invention, when Art she revealed,
For a block stamped the page, and a tree ploughed the field.

As Time swept his pennons, Art sighed, as she viewed
How dim was the image, her emblem reflected;
When, inspired, father Faust broke her table of wood,
Wrought its parts into shape, and the whole reconnected,
Art with Mind now could rove,
For her symbols could move,
Ever casting new shades, like the leaves of a grove.

CHORUS.

And the colours of Thought in their elements run,
As the prismatick glass shows the hues of the Sun.

In the morn of the West, as the light rolled away
From the grey eve of regions, by bigotry clouded,
With the dawn woke our Franklin, and, glancing the day,
Turned its beams through the mist, with which Art was enshrouded;
To kindle her shrine,
His Promethean line
Drew a spark from the clouds, and made Printing divine!

CHORUS.

When the fire by his rod was attracted from Heaven,
Its flash by the type, his conductor, was given.

Ancient Wisdom may boast of the spice and the weed,
Which embalmed the cold forms of its heroes and sages;
But their fame lives alone on the leaf of the reed,
Which has grown through the clefts in the ruins of ages;
Could they rise, they would shed,
Like Cicero's head,
Tears of blood on the spot, where the world they had led.

CHORUS.

Of Pompey and Ceser unknown is the tomb,
But the type is their forum, the page is their Rome.

Blest genius of Type! down the vista of time
As thy flight leaves behind thee this vexed generation,
Oh! transmit on thy scroll, this bequest from our clime,
The Press can cement, or dismember a nation.

Be thy temple the mind!
There, like Vesta, enshrined,
Watch and foster the flame, which inspires human kind!

CHORUS.

Preserving all arts, may all arts cherish thee;
And thy science and virtue teach man to be free!

The following explanatory notice of this Ode is extracted from the Port Folio.

In this Ode, the great stages of the art are poetically described in the three first verses; to each of which there is an appropriate chorus. Printing upon blocks with immoveable types was invented by the descendants of Noah, "on the tent-plains of Shinah," and was nearly coeval with the first rude essays at agriculture. But the art remained in this state of imperfection, till "father Faust broke her tablet of wood," and invented the moveable type. In succeeding generations the art received various improvements, prior to the era of Franklin, who first united the genius of philosophy to the art of the mechanic.

How would Antiquity "hide her diminished head," could she "burst her cearments," and survey the comforts and elegances, which flow from the art and science of modern life? Her heroes and sages would shed

"Tears of blood on the spot where the world they had led,"

at their limited means of greatness; but they would with holy aspirations bless the "genius of type," which had so widely diffused their glory and so permanently embalmed their fame.

The concluding verse impresses a salutary lesson, and conveys a noble moral. We fervently hope that neither the lesson, nor the moral will pass unregarded by the conductors of literary and political Journals; for they stand at the fountains of publick opinion and direct the course of its torrents.

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the General Eaton Fire Society, January 14, 1808.

Tune—"GOD SAVE THE KING."

BLEST be the sacred fire,
Whose beams the man inspire,
Panting for praise!
Renown her laurel rears,
Not in a nation's tears,
But in the Sun, that cheers
Her hero's bays.

In Afric's cells confined,
Columbia's sons had pined,
'Mid hopeless gloom:
By native land forgot,
By friend "remembered not,"
They delved their captive spot,
And hailed their tomb!

ODE.

Written for, and sung at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Association, for improving the breed of Horses, October 21, 1811.

Tune—"TALLY HO."

THE Steeds of Apollo, in coursing the day,
Breathe the fire, which he beams on mankind;
To the world while his light from his car they convey,
Their speed is the blaze of his mind.
Thus Ambition, who governs of honour the chace,
Keeps Life's mettled Coursers in glow;
For Fame is the Gaol, and the World is the Race,
And, hark forward! they start! Tally ho!

All ranks try the *turf*; 'tis the contest of life,
By a heat to achieve a renown;
And so thronged are the lists in the emulous strife,
That but few know what steed is their own;
For many, like Gilpin, alarmed at the blood,
Lose their rein and their course, as they go:
While the Rider, high trained, knows each pace in his stud,
And, hark forward! he flies, Tally ho!

The Hero's a War-horse, whose brave, gen'rous breed,
Scorns the spur, though he yields to the rein;
Blood and bone, at the trump-call he vaults in full speed,
And contends for his own native plain.

In battle he glories; and pants, like his Sire,
On the soil, where he grazed, to lie low;
See his neck clothed with thunder, his mane flaked with fire,
While, hark forward! he springs, Tally ho!

The Statesman's a Prancer, so tender in hoof,
He curvets, without fleetness or force;
In the heat of the field, when the race is in proof,
He gallantly bolts from the course!
With his canter and amble, he shuffles his way;
And no care of the sport seems to know;
Till he sees, as he hovers, what horse wins the day,
Then, hark forward! he shouts, Tally ho!

The Farmer's a draught, the rich blood of whose veins,
Acts with vigour the duties, he owes;
He's a horse of sound bottom, and nurtures the plains
Where the harvest, that nurtures him, grows.
At his Country's command, on her hills or her fields,
Which her corn and her laurels bestow;
Firm in danger he moves, and in death never yields,
But, hark forward! he falls, Tally ho!

Columbia is drawn by the Steeds of the sky,
The long journey of Empire to run;
May her coursers of light never scorch as they fly,
And their race be the age of the Sun!
Nor distanced by Time, nor in Fame e'er forgot,
May her track still be known by its glow;
Like Olympian dust, may it stream o'er the spot,
Where, hark forward; she rode, Tally ho!

ODE.

SPAIN, COMMERCE AND FREEDOM.

Written for, and sung at the celebration of the Spanish Festival. January 24, 1809.

Sound the trumpet of Fame! Swell the Pæan again!
Religion a war against Tyranny wages:
From her couch springs, in Armour, Regenerate Spain,
Like a Giant, refreshed by the slumber of Ages!
From the cell, where she lay,
She leaps in array,
Like Ajax, to die in the face of the Day:
CHORUS.
And Swears, from pollution, her Empire to save,
Her Flag and her Altars, her Home and her Grave!

In the land of her Birth she rejoices to find,
From her old race of Heroes, a young generation,
In whose souls no dismay kills the nerve of the mind,
Who gaze upon Death with devout contemplation;
Whose Standard on high,
Like a Comet, will fly;
And consume, while it lightens, its neighbouring sky!

CHORUS.

They have sworn from pollution her Empire to save,
Her Flag and her Altars, her Home and her Grave!

O'er her hills, see the Day-Star of Glory advance!
Its beams warm her cliffs, and unfetter her fountains!
But, a pestilent Planet, it blazes on France!
A Meteor of blood, through the mist of the Mountains!
Like a Dream in the Air,
See, the Pyrennees glare!
A Castle of Fire, on a Rock, blear and bare!

CHORUS.

Its flames from pollution her Empire shall save,
Her Flag and her Altars, her Home and her Grave!

Brave Isle of the Oak! On thy Patriarch Tree,
Science blossoms, where Freedom her shelter has taken!
Earth was weighed by an Acron! and ruled is the Sea!
What thy Newton had balanced, thy Nelson has shaken!
Trident Queen may'st thou reign,
'Till thy thunder regain
The rights of Mankind, in the battles of Spain!

CHORUS.

'Till her Sword from pollution her Empire shall save,
Her Flag and her Altars, her Home and her Grave!

Thy Shield, gallant Britain! impends from the sky,
Like the Star in the East, on the Morn of Salvation!
Through the dark Empyrean it bursts on the eye,
The Beacon of Man, in the march of Creation!

In the World's sacred War,
Agincourt, Trafalgar
Thy Steeds deck with laurels, and herald thy Car!

CHORUS.

For with Spain thou hast sworn from pollution to save,
Thy Flag and thy Altars, thy Home and thy Grave!

Dear, Natal Columbia! Fair Last-born of Time!
May the Orphan of Fame be the Heir of Dominion;
But, the Nest of thy Eagle looks Bleak, though Sublime,
On a Cliff, where each Tempest can shatter his pinion!
Round an Aerie so high;
The rude whirlwinds will fly,
Unless, with thy Forests, the blast thou Defy!

CHORUS.

And swear from pollution like Spain, thou wilt save,
Thy Flag and thy Altars, thy Home and thy Grave!

Oh! to Spain, let thy Gratitude redolent burn,
First, thy Freedom to own; First, thy Shores to discover!
Hark! her Patriots, with pride, tell the Tyrant they spurn,
That the New World she found, and the Old will *recover!*
For Commerce and Thee!
She unbosomed the Sea,
And demands that the Gates of the Ocean be Free!

CHORUS.

Then, swear from pollution like Spain, Thou wilt save,
Thy Flag and thy Altars, thy Home and thy Grave!

Bright Day of the World! dart thy lustre afar!
Fire the North with thy heat! gild the South with thy splendor!

With thy glance light the Torch of Redintegrant War,
Till the dismembered Earth effervesce and regender!
Through each zone may'st roll,
'Till thy beams at the Pole,
Melt Philosophy's Ice in the Sea of the Soul!

CHORUS.

'Till Mankind from pollution their birth-right shall save:
Their Flag and their Altars, their Home and their Grave.

Hail! Spirit of Spain! mount thy Battlement-walls!
With thy voice shake the clouds! break the dream of subjection!
Like a new-risen Spectre, thy Helmet appals!
And Pavia Recoils at thy Dread Resurrection!
Oh! may France, the new Rome,
Never destine thy doom,
'Till the Pyrennees sink, and thy realm is a Tomb!

CHORUS.

Rise! and swear from pollution thy Empire to save!
Let thy Flag and thy Home be thy God and thy Grave!

ELEGIAC SONNET,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

M. M. HAYS, Esq.

HERE sleepest thou, Man of Soul! Thy spirit flown,
How dark and tenantless its desert clay!
Cold is that heart, which throbbed at sorrows moan?
Untuned that tongue, which charmed the social day?

Where now the Wit, by generous roughness graced?
Or Friendship's accent, kindling as it fell?
Or Bounty's stealing foot, whose step untraced
Had watched pale Want, and stored her famished cell?

Alas, 'tis all thou art! whose vigorous mind
Inspiring force to Truth and Feeling gave,
Whose rich resources equal power combined,
The gay to brighten, and instruct the grave!

Farewell, Adieu! Sweet Peace thy vigils keep;
For Pilgrim Virtue sojourns here to weep!

ADDRESS,

Written for the Carriers of the Boston Gazette, January 1, 1802.

AGAIN the Sun his fiery steeds has driven,
To melt with day the clouds of nether heaven.
T' Antarctic skies he shoots his torrid beams,
And bids the Naiads bathe in polar streams;
On diamond hills of ice, unsunned before,
He points his focus, and new oceans roar;
The vast suffusion gushes down the sides
Of mother earth, and gives St. Pierre his tides;
While floating Glaciers gem the torrent's way,
Exult in light, and, as they shine, decay.
Nations, from under ground, pop out their heads,
To hail the spiral morning as it spreads;
And gaze with wonder, (poor benighted souls!)
On that bright orb, which Candles gives and Coals.
Each Nymph, with furs thrown off, her face discloses,
To breathe an air that does not bite off noses;
And leaves a six-month's fire, to gather roses!
While nature, all alive, with Spring bedight,
Peals her hosannas to the Power of Light.

But while the joys of polar realms and tribes,
The newsboy with red-lettered rhyme describes,
'Tis fit, though bards and beggars love to roam,
To shoot a distich at great folks at home.

And here, alas, with aching heart and sad,
His Pegasus must needs become a Pad;
For sure the Muse should shuffle in her gait,
When nought but thorough pacing suits the State.

Who to the clime his pliant habit forms,
Has boots for mire, and roquelaures for storms;
But the news-pedlar, bold as man of rhymes,
Will face the whirlwind, and will cuff the times!

Unlike the scene, which erewhile cheered the soul,
But which we left behind us at the pole,
Is this drear season, which, of life bereft,
Gives up to Bankruptcy, what Anarch left.
Cold to the patriot's heart, and newsboy's knuckles,
Misfortune on our backs it doubly buckles;
In trade's great toe it sticks a festering splinter,
And gives us peace, democracy and winter;
Threatens a frost, to freeze our current cash,
To snap our crockery, our credit smash;
With banded hordes it fills our publick roads,
Our smoaking streets with prostate mansions loads;
Frost-nips the banks, internal taxes clips,
Makes carpenters of worms, to bore our ships;
From emigration takes off all its shackles,
And a Swiss Dray-horse in state-harness tackles;
Capacity it gives to every rogue,
And finds certificate of birth in—brogue;
Distinction levels, all allegiance blends,
And whisky cits, from bogs, to congress sends;
All strangers naturalizes—all embraces,
With no exception, but the hue of faces;

Felons from Newgate 'scaped, and vermined straw,
To rail at feather-beds, and common law;
Fools with long ears, who bray, when Patriots bawl,
Or knaves transported—with no ears at all.
But while to vagrant tribes our laws are kind,
The sable *sans-culottes* no mercy find;
Alas! how moral, how humane, the times,
When Philosophs compile a code of crimes!
A deadly sin the Negro's breast imbues,
He loves the female, more than Mammoth does;
And viler still to him, whose pointer nose
Smells not a poppy, as it smells a rose;
The Negro, formed a slave from Nature's hands,
"Sweats more at pores, and less secretes at glands."

Sad and reversed, as this drear scene appears,
There are, who batten on a Patriot's tears;
But still on them the same privations fall,
The Sun's a common good, and cheers us all;
And when on other realms, and distant skies,
He showers that radiance, he to us denies,
The "eager and the biting air" we feel,
May chill the limbs, but nerves the heart with steel,
For poor in soul is he, who calm can view
That plastic orb, which erst, to order true,
Th' Ecliptic path in equal course did run,
And shone the civil, like the natural sun,
Now o'er our dark horizon's ridge incline
A watery lustre, and a sloping line;
Beyond th' Equator keep his rolling throne,
And in the southern solstice shine alone!

The following lines appeared in the Centinel, February, 1793. They were sent to a beautiful young lady, on hearing her express a wish to ascend in Blanchard's Balloon.

TO MISS F.

FORBEAR, sweet girl; your scheme forego,
And thus our anxious troubles end:
That you will mount, full well we know,
But greatly fear you'll not descend.

When Angels see a mortal rise,
So beautiful, divine and fair,
They'll not dismiss you from the skies,
But keep their sister Angel there.

To the above, Mr. Paine soon after wrote the following reply.

TRUE, gentle bard, should lovely Grace
On *aeronautick* pinions rise,
Angels would own their "Sister's" face,
Thrice welcome to her native skies.

But conscious should the nymph remain,
Earth's loud laments would rend their ears:
They'd send the Heroine down again,
To sooth and bless a world in tears.

PART IV.

PROSE WRITINGS.

AN

ORATION,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON,

AND DELIVERED, JULY 17, 1799,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

DISSOLUTION OF

THE TREATIES AND CONSULAR CONVENTION,

BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA.

ORATION.

THE struggle between Liberty and Despotism, Government and Anarchy, Religion and Atheism, has been gloriously decided. It has proved the victory of principle, the triumph of virtue. France has been foiled, and America is free. The elastick veil of Gallick perfidy has been rent; the mystick charm of diplomatick policy has been dissolved; the severing blow has been struck; and the exulting Ocean, now rolls between our shores, an eternal monument of our separation.

We are convened, my young friends and fellow citizens, to commemorate, at a disjunct period, the first glorious anniversary of that eventful day,* when our national Senate and House of Representatives declared the Treaties and Consular Convention, which had hitherto subsisted between the United States and France, should be no longer obligatory on the Government and People of America. It is a day, which will for-

* The law of the United States, dissolving the Treaties and Consular Convention with France, was approved by the President on the 7th of July, 1798. From the vicinity of this day to our National Anniversary, and other causes, this event was celebrated on the 17th. This anachronism is not only venial in itself, but is also sanctioned by undeniable precedent.

ever be illustrious in our annals. It is the completion of our Liberties, the acme of our Independence. The FOURTH OF JULY will be celebrated by our latest posterity, as the splendid æra of our national glory; but the SEVENTH will be venerated, as the dignified epoch of our national character. The one, annihilated our colonial submission to a powerful, avowed and determined foe. The other, emancipated us from the oppressive friendship of an ambitious, malignant, treacherous ally. The former asserted our political supremacy, which preserved to us our country from subjection, our liberties from encroachment, and our government from foreign control: the latter united to the same momentous object a declaration of our moral sovreignty, which rescued our principles from subjugation, as well as our persons from slavery; which secured our cities from massacre, as well as their inhabitants from debasement; which preserved our fair ones from violation, as well as our religion from bondage. In fine, the declaration of Independence, which dissolved our connexion with Great Britain, may be correctly denominated the Birth day of our nation, when, as its infant genius was ushered into political existence, a lambent flame of glory played around its brows, in presage of its future greatness. But the period, which sundered our alliance with France, may be pronounced the day of our nation's manhood, when this genius had become an Hercules, who, no longer amused with the coral and bells of "liberty and equality;" no longer

"Pleased with the rattles, tickled with the straws,"

of "health and fraternity;" no longer willing to trifle at the *distaff* of a "Lady Negociator," boldly invested himself in the *toga virilis*, and assumed his rank in the forum of nations.

It will therefore in all ages be pointed to, as a luminous page in our history, when the patriotick statesmen of America, with a decision of character, which has shot a ray of enthusiasm into the coldest regions of Europe, cut asunder the inexplicable knot of so contagious a connexion, and forever abolished the impolitick and delcterious instrument which had created it: when that memorable Treaty, which had linked together two heterogeneous nations, in an unnatural, unequal, and hateful alliance, after an attenuated life of twenty years, was ignominiously committed to the grave, where, in the language of French philosophy, "its death will prove an eternal sleep."

That this was a measure of the highest prudence, foresight and necessity, has been acknowledged by every honest American, whose political intelligence has flowed through any other channel, than the polluted sewers of a French Consul's Office. The history of the events, which compelled the dissolution of our national intercourse with France, is a history, on the one part, of injury accumulated on injury, aggravated by insult following upon insult; and on the other, of the dignified policy, which preferred negociation to arms, and a magnanimous forbearance to resent or retaliate, while there remained one rational, one manly hope of an honourable accommodation.

The crisis soon arrived, when to be silent was to submit; to submit was to be vandalized.

France had formed a digest of piracy, in which plunder, imprisonment and massacre were some of the milder penalties, denounced by the Great Nation. Their most unprincipled and abandoned citizens, who had nothing to lose, but a life, which was a burthen to themselves, and of no value to their country, swarmed the ocean in predatory hordes, under the seal of the republick, and the sanction of her palm-itching ministers. Our commerce was at this period the carrier of the world. For five years preceding, it had extended in a ratio of increase, unparalleled but by geometrical progression. So unexampled in any former time was its prosperity and its wealth, that our navigation almost monopolized the whole burthen of taxation. Its revenues supplied the exigencies of our government, and its peaceful and respected flag had made the harvests of all climes our own.

At this most critical period of the present contest in Europe, when the combined armies and fleets had established a *Popilian circle* round the territories of the French Republick, so portentously gloomy and eventful was the aspect of her revolution, that had not the officious friendship of Americans, with the exuberant productions of their fertile fields, lavishly freighted every plant, that was afloat in their seas, to snatch from famine the myrmidons of Robespierre, and to pamper with luxury the pimps of Marat, our humiliated government

had not since been compelled to sue for justice from the treacherous tyrants, they had preserved, nor meanly stooped

"To lick the hand, just raised to shed its blood."

For national favours, so immediately instrumental in the salvation of their republick, what novel and brilliant system of compensation did these eloquent theorists, who are eternally preaching on the purity of the social contract, invent and adopt, to express the ardent gratitude, which consumed them, and exonerate the mountainous load of obligation, which depressed their modest sensibility? Was it by an honourable mention in the bulletin? The union of the flags of the two republicks in the hall of the Convention? Or the friendly care, they bestowed, to initiate the un-illuminated mind of our consul Munroe in the true principles of Religion and Government?—No.—These were supererogatory benefits, gratuitously conferred! Frenchmen were more nobly actuated! They kindly condescended, for our exclusive profit, to place our defenceless Commerce under their fraternal protection, lest our property should be seized and confiscated by British free-booters! They converted our vessels to the use of the Republick, lest they should be sunk and destroyed by British cannon! They stored our cargoes in their National Granaries, lest we should trust them to British merchants, and be defrauded of our payment! And they have beaten and imprisoned our Seamen, and murdered our Smiths and our Bradlees,* lest they should fall into the hands of British buccaniers!

* Captain Eben. Smith and Mr. David Bradlee, of the ship Hunter, bound to Martinique, who were slain in an action with a French Pri-

Disinterested generosity of a wonderful people! It is worthy of Frenchmen!

Such was the tender affection of our dear "Sister republick!" France was as fair, and as false, as the beautiful statue of the tyrant Nabis. Her syren charms, though more baleful than the wrinkles of the weird sisters, wore the celestial semblance of truth and innocence. Her smiles allured us to her fond embrace. We rushed into her arms, and in her treacherous fold, felt the keen dagger, in her breast concealed, pierce to our heart.* Yes, my fellow citizens, America has nearly been suffocated in the extatick raptures of the "hug fraternal!"

From a mistaken notion of the principles of France in the assistance, she afforded our revolutionary struggle, have flowed many of the evils and indignities, with which our country has been assailed and corroded. Deluded by a fictitious gratitude, an almost fatal misconception of the French character had hitherto pervaded the minds of our citizens. The description, which one of their greatest philosophers and statesmen has given of his countrymen, was considered as illusory, as his

vateer. The gallant Smith was inhumanly gashed with wounds after his vessel had surrendered; and Mr. Bradlee was assassinated piecemeal, and thrown over board. When will our national debt of "gratitude" to France be discharged!

* The tyrant Nabis, when any of his rebellious subjects refused to loan him the sum of money, he demanded, ordered them to embrace his Apega, which was the statue of a beautiful woman, moving by invisible mechanism, with a dagger concealed in the vestments that ornamented her bosom.

theological writings. But the late luminous developement of their moral and political levity and turpitude has established in America the celebrated opinion, that the national character of France is an amalgamation of the two most opposite qualities in the composition of human nature; the artful ferocity of the Tyger, and the thoughtless frivolity of the Ape. From the barbarous reign of Clovis, when the skull-bone of an enemy was used as the festal goblet at the banquet of victory, to the silken empire of Madame Tallien, whose Idalian palace is decorated with the pictures and statues of Italy, the French nation have been successively occupied in giving fashions to Europe, or in deluging it with blood. Paris, as these contrarient propensities have predominated, has been alternately the toy-shop of folly, the divan of conspiracy, or the charnel-house of massacre. The French Republick has exhibited all the vices of civilization, without one of the virtues of barbarism. It is true that France, at some periods of her history, has been considered an amiable nation. But these polished intervals have seldom occurred, but as the ominous precursors of new political convulsions. They have resembled the awful pause, that predicts the ravages of the hurricane, the horrible silence, that preludes the eruption of a volcano.

Political Empiricism has never attained, in any age or nation, so universal an ascendency, as at the present day in the "Illuminated Republick." Unfettered by the fear of innovation, and unshackled by the prejudice of ages, the modern Frenchman is educated in a system of moral and religious chimeras, which dazzle by their novelty those volatile intel-

lects, which prescriptive wisdom could never impress with veneration. Every Frenchman, who has read a little, is a pedant; and the whole race of these horn-book Philosophers is content with the atheism of Mirabeau, the historick pages of Rollin and Plutarch, the absurd philanthropy of Condorcet, and the visionary politics of Rosseau.* These are the boundaries of their literary ambition, of their political science. Hence it is, that they pretend to be too enlightened for belief, too virtuous for government. Hence too it is, that their courts of jurisprudence are but a solemn mockery of justice. In its present state of corruption, the French trial by jury is more preposterously barbarous, than the Gothick decision by camp-fight, and more venal and precarious, than the verdict of an Inquisition. Professing to discard every religious obligation, it is the first creed of republican France, that there is no God; and the sanctity of an oath is held in equal solemnity by a French Juryman, with the truth of a sonnet to his mistress's eye-brow by a French Poet! By annihilating the sacred source of justice, the common assurances of liberty must be subverted and destroyed; and, in this universal dilapidation of principle, the institutes of Justinian will share the same fate with the papal decrees of Gregory, or the municipal polity of Alfred. The protecting arm of the law has been paralized by the leporous poisons of vice and infidelity; and life, liberty and property, the imprescriptible rights of every one, are now reduced, by these disinterested disciples of equality, to a mere

* See "Residence in France," described in a series of Letters from an English Lady; prepared for the press by John Gifford, Esq.

lubricous dependance on the will of the Directory. The substance of these alienable privileges has been refined to a vapor; and the splendid evanescence, that remains, is nothing but the air-blown bubble of the school-boy, whose tenuous essence has scarce weight enough to gravitate, or density to rarify, and will vanish in a sun-beam, or solve at the touch.

The cabinet of the Luxembourgh, having thus introduced and effectuated a scheme of national demoralization, have removed the strongest barrier, that could be opposed to the accomplishment of their ambitious designs, a military despotism. The impracticable system of a permanent oligarchy can never have been the uniform consummation, to which these modern Cromwells have aspired. The essence of all their plans is to consolidate in the executive all the powers of the government, by reducing the popular branches to such sequacious docility, that, like the States General under the Monarchy, they may be convened and dismissed at the beck of an arbitrary master. "Every one," says Mallet du Pan, "who has aspired to the administration of the revolution, has been labouring only to force open for himself the door of wealth and power, and then to shut it after him." This has been the continued tissue of their policy from the Philosophers of '89 to the Tyrants of '98. From the martyrdom of their Monarch to the dethronement of their God! And, from the present apparent solution of this political riddle, it is highly probable, that the French nation, after having been successively deluded by the splendid follies, the magnificent crimes, and fascinating theories, with which their revolution has been disgracefully

embellished, will at last return to their original servitude, with the loss of their former morals, the stain of accumulated barbarism, and the corrosive reflection of having deserved every misery, they endure.

While this aspiring project of concentrating the publick authority has been generating and maturing in the council-chamber of the Directory, and waiting only a propitious junction for its establishment, the more ambitious scheme of universal dominion,* which has for ages descended, like an heirloom, with the royal palace of France has been revived by these thrifty speculators in human misery, with an enthusiasm, that would characterize the madman of Sweden; has been prosecuted with more fantastick ferocity, than formerly desolated the plains of Palestine; and has been rendered more illustrious by its heroes and its achievements, than the hitherto unparallelled glory of chivalry, the Siege of Candia. The pageantry of its victories concealed the subtle policy, which had secured them. The ludicrous doctrine of a moral, physi-

* In a late celebrated "Historical Essay on the Ambition and conquests of France," printed in London, 1797, the American politician will find it satisfactorily demonstrated, that the boundaries, to which the republican rules of France are aiming to extend her dominion, are the same, which her monarchs have for three hundred years been struggling to obtain. The same ruinous ambition, which characterizes the present French ministers, is incontestibly proved to have existed in the time of Richelieu, and is perspicuously traced "through the wearisome reigns of Louis the superb, Louis the libertine, and Louis the insincere, to the present Louisless form of government."

cal and personal equality and the fanatical plan of universal liberty were the most captivating allurements, to enlist the prejudices of the people under the crusading banners of Insurrection. This political fruit of temptation, like the apple from the tree of knowledge, could not be withstood by the curiosity of mankind. It was so artfully presented, it bloomed so deliciously fair, and looked so invitingly innocent, that surely there could be no harm in a taste! But, to the untempted gaze of the distant spectator, to the analyzing eye of the real philosopher this stupendous doctrine of confusion assumed a potentous and alarming aspect. Terrible in its splendour, it seemed, like the comet approaching its perihelion, in so elliptical a path, that its flaming progress must impinge on every orbit in our system, ere it could complete the tour of its destination, and return into the regions of Chaos.

The great foundations of those European governments, which have been enslaved by Republican liberty, were loosened and undermined by the torrent of French principles, before the attack upon their out-works was commenced by the French artillery. Their bulwarks were tottering to their fall, before these illuminated Knights-errant approached the battlements to conquer the people into freedom! By opening the wall of allegiance, the fatal breach was made, through which the wooden horse was to be inducted; and to the folly of popular superstition were alike destined to be sacrificed the humble dwellings of the credulous multitude, the splendid palaces of the nobles, and the venerable temples of the Deity.

The all-devouring republick has neither spared the imbecillity of the weak, nor respected the sanctity of the sacred. Not content with the succumbing pliability of Spain, the coerced neutrality of Prussia, and the trophied wrecks and servile prostration of Italy, her carnivorous appetite has pampered its gluttony on the temporalities of unoffending bishops, the charters of free cities, and the feeblest electorates and dukedoms, from whose enmity she had nothing to fear, from whose plunder she had little to gain. Her only attributes have been intrigue and voracity; she has been ingenious only to corrupt, and valiant only to destroy!

Wherever the revolutionary mania has prevailed, confusion and conspiracy have been the symptoms of the disease, and misery and massacre its crisis. Holland was bit by the French tarantula, and nothing could cure the wound but French music. No other remedy would do; and for six years, she has been dancing round a Pike-staff to the tune of *Ca Ira*, till her treasury is exhausted by the expenses of the piper!

The once fertile and flourishing provinces of Belgium have been incorporated, plundered and depopulated. Their fire-sides have been polluted by the debaucheries of Frenchmen; their dykes have been filled with the bodies of their fellow-citizens.

Venice, the eldest sister in the family of modern republicks, after being embraced by the "Terrible People," has been sent to market, like a Circassian beauty, tricked out in her gaudiest attire, and sold for the household service of the Emperor.

Geneva was once the bee-hive of Europe. Active, harmonious and skilful, it was the most industrious, the most ingenious, the happiest of nations, till its crude, unpolished, antiquated notions of liberty were alchymised in the all-dissolving crucible of French Philosophy. Art, genius, industry, vanished in the subtlety of the experiment; and Geneva now exists only on the map of the geographer.

The inhabitants of Switzerland, whose unconquerable forefathers had resisted and repelled the concentrated forces of Austria, for five hundred years enjoyed as pure a system of liberty, as could subsist in the pastoral state of mankind. But, alas! these honest and gallant Helvetians, who had been the faithful allies of France above a century and a half, have also been entangled in the fate-woven toils of her friendship. Their hereditary love of democracy was fevered to infatuation by the modern refinement of "rights and liberties;" and, in the poignant experience of these blessings, they are now writhing under the disastrous infliction of the right to groan, the liberty to starve! They had only to unite and to conquer, but they have been divided and enslaved. They could find no protection in the rugged height of their mountains, no shelter in the happy humbleness of their vallies. Their persevering benefactors pursued their victims above the clouds, and deluged their meadows with the blood of their cultivators. But, tremble Frenchmen! The Swiss will not live to be slaves; and though your pestilent alliance is as palsying as the touch of the Torpedo, they will struggle for their lost independence,

while one of their descendants remains unbutchered by your fraternal benevolence. Yes! the shade of Tell has already risen from his grave; and the spirit of Liberty, terrible in arms, again stalks on the blood-crimsoned tops of the Glaciers.

That the same gigantick principle of domination, which has impelled France to the mad enterprise of subduing and barbarizing Europe, has invariably controled her conduct to our own country, is a truth, as irrefragable, as it is momentous. From the first signing of the treaty of alliance, whose dissolution we this day celebrate, the ministry of Versailles had conceived this iniquitous project. To check the pride of an inveterate rival, they generously condescended to assist our infant republick in its struggle with an overweening stepmother; in the hope, that the froward child, overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude, would leap into the arms of its disinterested benefactors; or, if its obstinate principles of independence should remain unshaken, that, deprived of the nurturing power, and exposed to the systematick resentment of Great Britain, it would soon be compelled to receive the protection of Frenchmen on their own terms, and fall an easy prey to their arts and their arms, their gold and their gun-powder. When the treaty of peace was in negociation, a new outline of the same elaborate system was betrayed. By the fiend-like hypocrisy, and collusive machinations of the French Minister, the whole navigation of the Mississippi, from its sources to the ocean, with an immense tract of the most valuable contiguous country, were to be ceded to Spain; and the American right

in the fisheries of Newfoundland, an inexhaustible mine of commerce, from which our enterprising citizens might enrich the coffers and strengthen the nerves of our government, was to be sacrificed to Great Britain.* The calculating cabinet of France readily suggested and countenanced these degrading propositions; because it well knew, that to environ the two extremes of our territory with the colonies of European powers, whom she could at any time render hostile to our interests, was one great stride towards reducing us to a state of dependence on her bountiful aid; and because it clearly foresaw, that our extended line of sea-coast would soon need a naval defence, and that the fisheries, if left in our power, would be the nurseries of our seamen, the hardiest race of our inhabitants, who have now become the avenging protectors of their country, and the ocean that laves it. But with such specious plausibility was this pregnant measure conducted, that even the acute judgment of a Franklin, whose elevated mind could behold the thunder-cloud in its ignition, as a subject of philosophical experiment, was duped and deluded by the Gobelin tapestry, which concealed the mighty mischief; and America, at this day, is indebted, for these important branches of her national commerce and aggrandizement, to

* Great Britain, our inveterate oppressor, from whom we had revolted, was willing to acknowledge our right in the fisheries; but France, our trusty ally, was opposed to it! Count Vergennes even reproached Mr. Fitzherbert for the passive surrender.

the firmness and wisdom of that enlightened patriot, the calumniated JAY; and to the penetrating policy, and inflexible decision of that virtuous and unrivalled Statesman, who has now rendered his countrymen as happy and as glorious by his administration, as he had before made his country immortal by his talents.

To detail the progress of this ravenous ambition, by which France has been actuated in her designs on the Government and People of America, since the convulsions of Europe have given ampler scope to her diplomatick dexterity, would be but to repeat the voluminous history of her unblushing perfidies, and the melancholy record of our national degradation. Who does not remember the letter to Mazzei, or the arrival of Genet? Who has forgotten that dubious æra in our history, when illuminated fraternities were scattered, like the pestiferious effluvia of the poison-tree of Java, from Altamaha to St. Croix? When anarchy and disorganization were the order of the day, and French consuls, and French assignats the order of the night? When our "civick feasts" were introduced to celebrate French victories, and our "water-melon frolicks" to disseminate French principles? When political infidelity was a paramount title to the suffrages of the people? When Foreign Influence, like the golden calf, seduced multitudes from the worship of true liberty? When our government stood trembling on the crater of revolution, whose combustible materials were kindling for its destruction? Who does not recollect that disastrous juncture, when the epidemy of atheism

and anarchy was so fatally virulent, that though some few of the leaders of the faction had been regularly innoculated by French Mountebanks, more than half of the people of America had taken it in the natural way? To check this distemper, the depleting medicine of Reason was an abortive prescription: You might as well attempt to restore a lunatick to his senses by a decoction of poppies, or to cure the pestilence of Smyrna by the panaceous elixir of Don Quixote.

At one period, so rapid and extensive was the current of these republican ethicks, that the terrible alluvion had well nigh swept away every monument of civilization, that brightens society; whelmed every virtue, that corrects the obliquities of human life; and desolated every hope of happiness, that attaches man to a future existence!

The fanaticism, that infected the people, extended its contagion even to the administration. Who has not heard of the philosopher Randolph, and the discovery of the "flour plot?" The anxiety, incident to crime, generally furnishes the clue to its detection; and the designs of this apostle of democracy had never been ascertained in the extent of their baseness, had not his own guilty garrulity, "drawn like French wire," and bedight with fillagree syllogism, prattled and quibbled through many a meagre page, to prove himself the traitor, he was called! The Roman capitol, and the liberties of America, have both been preserved by the cackling of a goose!

Still, however, the faction, like Antæus, grew stronger by its fall; till its midnight cabals, its secret complottings, and

Catalinian conspiracies, were detected, exposed and confounded, by our guardian WASHINGTON; who, like Uriel descending on the sun-beam, discerned the latent fiend entering our paradise in a mist! But so audacious was the apostacy of our disorganizers, that the development of their crimes only served to harden their effrontery. The obituary "*Hic Jacet*" of our federal constitution was already written in blood by the disciples of Barras; and this fair domain of liberty, this last and noblest empire of time, was first to be lulled into a deceitful security by the hypocritick cant of French philosophy, and then to be reasoned into conviction by the cogent logick of French bayonets.

When the flame of indignation, enkindled by the dispatches from our Envoys, burst spontaneous from the bosom of every honest American, where was the boasted sincerity of this amicable nation? She denied the officiality of her corrupt agents, and with malignant contrition solicited a new diplomatick intercourse! But what was the object of this temporising policy,—what these hostile proffers of peace? Were they not new baits for our credulity,—new "springes to catch Woodcocks?" To cool the publick resentment by delay, to give direction and confidence to her proselytes, and to collect her dissipated influence for the decisive blow? But I trust, my young friends, and fellow-citizens, that you are now deeply convinced, that France, under its present rulers, will make no treaty with you, which you ought in honour to sign; and that a government, which has derided religion, as a farce, denounced

the laws of nations, as "worm-eaten codes," and torn up the foundations of social virtue, has no pledge to offer for the sincerity of its intentions, no sanction to seal the obligation of its contracts! To expect a rigid adherence to the maxims of national justice from a people, which has thus annihilated all its religious and political duties, would be as fatal, as it is vain. It would be more rational and safe, to sleep with the crocodile on the banks of the Nile, or repair to the den of the panther for the hospitable banquet!

But is this metaphysical depravity, this false system of reason and morals, forever to disconnect the two countries? I answer, No! Though our political alliance with France is, I trust, forever dissolved, yet, when the frivolous fluctuations of her government shall have subsided to a permanent organization, it is probable a new commercial relation may be adopted. But let not the virtue and allegiance of our citizens be seduced by the hopeful delusions of emolument. The feculence of party is not yet drained of its rankest sediment. The worshippers of democracy, though their alters are thrown down, are not yet converted from their devotions. The frozen snake has still some sparks of animation; and, if placed by compassion near your hospitable fires, he will yet revive with exasperated venom, and sting the hardy fool that fostered him. Deal therefore with these ferocious demoralizers, as our crafty mariners trade with the savages of the Indian ocean—with your men at their posts, your guns loaded, and your slow matches burning!

A pure, unmixed Jacobin, of the secondary order, is an enemy to all governments, under which he holds no office. Be it a republick, it is venal; an aristocracy, it is feudal; a monarchy, it is despotick. In short, he barks for a pension, and raves at his obscurity. Reverse the scene; present him a piece of parchment with the President's seal appendant, and you will see

> "That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
> Whereto the climber upwards turns his face,
> But when he once attains the topmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees,
> By which he did ascend."—

Invest a Jacobin (of this minor species) in the enviable dignities of a federal commission, and his former virulence will be instantly mollified to the most submissive servility. He will attack his old companions in iniquity, and beat them at their own weapons; he will write federal libels on the publick fences, and break the windows of the Chronicle office! From a most ferocious, he is transformed to a most tractable animal; and from a town-meeting caviller against priests and placemen, he becomes the very scavenger of administration![*] Such is the legitimate plebeian democrat; a mere poisonous fungus, produced by the effervescence of the times, "like the

[*] This character is only applicable to the mere apprentices of the disorganizing craft, who, from their hebetude, and the incrusted maxims of puritanick education cannot relish the sublime horrours of abstract profligacy; and are therefore deemed unfit candidates to be initiated into the higher mysteries of illuminatism!

green mantle on the standing pool," by the putrid exhalation of a summer's sun.

But a Jacobin of Weishaupt's school never changes his principles: honours and promotions never alter a title of his creed; and he aspires to office only for the purpose of embezzling the revenues, and prostrating the happiness of his country. A character, so inveterately perverse, has no capacity to appreciate the real blessings of Religion, Government or Liberty. His whole science is directed to unhinge society, his whole ambition to plunder it. He is too ravenous to be content with a system of order himself; and too selfish to permit its enjoyment by others. Like a hog in a flower-garden, he sets no value on the variegated foliage he destroys, and seems only desirous to root out every twig of vegetation, that can satiate his voracity.*

That a free government should always be corroded by a desperate faction is as natural, as that the luxuriance of the soil should be known by the rankness of its weeds; that the majestick oak should be entwined by the baleful ivy; or that

* To do justice to his subject, the style of a writer must conform to it. Were a poet to conjure down every planet and constellation, that "frets with gold the vaulted roof of heaven," or to pilfer every nosegay from the bosom of Flora, he would not find, in the whole motley mass of his plunder, a fit simile for a jacobin! he must descend to the most groveling and churlish of the brute creation. The great Burke himself, in some of his most celebrated speeches in parliament, and particularly in his "Letter to the Duke of Bedford" was compelled to commit this outrage on the delicate taste of a critical publick!

the most fruitful productions of the vegetable world should be selected by the cancerous tooth of the caterpillar.

In the fickle climate of democracy, it is not rational to expect a settled season of unclouded tranquillity; the torpor of the elements, and the serenity of the sky are the surest harbingers, that the storm is generating. But, to use the metaphor of Mr. JEFFERSON, should the "tempestuous sea of Liberty" again dash its audacious billows against the sides of our government, it will become the duty of our political pilots, in imitation of sacred example, to seize the unrighteous Jonah, whose treachery had roused the angry spirits of the deep, and plunge him into the foaming waves, to appease the rebellious element.

The same implacable principle of opposition, which has hitherto directed the virulence of our leading demagogues against every thing, that is American, either in Religion or Laws, has levelled their most pointed opprobrium against this celebration of an important anniversary, which has reflected so much honour and dignity on the enterprizing and discerning patriotism of the Young Men of Boston. The most antiquated and "woe-begone" among these acute politicians, who are also the most inveterate in their prejudices, and the most despotick in their principles, have assailed you, my young friends, with the charge of juvenile presumption in thus contemptuously daring to oppose the ricketty decisions of their ridiculous wisdom. To so feeble an attack, it will be only necessary to reply, that the Young Men of Boston have not

yet grown grey in the vices of childhood, nor remained stupid in spite of experience.

The solemn oath of America has ascended to heaven. She has sworn to preserve her Independence, her religion and her laws, or nobly perish in their defence, and be buried in the wrecks of her empire. To the fate of our Government is united the fate of our Country. The convulsion, that destroys the one, must desolate the other. Their destinies are interwoven, and they must triumph or fall together. Where then is the man, so hardened in political iniquity, as to advocate the victories of French arms, which would render his countrymen slaves, or to promote the diffusion of French principles, which would render them savages? Can it be doubted, that the pike of a French soldier is less cruel and ferocious than the fraternity of a French Philosopher? Where is the youth in this assembly, who could, without agonized emotions, behold the Gallick invader hurling the brand of devastation into the dwelling of his father; or with sacrilegious cupidity plundering the communion-table of his God? Who could witness, without indignant desperation, the mother, who bore him, inhumanly murdered, in the defence of her infants? Who could hear, without frantick horrour, the shrieks of a sister, flying from pollution, and leaping from the blazing roof, to impale herself on the point of a halbert? "If any, speak, for him have I offended!" No, my fellow citizens, these scenes are never to be witnessed by American eyes. The soul of your ancestors still lives in the bosom of their descendants; and rather than submit this fair land of their inheritance to ravage and dishon-

our, from hoary age to helpless infancy, they will form one united bulwark, and oppose their breasts to the assailing foe. Not one shall survive, to be enslaved; for ere the tri-coloured flag shall wave over our prostrate republick, the bones of four millions of Americans shall whiten the shores of their country! This depopulated region shall be as desolate, as its original wilderness; the re-vegetating forest shall cover the ruins of our cities; and the savage shall return from the mountains, and again rear his hut in the abode of his forefathers. Then shall commence the millenium of political illumination; and Frenchmen and wolves, "one and indivisible," nightly chaunt their barbarous orgies, to celebrate the Philosophick Empire of Democracy!

That America will ultimately be reduced under Gallick control is the "flattering unction," which our disorganizers have "laid to their souls." They have long been predicting the crisis of a new explosion; and are now anticipating the Christian luxury of triumph and revenge. But let them be no longer deceived; Americans are as enlightened, as they have proved themselves invincible; and the rock-rooted foundations of their government can only be shaken by a revolution of the moral world!

The progress of truth is slow, but irresistable. Its temperate light has at length dawned in Europe, dispelled the sickly vapours of illuminatism, and awakened the dormant spirit of nations. The armies and fleets of France will oppose its diffusion in vain. The gilt folios of her Savans cannot divert its operation; it will overwhelm all obstacles in

its passage, like the cataract in its fall, and affect every region in its career, like the motion of this "great globe itself." Already have the boasted conquerors of Italy, covered with disaster, disgrace and defeat, retraced their blood-printed footsteps through the realms, they had desolated. Already do the nations, enslaved by their perfidy, shake off their ignominious submission, and rise to "break their chains on the heads of their oppressors." The fictitious fabrick of French glory, like the Pantheon at Paris, is already cracked in its dome, and will ere long crumble into ruins, beneath the ponderous pressure of its own incumbent magnificence.

The government of our country, rich in its resources, happy in the blessings, it dispenses, and strong in the allegiance of its citizens, is daily maturing in its wisdom and respectability, like the character of the people, it governs. Essential to its very existence is publick virtue. It is the bark of our political tree, which conveys the sap to its branches; the channel, which supplies its vegetation with aliment. Should this vital principle of republicks be perpetuated in its vigour and purity, we may fondly hope the longevity of our government will be indefinitely protracted. Then may we prophecy, that when this century, in the obscuring retrospect of time, shall be numbered with the years beyond the flood, when the historick fragments of its stupendous events, covered with the venerable honours of antiquity, shall be traced by the future historian, as the wondering traveller, in his classick pilgrimage, now contemplates the ruins of Balbeck, the revolv-

ing sun shall not behold, in his journey of ages, a nation, so illustrious in its Independence, so happy in its Laws.

Then shall the heroes and statesmen, who have preserved and exalted our country, never be indebted to the charity of a foreigner, to snatch their memories from oblivion; nor their tombs be defended by the reproachful paling of iron, to preserve their ashes from violation. Then shall America, fired with the noblest emulation of national spirit, and disdaining to discharge her debts of honour by the contracted ledger of republican gratitude, never want the cannon of a Truxton, to shake the ocean with her resentment; the lightning of a Pickering, to flash conviction on her foes; nor the arm of a WASHINGTON, to catch the thunderbolts of France on his buckler! the oaken garland* of triumphant Liberty shall bloom with unfading honours; the solid cement, which connects the hemispheric arch of our union, shall acquire new strength and durability from the tempests of time; and the prayers of each succeeding generation, proudly exulting in the blessings transmitted to them, shall, in unison with ours,

To Heaven's high throne with rapture be addressed,
Long live Columbia, and be Adams blest!

*The oaken garland was, among the Romans, the trophy of honour, that encircled the brows of a victorious general.

EULOGY

ON THE LIFE OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

EULOGY.

AMERICANS,

THE Saviour of your country has obtained his last victory. Having reached the summit of human perfection, he has quitted the region of human glory. Conqueror of time, he has triumphed over mortality; Legate of Heaven, he has returned with the tidings of his mission; Father of his people, he has ascended to advocate their cause in the bosom of his God. Solemn, "as it were a pause in nature," was his transit to eternity; thronged by the shades of heroes, his approach to the confines of bliss; pæaned by the song of angels, his journey beyond the stars!

The voice of a grateful and afflicted people has pronounced the eulogium of their departed hero; "*first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.*" That this exalted tribute is justly due to his memory, the scar-honoured veteran, who has fought under the banners of his glory, the enraptured statesman, who has bowed to the dominion of his eloquence, the hardy cultivator, whose soil has been defended

by the prodigies of his valour, the protected citizen, whose peaceful rights have been secured by the vigilance of his wisdom; yea, every fibre, that can vibrate in the heart of an American, will attest with agonized sensibility. —

Born to direct the destiny of empires, his character was as majestick, as the events, to which it was attached, were illustrious. In the delineation of its features, the vivid pencil of Genius cannot brighten a trait, nor the blighting breath of Calumny obscure. His principles were the result of organick philosophy, his success of moral justice. His integrity assumed the port of command, his intelligence, the aspect of inspiration. Glory, to *many* impregnable, he obtained without ambition; popularity, to *all* inconstant, he enjoyed without jealousy. The one was his from admiration, the other from gratitude. The former embellished, but could not reward; the latter followed, but never could lead him. The robust vigour of his virtue, like the undazzled eye of the Eagle, was inaccessible to human weakness; and the unaspiring temperament of his passions, like the regenerating ashes of the Phœnix, gave new life to the greatness, it could not extinguish. In the imperial dignity of his person was exhibited the august stature of his mind:

> "See what a grace was seated on his brow,
> An eye like Mars, the front of Jove himself,
> A combination, and a form indeed,
> Where every God did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man!"

Oppressed by the disconsolate sensibilities, which this melancholy occasion has excited, yet inspired by a veneration, which no sense of calamity can suspend, how shall the feeble eulogist of the moment retrace the path of the hero through the rugged acclivities of his fame; how shadow the outlines of a life, whose influence on society has baffled the imitation of the wise; how define the great proportions of a character, which, like the electrick principle, can only be described by its effects? What wing of human description shall soar to the unclouded height of his talents, what chemistry of human judgment shall separate the elements of his virtues? The magnificence of his deeds has outvied the heraldry of fancy; and the purity of his motives has bewildered the deductions of reason.

From his first appearance on the theatre of publick life, ere the modest simplicity of enterprize had invited the decorations of artificial honour, ere the "hair-breadth escapes" of the *Monongahela* had elicited the native energies of heroism, to the maturest era of his excellence, when victory had nothing left to bestow, and Fame herself had dispaired of rendering to his merits their equivalent reward, we behold the same undeviating course of magnanimous action, rising, like the sun, in gradual and majestick progression. In no situation, to which the emergencies of his country have called him, however insulated with peril, or fortified by prosperity, do we at any time detect his invincible equanimity modified by incident. In no climax of fortune do we behold him dejected by obstacle, or elevated by success; desperate in danger, or

sanguine in triumph. Deliberate to concert, he was vigorous to execute; intrepid to conquer, he was humane to forgive. In council, he united the calculations of the veteran to the ruling impulse of the patriot: in battle, he never shed the blood of an enemy, but for victory, nor gained a victory, but for his country.

As the director of that important and dubious contest, which issued in the establishment of our liberty and independence, he displayed an impressive grandeur of exertion, which marshalled into hostility the fluctuating vigour of his countrymen, and is still remembered with awe in the astonishment of nations. To the rapacious cabinet of the mother country, which had recently learnt, in the disastrous campaign of Braddock, that her glory was mortal, he had given his name a formidable estimation by his military prowess on that memorable occasion. In the enjoyment of an ample paternal domain, he was reposing under the groves of fame and philosophy, when the chafed lion of New-England "leaped on the daring huntsman, that had galled him," and boldly bade defiance to his power. The dawn of our revolution was overshadowed with clouds, that would have damped the ardour of any people, whose bosoms were not inspired by the incontrollable enthusiasm of liberty. But what hope of success could this high-born principle, though stimulated by injury, afford to the unwarlike peasantry of a country, without arms, without discipline, without funds, without a leader, in contending with an empire, whose policy and valour had for centuries kept the nations of Europe in its toils? Yet, at this inauspicious

juncture, when every prospect was enveloped with disaster, when unsuccessful opposition could promise no reward, but aggravated oppression, when political infidelity had almost chilled with dismay the kindling fervour of Americans; at this moment, so potentous, so gloomy, did the calm, inflexible, unassimilating Washington, relinquish without reluctance the magnificent retirement of wealth and honour; and, committing to the hazard of the contest the pleasures, that allured him to seclusion, and the character, that attached him to life, appealed to the God of armies to attest a soldier's oath, "*I will triumph, or die with my countrymen!*" Animated by his guiding intelligence, America awoke to the consciousness of her powers; and, realising the boast of the Roman hero, an army, organized by his creative discipline, arose at his command.

Through the vicissitudes of war, singularly fluctuating in its fortunes, and desolating in its effects, he discovered a constant principle of action, which acquired no lustre from the brilliant exploits, it achieved, but derived all its glory from its own original greatness. Self-dependent and self-elevated, it disdained the fictitious aid of circumstance; and never did it shine with more splendour and energy, than when fortune had deserted him, and his country had despaired. The activity of a fortitude, whose stability was reason, invigorated the operations of an intellect, whose object was liberty. What but this invincible constitution of soul, whose gigantick philosophy always rose with the difficulties, it encountered, could have sustained the drooping cause of an half-conquered people, at that momentous and almost hopeless crisis, when the banks

of the Delaware were lined by a triumphant enemy, impatient for our subjugation; when the ranks of our brave defenders, thinned by battle, by famine and retreat, crimsoned their flying encampments with the blood of their foot-steps; when the fate of a continent was suspended on the incredible exertions of a night, and a conspiracy of the elements opposed the progress of the eventful enterprize! The mind, that was inaccessible to despair, was invulnerable to disaster; and at the instant, when the fangs of our Invader were unclutched to fasten on his prey, when his pampered ambition was gloating on the spoils of unconditional submission, the distant thunder of the cannon at *Trenton* aroused him from his dreams of dominion, and convinced him, that the resources of a WASHINGTON were not to be computed by the extent of his entrenchments, nor his activity to be palsied by a campaign of disasters.

To the pen of the historian must be resigned the more arduous and elaborate tribute of justice to those efforts of heroick and political virtue, which conducted the American people to peace and liberty. The vanquished foe retired from our respiring shores, and left to the controuling Genius, who repelled them, the gratitude of his own country, and the admiration of the world. The time had now arrived, which was to apply the touchstone to his integrity; which was to assay the affinity of his principles to the standard of immutable right. Enjoying the unbounded confidence of an emancipated people, whose filial reverence had associated in his character a greatness, unexampled by patriotism, with a purity, unsunned by

suspicion; and commanding the implicit affections of an army of veterans, whose unliquidated demands, on the justice of an impoverished publick, might have rendered them zealous instruments of ambition; the deliverer of his country was now the arbiter of its fate. It was now the flood-tide of his glory, on which he had only to embark, and the current would have wafted him to his haven. That decisive moment in the existence of nations and men, on which the destinies of both are suspended, was now flitting on the dial's point of the crisis. On the one hand, a realm, to which he was endeared by his services, almost invited him to empire: on the other, the liberty, to whose protection his life had been devoted, was the ornament and boon of human nature. Washington could not depart from his own great self. His country was free; he was no longer a general! Sublime spectacle! more elevating to the pride of virtue, than the sovreignty of the globe united to the sceptre of ages! Enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, the gorgeous pageantry of prerogative was unworthy the majesty of his dominion. That effulgence of military character, which in ancient states has blasted the rights of the people, whose renown it had brightened, was not here permitted, by the hero, from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a lustre. Its beams, though intensely resplendent, did not wither the young blossoms of our independence; and liberty, like the burning bush, flourished, unconsumed by the glory, which surrounded it.

To the illustrious founder of our republick was it reserved, to exhibit the example of a magnanimity, that commanded victory; of a moderation, that retired from triumph. Unlike the erratick meteors of ambition, whose flaming path sheds a disastrous light on the pages of history, his bright orb, eclipsing the luminaries, among which it rolled, never portended "fearful change" to religion, nor from its "golden tresses" shook pestilence on empire. What to other heroes has been glory, would to him have been disgrace. To his intrepidity it would have added no honorary trophy, to have waded, like the conqueror of Peru, through the blood of credulous millions, to plant the standard of triumph at the burning mouth of a volcano! To his fame it would have erected no auxiliary monument, to have invaded, like the ravager of Egypt, an innocent, though barbarous nation, to inscribe his name on the pillar of Pompey!

Self, the grand hinge, on which revolve the principles and passions, that have swelled the obituary of nations, made not an unit in the calculations of a mind, which considered grandeur as the inseparable incident of rectitude; which owed to fortune nothing of its glory, to enthusiasm nothing of its virtue. From "heaven's high chancery" had issued his commission; he obeyed the Godlike precept, it contained; he created a nation! The glorious work completed, so was his ambition. The reward of his labours was the enjoyment of that liberty, he had protected from violation; and the boast of his pride was the cultivation of that soil, he had defended from subjec-

tion. Amid the fondest caresses of fame, that pursued him to retirement,—blush,—ye heroick murderers of mankind! never did the transcendent Washington, on the pinnacle of his greatness, deign to be conscious, that by his talents his country was free, that in her glory himself was immortal!

Publick opinion has, in all ages, been as volatile, as the air that wafts it; and the fate, which has attended the benefactors of their country, has been as chequered, as the passions, and perverse, as the ingratitude of man. A tyrant, sainted by the people, he had enslaved, has been elevated to a niche in the Pantheon; while a hero, whose talents and services had propped a falling empire, has found at last a more faithful friend in the mastiff, that conducted him, than in the nation he had protected. But it has been the peculiar lot of a WASHINGTON, to unite to an integrity, which could impeach the ambition of malice, the vigilance of an enterprise, which could arrest the decisions of fortune. Through the long labours of a life, which forms an epoch in history, never for a moment was he rivalled in the affections of his countrymen; and to the honour of Americans be it recorded, that their gratitude to the man, who had established their independence, existed, at the period of impending anarchy, the only cementing bond of union, which preserved their jarring interests from a destructive collission.

The temporary structure of the old confederation, which had been planned merely for the purposes of a revolutionary government, when the passions of the people were united,

was found, upon a brief experiment, to be totally incompetent, to direct the affairs of an extending nation, when peace had restored the complicated occupations of life, and demanded a more uniform protection from the energies of law. The inconveniences, resulting from its defects, had given occasion to designing demagogues, who hoped to profit by a separation of the states, to foment divisions among a people, who too lightly valued the blessings, they enjoyed. The union of the country was in danger; and the evil was of too baneful a nature to admit of a partial or dilatory remedy. But, how novel, how aspiring, was the hope of connecting, under one compact code of general jurisprudence, so many distinct sovereignties, each jealous of its independence, without impairing their respective authorities? The unbalanced bodies of the confederacy, had almost overcome the attracting powers, that restrained them; when the watchful guardian of his country's interests, the heart-uniting WASHINGTON appeared, the political magnet in the centre of discord, and reconciled and consolidated the clashing particles of the system in an indissoluble union of government.

Possessing, as well from experience, as intuition, the master science, that could direct the impulses of human action; and invested, by the crowded benefactions of a life of glory, with a charm of eloquence, which impressed the convictions of reason on the pliant gratitude of his countrymen; he ruled in the counsels of that august body of statesmen and patriots, the fruit of whose co-operating talents was the present consti-

tution of America. By the unanimous suffrage of an enlightening and confiding people, appointed to the administration of a government, in whose construction he had exerted so beneficial an influence, he brought to the execution of that important and arduous trust, the energy of a mind, whose elevation could borrow no dignity from station, and the integrity of a heart, whose sensibility could receive no bias, but from his country. With what wisdom and vigour he discharged the hazardous and thronging duties of an incipient magistracy, the revival of political harmony, the extended confidence of commerce, the unexampled increase of national credit and wealth, and the happiness and morality of the people, will furnish a more satisfactory evidence, than the most brilliant description of the panegyrist. In this unprecedented transition of office, his character has assumed a new and astonishing attitude; the impenetrable hardihood of the conqueror was rivalled by the intelligent policy of the statesman. Pierced by the glance of his administration, Party, like the recreant eye of the felon, shrunk abashed from his scrutiny; and, unnerved by the sanctity of his person, Degeneracy, like the viper at Melita, fell harmless from his hand. Appaled by the oppressive contemplation of his gratitude, the "cloudcapt" crest of Ambition was overawed by the majesty of virtue; and, maddened to desperation by the invulnerable purity of his life, the snakes of Envy recoiled upon the head of their mistress, and burrowed to the brain, that supplied their venom.

Exemplar of heroes! in what favoured nation or era shall the exulting philanthropist record the existence of a character, uniting, like thine, in one bright constellation of talents, every civick and military glory, that blazons in legend, or beams in history! Should we search in the achives of classick antiquity, we might find a wise and venerable Fabius, who, like thee, could "save a nation by delay;" but never, like thee, could seize victory by enterprise, and outstride fortune by the foresight of philosophy! We might behold the majestick Cincinnatus, who, like thee, in the vigour of Roman heroism, could return, from the conquest of his country's enemies, to his humble Mount Vernon beyond the Tyber; but never, like thee, to protect from faction the liberties, he had wrested from invasion! We might trace the great Julius, extending the terror of his eagles through realms, before unshadowed by their pinions; we might follow him to the forum, and listen to an eloquence, like thine, when applauding senates instinctly moved at his controul; but where, in the map of thy victories, shall we find the banks of a Rubicon!

Encumbered with honours, the father of his country once more returned to the unambitious abodes of his affection, followed by the tears and blessings of his fellow-citizens! The glory, which had encircled the scenes of his action, could not be excluded by the solitude of retirement. He had devested the insignia of command, but his empire was not diminished. He had surrendered the badges of fame, but the gaze of the world did not suspend its veneration. The

name of WASHINGTON was still a battlement to his country, under whose protection liberty exulted; at whose terrors hostility trembled.

Though remote from the causes of European contest, yet affected by the convulsions, it excited, in vain had our nation attempted to maintain with honour an unprotected neutrality. Piracy plundered the ocean; Invasion threatened our shores. Again, were the eyes of America directed with trembling solicitude to her venerable deliverer; and, again did this man without example, this patriot without reproach, whose life was his country, whose glory was mankind, resign with alacrity to the cause, he had sworn to defend, the tranquil hope of repose, to which he had devoted the unclouded evening of a life of toils! The character was perfect! WASHINGTON now touched "the highest point of all his greatness." A more than human splendour surrounded him. The etherial spirit of his virtues towered above the globe, they adorned, and seemed to meditate their departure to their native mansion. Of the frailty of man nothing now remained, but his mortality; and, having accomplished the embassy of a benevolent Providence; having been the founder of one nation, and the sublime instructor of all, he took his flight to Heaven; not like Mahomet, for his memory is immortal without the fiction of a miracle; not like Elijah, for recording time has not registered the man, on whom his mantle should descend; but in humble imitation of that Omnipotent Architect, who returned

from a created universe, to contemplate from his throne the stupendous fabrick, he had erected!

The august form, whose undaunted majesty could arrest the lightening, ere it fell on the bosom of his country, now sleeps in silent ruin, untenanted of its celestial essence. But the incorruptible example of his virtues shall survive, unimpaired by the corrosion of time; and acquire new vigour and influence, from the crimes of ambition, and the decay of empires. The invaluable valediction, bequeathed to the people, who inherited his affections, is the effort of a mind, whose powers, like those of prophecy, could overleap the tardy progress of human reason, and unfold truth without the labour of investigation. Impressed in indelible characters, this Legacy of his intelligence will descend, unsullied as its purity, to the wonder and instruction of succeeding generations; and, should the mild philosophy of its maxims be ingrafted into the policy of nations, at no distant period will the departed hero, who now lives only in the spotless splendour of his own great actions, exist in the happiness and dignity of mankind.

The sighs of contemporary gratitude have attended the Sublime Spirit to its paternal abode; and the prayers of ameliorated posterity will ascend in glowing remembrance of their illustrious benefactor! The laurels, that now droop, as they shadow his tomb with monumental glory, will be cultivated by the tears of ages; and, embalmed in the heart of an admiring world, the Temple, erected to his memory, will be more glorious, than the pyramids, and as eternal, as his own imperishable virtues.

COMMUNICATION,

ON THE

BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM.

The following Observations on the Boston Female Asylum were first published, as a Communication, in the Boston Gazette, April 1, 1802.

.....“Let not the Orphan cry,
Be Father to me, Heaven! But bid the cold
And houseless ones, pining and pale before,
Beholding thee, pluck comfort from thy looks;
.....For he, who doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Will bless the charity, and treasure up
A mercy for thee, when thyself shalt need it!”

The Female Orphan Asylum, originally projected, and now honourably established by the Ladies of this town, is undoubtedly among those institutions, which do high honour to the human heart, as imitating an attribute of divine benevolence, “in tempering the wind to the shorn lamb;” but it is also among those inventions of policy, which are marked by historians, as features of the times, characterizing human society, and evincing the state of civilization. To the Ladies of Boston, most exquisite must be the reward of their munificence. But their praise is not of words. When I was young, some of the sex persuaded me to believe myself a Poet; but I cannot recollect a moment, either lucid or delirious, throughout

the frolick season of my youthful vanity, when Fancy was bold enough to attempt their panegyrick on such an occasion. But in their closets they will often unexpectedly meet a silent Commentator, sitting in the judgment-seat of memory, penning reflections on Female virtue, and writing fairer lines of Eulogy, than ever flowed from the lips of "Bard inspired." In their excursions too, among the walks of wretchedness and innocence, relieved and protected, they will often be compelled to see and to feel, how eloquent is Nature. Theirs shall be the pearly offering of humble, yet proud thankfulness. The tear, which trickles down the little Orphan's cheek, glittering with the reflected smile of its benefactress, is a pearl of more worth than rubies. It is one of nature's hieroglyphicks, and speaks in a language, which the confusion of tongues did not corrupt; though embellished and beautiful, it is without rhetorical ornament; and though its address is to the eye, where its mystery is not decyphered, yet it rapidly glides to another tribunal, and dissolves into gratitude at the heart.

To the fair founders of this Institution will such oblations be frequent. They will flatter not, and yet they will flatter most truly; for they will meet the consciousness of all female hearts, to which they appeal; and acquire new sentiment and pathos, from that recollection of good deeds, which inhabits those mansions of peace.

To complete the benevolent plan, which the Ladies of Boston have so zealously espoused and promoted, a few Gentlemen of the metropolis have lately offered their assistance; and their attention has been very honourably directed to the

erection of an Orphan House. To men, ranging in spheres of active life, and who ought not, without motives of poignancy, to "shake off the busy coil" of commerce, a brief explication of the views, contemplated by the founders of the "Asylum," seems to be due; as it is confidently believed, such a disclosure will insure their cordial co-operation.

Female Orphans, from three to ten years of age, are admitted into the Asylum, and are the only objects of its institution. They are here placed under the tuition of a Governess, and are instructed in all the useful branches of domestick education, nurtured in habits of decorum, order and morality, accomplished only in the graces of female modesty and virtue, regularly convened in the House of Divine Worship, and snatched from the adulterations of modern philosophism by the hand of religion,

"Pointing through Nature, up to Nature's God."

At the age of ten years, these children are placed in proper families, chosen by the Trustees of the "Asylum," to continue for the term of eight years; and, though here removed from their immediate controul and inspection, they are still under their parental protection. If the family, in which an Orphan is placed, is unsuitable, either by reason of improper management, or ill usage, the Trustees will remove the girl to a proper situation, till the completion of her probatory term. During this period of her service, the providence of the institution still hovers over her. Sensations of gratitude prompt her to obedience. Reared to be respected, and to be loved, she, in return, respects her liberal superiours, and loves those

principles, by which she has been protected. Familiar with the duties of domestick scenes, she becomes an important character in society; and having been herself the foster-child of humanity, she associates the ideas of charity and of duty: and is taught to consider social life, as a supplement to the degrees of consanguinity, designed to connect those by the kindred of virtue, whom nature has separated. Abandoned by unfeeling wealth, she might have sunk under the contempt of neglect, and, by a sort of moral retaliation, retorted upon that stern world the only punishment, left in the revenge of female misery, a career of vice and infamy! But now adopted by one sex, respected by the other, aloof from the persecution of scorn, and lifted into character by the animations of benevolence, she repays the debt of gratitude, she contracted in her infancy, by a life of virtue and usefulness. Gentlemen, who are heads of families, will, I am sure, give weight to these reflections. The morals of that class of females, who are commonly employed in the service of families, are of the highest importance to society. From their domestick situation, their manners are of greater moment, than the value of their capacity. No complaint is at present more general, or more lamentable, than the outcry against the profligacy and ignorance of female servants. This is truly to be regretted. The link, which connects the master and the servant, is one of the strongest bonds of society. Reward and gentleness on the one part, attachment and service on the other, are correlative terms. But the relation itself scarcely now exists in our country. Establish the "Female Asylum," on its contemplated plan, and the

chasm in the social connexion is filled up. Females in that order of life will be entitled to our respect; and female service, instead of being, as it now is, an appellation of disgrace, will become a badge of honourable distinction. To effect this fair, and desirable purpose, the erection of an Orphan House, is indispensably essential. The obvious necessity of it needs no argument to advocate it in the mind of the humane. Even if its sole and ultimate object was the protection and shelter of these unhappy and deserted children, from the inclemency of the elements, or the biting blasts of misery, what heart can resist the application? How often has the man of wealth, with aching pity, beheld the weeping, houseless one, wandering through the deep severity of winter, shivering in rags and penury, to beg the refuse morsel, or the cast off garment? How oft has the man of sensibility exclaimed, "Mine enemy's dog, even if he had bitten me, should sleep by my fire side, on such a day as this." The erection of such an edifice combines every motive, either moral or humane, which compels human action. To the Philosopher, who stands insulated from society, and views man in the bustle of life, like a moat upon a whirlwind, the slave of accident, deriving his course from the current, in which he swims; even to this stern and stoical observer the petition of these Orphans has a charm, which can melt the austerity of his wisdom. For though he may not expect benefit to himself from the relief of these innocents, he yet will like to make an experiment upon his own heart, by a practical application of one of his favourite apothegms,

"Twere good to do so much for charity."

THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

The following critiques were published, from time to time, during the winter of 1808, in a weekly miscellany, called the Times; they were there printed in numbers, under the name of the "Theatre."

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

THE interesting Drama of "Adrian and Orilla," has been performed thrice in succession, with correctness, ability and applause. It is a Play formed on the German model, and abounds with poetick description; yet it is enlivened by occasional coruscations of wit, and addressed to the feelings by many masterly touches of nature.

Of the respective performers we do not pretend to offer a minute examination; but so strongly impressed are we with the uncommon accuracy and force of the representation, that we are willing to subscribe, without cynical deduction, to the merit of most of the principal agents in the scene. Verbal criticism is extremely useful to the stage, in correcting the vices of

pronunciation, or the errors of emphasis; but in this extraordinary instance of excellency,

"We can't catch words,—and pity those who can!"

In such cases, where the examples, of merit or defect, are general, one comment, well defined, is fully as competent to the just purposes of praise or censure, as an elaborate dissertation on points of effect, which the author never conceived, or a stop-watch lecture, from the doctrine of pauses, on the difference between a comma and a colon, which many of the performers do not understand! Our remarks, therefore, shall be composed of extracts from the "brief chronicles" of criticism.

Mrs. Stanley's performance of "Orilla," exhibited new and almost unexpected proofs of the diversity as well, as power of her genius. In courtly or arch Comedy, where taste requires elegance of dress, language and deportment, and wit needs a skilful archer to give wing and direction to her arrows, the palm of preeminence has long been conceded to her by the general consent of all critical or fashionable tribunals. But in "Orilla," she combined such expressive simplicity with such well-delineated tenderness, that we could not but feel the conviction, produced by her loveliness and interest in the character, that she could never fail to excel in all tragick personations of love or sympathy, in which the picture is drawn from existing images; or rather, in which nature is permitted to walk the stage in her own decent and graceful apparel, untortured by the bodices of folly, or the stilts of declamation! It is in point to add, that, in London, her

"Juliet," and "Cordelia," were considered good specimens of this species of tragick excellence.

Mrs. Powell has not, within our recollection, claimed so high a rank in her profession, as in "Madame Clermont." No character could be better adapted to her powers, and in none has she ever appeared with more commanding or endearing influence. We cannot bestow a more unequivocal proof of our admiration, than by acknowledging, that the denouement of the Play owed its interest and impression to her exertions.

Mrs. Shaw gave the prattle and the pride, the jibes and the jeers, of the vain, talkative "Githia," with great vivacity and effect.

Mr. Caulfield gratified our wishes, and exceeded our hopes. We never doubted his conception or his energy; and, on this occasion, we make a most courtly bow to his memory! But, without reverting to those lapses of retention or defects of study, which have sometimes obscured his fame, we are now willing to tender him our respect and praise.

Of the "Count Rosenheim," by Mr. Usher, we shall not retail the censures we every where heard; but shall beg him to reconsider the part; for, at present, his conception is as much out of character, as his dress. Neither of them came from the Count of Saxony!

Mr. Fox's "Adrian" had more of passion, than distinction. It is his common fault to blaze, without directing his fire. Yet, as there are some beings in the theatre, and sonorous ones too, who cannot kindle upon any occasion, we confess we are delighted with a scenick explosion, even if it have

no other object, than the emancipation of fixed air! But, without a jest, or what is more, without chymistry, (for even her power has nothing to do with such volatile particles, as escape from analysis,) we candidly allow, that Mr. Fox in one or two scenes, deserved high credit for his spirited execution. Yet it is to be regretted, that his glow of sentiment, and pitch of intonation had no variety. Fiery and unaccommodating, his enthusiasm perceived no diversity in the situations and characters, with which it was concerned. He breathed love, and blustered heroicks, in the same tyrannick style; and,

"Void of distinction, marked all scenes the same."

We are tempted to depart from our rule of general observation, by an instance of the nicest discrimination, we ever witnessed on our stage. It occurred in the scene between "Orilla" and her father, in the second act, when he insists on her marriage with "Altenburgh." To ascertain the beauty of a particular touch in a picture, its relation to the whole should be considered. At her first interview with the Prince, in reply to her father's praises of him, she says, "*You prepared me, Sir, to admire, respect, and love him.*"

"*Alt. To* LOVE *me Orilla!*

"*Orilla.* (*with simplicity*) *Yes, like a second* FATHER!"

In the ensuing scene, a delicate relation is had to this expression of her filial affection to the Prince, in contradiction to that sexual passion, which is the source of the nuptial union.

"*Rosen.* The Prince Altenburgh destines *You* to become his *wife.*

"*Orilla.* Father!

"*Rosen.* Nay, I am not jesting; on my life 'tis true.

"*Orilla.* Oh! Sir, spare me, forgive me; but indeed, I cannot—*marry*—Altenburgh."

We have never known an example of more correct emphasis. The nature of her esteem for the Prince is distinctly illustrated according to the true sense of the author. We should not have remarked this, but that such delicate traces of excellence are too minute for common observation.

"Non seipsum, sed vitia ejus excidit."

THE spritely, entertaining, and epigrammatick comedy of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," has kept a distinguished and honourable possession of the English stage, through many successions of taste, revolutions of fashion, and generations of wit. It is the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher, who, as in their lives and affections they were inseparable companions and inviolable friends, have been, in their works, very justly denominated the Orestes and Pylades of the poetick world. The conduct of the plot is most industriously busy; the features of the characters are well diversified and defined; and the colours of the colloquy are strikingly adapted to the design of the sketch, and, tempered with the correcting dilutions of Garrick, sufficiently chaste. This play, therefore,

though venerable in its renown, is even young in its effect, on the stage; *Decies repetita placebit.*

Tobin, one of the few legitimate and masculine writers for the modern drama, one of the few unyielding minds, that have resisted the meretricious innovations of a corrupt, though pampered taste, has unquestionably copied from our authors the model of his style, though he has borrowed the essence of many of his principle characters from Shakespeare.

The performance of this comedy on Wednesday evening, was attended with the high expectation of the whole *coterié* of letters and taste, not only from its intrinsick merit, but peculiarly from the uncommon power of talent, which was enlisted to support its representation.

Mr. Cooper, as "Leon," has always been a very prominent figure in the piece. The character has various attitudes of life, and modes of deportment; all of which, though equally natural, must still be moulded and finished by the exactest rules of technical skill. Hence arises the difficulty of the portraiture; for it is the perfection of art to conceal art. The praise, then, is of no mean distinction, when we add, that his strict preservation of the scene eminently assisted his contrast of personation. In the first temporary instant of self-re-assumption to "Althea," he commanded a burst of applause from the suddenness and integrity of the transition; and when, after his marriage with "Margaretta," upon the arrival of the intriguing Duke, he entirely "threw his cloud off," the dignified manhood, mingled with the imposing gentleness of his manner, might very naturally over-awe the noble conspirator

against his family honour, while it confounded the contriving forecast of the "little piece of mischief," he had espoused. The judicious and opportune gradations, by which he ascended to this open assertion of his marital rights, had given a previous but faint dawn of the man. The mist of concealment had begun to break away in the preceding scene.

"..... I am your *husband;*
But *what* are *husbands?* Read the new world's wonders;
And you shall scarce find such *deformities.*
They're *shadows* to conceal your *venial* virtues;
Sails to your *mills*, that grind on *all occasions;*
Balls, that lie *by you*, to wash out *your stains.*"

But,

"..... I've *done*, madam;
An *ox* once *spoke*, as learned men deliver," &c.

Upon the last line, he fell back again into his former rusticity of manner and vacuity of mind: for the moment, the plot glimmered, but was suddenly hooded again. This was a delicate, characteristick stroke of the pencil, which evinced the perfect knowledge of the art.

In reply to "Margaretta," "*Why, where's the dinner?*" "Leon," entering in his entire metamorphosis of dress and deportment, answers in the firm and collected tone of a gentleman:

"..... 'Tis not *ready*, madam;
Nor *shall*, until *I* know the *guests* too;
Nor are *they* fairly welcome, 'till *I* bid them."

The illusion of the well dissembled clown was entirely vanished, without leaving behind one posthumous trait; and the figure of the

"....Understanding, feeling man,
Who, sensible of what a woman aims at,
Dared stand upon the ground of his own honour,"

was not only depicted, but embodied before us. His discrimination and elocution, throughout this whole scene, was of the first taste and impression. The speech:

"*He*, who dares strike against the husband's *freedom*,
The husband's *curse* stick to him," &c.

was delivered with that boldness of sentiment and truth of feeling, which left the impetuous duke very little appetite to "fall on," when invited by "I'm ready to oppose ye."

We might proceed to transcribe many passages of parallel excellence. One instance more shall suffice. When "Juan" discloses to him the last artifice of the duke:

"....That same scratch
On's hand, he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly,"

he instantly replies with a generous glow of feeling,

"I *thank* ye, *noble* colonol; and I *honour* ye."

The sensibility of the audience was strongly excited.

We are aware that criticism has little zest for the fastidious palate, unless some imperfections, apparent or imaginary, are either detected or invented. But, if we were disposed to enact words, to refine on the inflexions of the voice, or weigh

out the true *avoirdupois* of emphasis, we think, without elaborate research, we should not lack for ingenuity to seize some few moments, in which Mr. Cooper would be caught tripping. But his occasional lapses, in this character, have not substance for serious accusation. The general complexion of his acting is engrained with more of nature, and less of the schools, than most of his contemporaries; for, though he is well disciplined in the "artifice of speech," it is his second ambition to be laboriously correct, when passion stimulates the bounding nerve to overleap the dogmas of pedantry. The high supremacy of description over narration, constitutes, says Lord Kaims, the pre-eminence of Shakespeare over Corneille and Racine. The difference is that of history and life. The mind pays homage to chronicles, but the eye is enraptured with pictures. The canvass breathes, while the parchment only records. Quintilian was classically copious in learning and elegance; but Longinus kindled the lore of erudition by the fire of genius.

"And was, himself, the great sublime, he drew."

The space, we have assigned to "Leon," must necessarily limit our remarks on the other persons of the drama.

We are among the number of those, who are peculiarly gratified by the visit, which Mr. Harwood has paid to our boards. Proud of the liberal spirit of our theatre, which has courted the approach of genius, we trust that, in future, the interchange of meritorious performers will indulge the hopes of customary expectation. This courtesy is highly honourable to the profession, and it can never be so "honoured in the

breach, as in the observance." Managers and performers should ponder on their common interest; all are raised and rewarded by the respect paid to excellence; for the whole family of talent has but one origin, and the ties of affinity should be every where felt and regarded.

"Michael Perez" was pourtrayed, by Mr. Harwood, with more justness of conception, and spirit of execution, than fidelity to his author. Some of his touches were remarkably happy; while, in other instances, he seemed to want that ease of recollection, which the volatile humour of the character required to give it efficiency. Many passages, however, might be easily selected, in which his comick power was vividly displayed. His outline did not want force, nor his colours harmony; but, from brevity of study, some of his moments were unfinished. Of his scenes, that in the fourth act, with "Estifania" had the best design and most striking relief. Indeed, we can recommend the whole of this piquant, tricksy rencontre, given and retorted as it was on both sides, as an example, rarely instanced, of good modern acting, arrayed in the guise of old English wit and repartee.

From many singular instances of comick expression we would chuse, as a specimen, the speech to "Leon" in reply to his challenge:

"He has half *persuaded* me, I was *bred in the moon*;
Will ye walk *out*, Sir?
And if I do not *beat* thee, *presently*,
Into a *sound* belief, as *sense* can give thee,

Brick me into that *wall*, there, for a *chimney piece*,
And *say*, I was one of the *Cesars*, done by a *seal cutter*."

If he had any prevailing defect, it was an overcrowded precipitation of delivery.

Mrs. Stanley's "Estifania" added a new sprig of bay to her chaplet of comick renown. In higher walks of comedy, her "Lady Teazle," and "Violante," had displayed examples of courtly elegance and versatile vivacity, to which no other votary of Thalia had aspired on the American stage; while her "Rosalind" for the playfulness of its wit, claimed the same unprecedented rank, which was assigned to her "Portia," for its graceful and classick elocution. But "Estifania" is an arch, wheedling *soubrette*, a very rogue at heart, with a tongue of oil and pepper, a chambermaid, with the address of a courtier, and the head of a prime minister, a lady of no origin, but her wit, with no more gowns, than her flaunting mistress had cast off, yet with as many tricks as a roving captain, "in the full meridian of his wisdom," could put on! In this subtle character, the ever shifting compound of contrivance and repartee, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Abbington have been, at different periods of the last century, eminently successful; and Mrs. Stanley at the present day is, we think, the lawful heir of their honours. To follow her through the part, with a minute description of her diversity of action and peculiarity of conveyance, would be a task of too great an extent for this paper; for the colours of this sarcastick, plotting character are always seen in constant variation, and ever

sparkling in a new direction. A few quotations will suffice to illustrate the maturity of her conception, and the point of her manner.

"*Perez.* My Estifania, shall we to *dinner*, lamb?
I know thou *stay'st* for me.
"*Estif.* (*with wheedling fondness*) *I cannot* EAT *else.*

Again, (*with unconcerned simplicity:*)

"*Estif.* We must yield our *house* unto her for four days.
"*Perez.* Aye—if *easily* it would *come back?*
"*Estif.* I swear, Sir, *as* easily, as it *came on;*
You *give away* no house!"

Her utterance of the last line conveyed very insidiously and forcibly to the audience, though unperceived by Perez, the latent double meaning of the author. The arch impostor was laughing at the cozened captain through the thin veil of the equivocal sense. In the same scene,

".....Pray ye walk by and say nothing;
Only salute them; and *leave the rest to me.*
I was born to make ye a MAN!"

Perez replies with truth "the witty rogue *speaks heartily.*"

The same crafty expression and cajoling leer appeared in the following passage:

"*Perez.* Pray ye take heed unto the *furniture,*
None be embezzled.
"*Estif. Not a* PIN, *I warrant ye.*"

This reply was instant, and was made with the important look of a careful housewife. The subtilty and security of her

deception, throughout these two acts, were expressed with fine comick pungency.

The whole scene in the fourth act, we have before remarked, was most highly finished. The humour and retort of the dialogue were in constant motion, and addressed with well-aimed activity. We need not go into recital, except in one instance, in which, the effect of the *vis comica* had a subtlety of operation, which eludes description:

"*Perez.* Why, am I *cozened?*

"*Estif.* Why, am I *abused?*

"*Perez.* Thou most vile, base, abominable—

"*Estif. Captain!*

"*Perez.* Thou incorrigible—

"*Estif. Captain!*

"*Perez.* Do you *echo* me?

"*Estif.* Yes, Sir, and go *before* ye too, and *round about* ye" &c.

Her shrewd, biting caution to "Cacofogo," has the features of the same family of sarcasm:

"All *secrecy* she would desire,—she *told* me,
How—WISE—*you are!*"

We observed a deviation of memory in one speech, which, however, was too promptly supplied to affect the sense or spirit of the scene. The incident of the pistol was very ingeniously managed, and bore its expected proportion of merit to the other parts of the character. With the review of these three personages, the labour of criticism ends in this play.

"In angustiis amicus."

THE desertion of the Drama by its former friends, during the greater portion of the present season, will never induce us, on perceiving this "rub in its fortunes," to abandon its cause to the caprice of the unlettered, or the folly of the fashionable; nor to commit its destiny to the perversity of party, the altivolancy of tumblers, or the eloquence of ventriloquism. We are deeply impressed with the belief, that the theatre is highly important to society, as a great publick school, in which all classes may assemble, to acquire mutual respect from examples of good breeding, to cultivate morality from the delineations of life, to enliven social humour from the vivacity of fiction, and to imbibe correct ideas of classick reading and of our native tongue from striking instances, however rare, of the force of elocution and purity of pronunciation. That many of these valuable purposes of the Drama have lately been obscured, in the mist of infatuation, even from the view of those, whose refinement ought to have seen and appreciated them, cannot be denied with truth, nor confessed without a blush. But

"Wit cannot fall so fast, as folly rises;
Witness the Circus; filled at double prices!
While Fashion, bright and short-lived, as the rocket,
Flies to hear children squeal in Rannie's pocket;
Spurning what Shakespeare wrote, and Garrick played,
It crowds to see a Mameluke parade;
And shouts, when le Vanqueure drinks lemonade!"

The performance of Shakespeare's historical play of Henry fourth, on Wednesday evening, excited critical expectation, and attracted a numerous audience, as well from its numberless beauties, which "custom cannot stale," as from the extraordinary combination of talent in the personation of "Hotspur," and "Falstaff." This play, ever since its first production in 1598, has uniformly been considered as a masterpiece of the dramatick art, in that species of writing, which, from its commixture of tragedy and comedy, requires the most skilful management in the necessary intervolvement of plot, in the preservation of a regular action, in rendering the episodes subservient to the main purpose of the fable, and in exhibiting by a judicious and successive contrast, the most peculiar attitudes and prominent features of the opposite orders of beings, whom it represents. It may be added, that this play, in that perpetual progression of the action, which results from an ingenious congruity in the double plot, is inferiour only to the "Merchant of Venice," which, for this singular beauty of dramatick construction, has stood unrivalled for more, than two centuries. Dryden aimed at the model of this great original, in his "Spanish Fryar;" but no critick has ever allowed his claim to competition.

Of the performance of this play we are not at leisure to prepare an elaborate analysis. But although our remarks, from their necessary brevity and general description, may lack of critical estimation, we shall endeavour to pay the debt of courtesy, so decidedly due to "Hotspur" and "Lean Jack."

"Harry Percy," if we may credit the judgment of some observers, did not rise to the level of Mr. Cooper's general merit; although it is allowed to have outstripped all his predecessors in the part. This decision, like most others of the same stamp, is too general to be correct, and too dogmatick to be respected. In our opinion, after a long and impartial debate between the claims of his representation and that of others, "seeing what we *have seen*—seeing what we *saw*"—and after comparing his *image* of the character with the *description* of his author, the "Hotspur" of Mr. Cooper, though not equal in all the parts of its configuration, was remarkably definite and bold in the outline of its conception, and was very frequently produced in high relief by exquisite touches of characteristick execution. The indignant spirit that could not cower to insult, the proud honour of old English nobility, emblazoned with the trophies of fame, yet sullied with the rashness of courage; the impetuous and unpaltering avowal of his adherence to the unfortunate Mortimer, and the ambitious visions of the aspiring rebel, goaded by royal ingratitude, and writhing at the touch of disgrace; were all strikingly disposed in the character, and embodied in the fore-ground of the picture. His excellence was generally that of Hotspur himself; of so rapid a march, that we have no time to transfuse his manner into a quotation.

Some passages, however, from their universal impression, it will require no extraordinary critical acuteness to select. The speech,

"I do remember when the fight was done" &c. &c. was uttered with Percy's fire, directed by the most accurate discrimination. And we cite as another example of the higher flights of scenick delineation:

"..... Methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon." &c.

Instances might be multiplied, such as his testy mortification and resentment at the revolt of some of his "*crafty-sick*" friends, &c. to support the general position, on which we have rested our decision. But enough has been said. One fault was occasionally conspicuous, which we had not expected of Mr. Cooper. "In the tempest of passion," he did not always "beget a temperance of speech." Hotspur is mad with choler, but his representative should not be choaked with it. Yet in all other cases, which we recollect, it has been the peculiar praise of Mr. Cooper to have escaped from this errour. We have often thought him without a rival in all passages, in which the passion of the scene requires a vehement rapidity of utterance, united to uncommon distinctness and energy of articulation.

In the whole gallery of Shakespeare's characters, there is no comick personage, which can break a lance with "Jack Falstaff." His protuberances of wit are like his "mountain of flesh." In either case, no one else can walk in his doublet and hose! "Lear," in tragedy, is not more a *chef d' œuvre*, than the fat knight of Gad's hill is, in comedy. Without reverting to any former attempts at this part, which among the best actors is allowed to be a trial of skill, we shall award to Mr.

Harwood an almost unqualified approbation; and it is not the smallest portion of his praise, that he preserved entire the volume of his voice amid all the inflexions and transitions of that capricious modulation, which the character requires. The celebrated passage,

"*Do you think I did not know ye*" &c.

was given with inimitable effect. With this may be ranked the soliloquy on honour, and the admirable burlesque management of the fight. The convulsive roar of the audience was, on this occasion, a better criticism, than could be collected from the most classick notes of laborious commentators, who might, as usual,

"O'er Shakespeare's page their poring vigils keep,
To catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep."

The other parts were not recommended to notice by any distinction of merit.

"I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; there is hope in't yet;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle."

THE tragedy of "Venus Preserved," though its beauties have become trite and its attraction diminished by repetition, was performed on Wednesday evening, to an audience not only numerous and fashionable, but certainly the most critical, which, within our recollection, has ever been assembled within the walls of the theatre.

This, we believe, was produced by an unexampled concurrence of individual effort; an unprecedented emulation of talent, to render due efficiency and justice to one of the brightest poetick ornaments of the English drama. We are not, however, on this account, inclined to relax our judgment to the extravagance of eulogy, nor to submit its reins to the predelection of opinion. We are well aware, that when criticks feed on party,

"They eat the sword, they fight with."

The plot of "Venice Preserved," is borrowed from the Abbe de St. Rael's "*Histoire de la conjuration de Marquis Bedemar*," which relates the circumstances of the Spanish conspiracy at Venice. This author is called, by Voltaire, the French Sallust; and some of the speeches of "Renault" to the conspirators are as correctly copied from the Abbe, as any one of Shakespeare's "Volumnia" is from North's Plutarch, or of his "Queen Catharine" from Hollinshed. It is remarkable, that, though this play has been, for nearly one hundred and thirty years, a distinguished favourite of the publick, from its interesting incidents and affecting catastrophe, it has been always justly reproached with the charge that it does not contain one "truly valuable character, except Belvidera," and even she is not faultless! Yet such is the power of genius to give immortality to its own works, that this dramatick poem will probably be coeval with the English tongue; and, still blooming in its fame, unwithered in its attraction, by all the blighting cavils of criticism, will continue to convey, to successive generations, the strong and varying

impulses of human passion, whether corrupted by ambition, seduced by sensibility, or disgraced by shame, while revenge, and love, and contrition, alternately fill, and agitate, and shrowd the theatre of the human mind.

To the performance of this play the motto, we have selected, has a pointed reference. That the emanations of talent are brightened by competition, who will deny? and, on this evening, after witnessing probably the best representation ever seen in America, the universal suffrage gave due token of the impression, it had made.

Messrs. Cooper and Fennell were the rival candidates for the wreath of Thespian victory; and the combined effect of their talents was very powerfully assisted by the "Belvidera" of Mrs. Stanley. In this, as in all contentions of a similar nature, the spirit of party was on the alert; a divided sentiment prevailed which was wholly repugnant to impartiality of judgment; the "Tros Rotulusve" was alone considered; and the applause, as it was more frequent and boisterous, than a strict sobriety of taste could warrant, was also as often lavished from courtesy, and misplaced from folly, as educed by excellence, and awarded by justice. Every artifice of the stage was rounded with a peal of rapture. Mr. Cooper could not swell his fine melodious voice to the "top of its compass," without a responsive thunder from the house; nor could Mr. Fennell extend his "many a rood of limb," in two gigantick strides from one stage door to the other, but the most learned "million" beat their palms with ecstacy and exclaimed, "*What an admirable* READER!" We have not indulged this

vein of sarcasm to ridicule the exertion of eminent talents, which has so justly "earned its chronicle;" but to expose to merited contempt that fashionable affectation, that most excellent foppery of taste, which has of late usurped the balance and the rod of criticism, among our full grown babes of learning, who have suddenly become commentators on playing, by going to school at thirty to learn their mother tongue; and have formed an intimate acquaintance with authors, by spelling their names on labels at the backs of their volumes! Without knowing the distinction in terms between pronunciation, emphasis and reflexion, yet with the aid of a little effrontery in a side box, and a well-committed rosary of words, which they use in succession without choice or connexion, they acquire a frothy reputation for classical wisdom, which at once gives tone and circulation to their opinions, throughout the wide range of the shallow profundity of polite life! What a facility of literary education! Why it were a device worth the experiment, if a patent might be obtained for it; the market women in the publick streets of Athens repeated lines from Homer, while they sold apples and fillberts; then wherefore should not the discipline of a tailor and a friseur make as good a commentator of a beau, as the perusal of Malone, Johnson or Walker! This process too would prevent a great many fruitless head aches, would keep down the price of calf skin, and would save the expense and trouble of learning to read! What a crop of connoisseurs should we have; they would grow up, like the dragon's teeth, and destroy themselves for the amusement of their wits! This then

will be the very millenium of letters, when taste shall be reduced under the dominion of fashion, and

"The fop, the flirt, the pedant, and the dunce,
Start up, (God bless us!) CRITICKS all at once!"

From this little episode of pleasantry, in which we have sported rather freely with the frivolous importance of our new race of theatrical virtuosos, we return to the more congenial and gratifying task of rendering to genius the due reward of its exertions.

Of the professional contest, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Fennell, we shall not, upon the brief survey of one evening's exhibition, pronounce an opinion, which shall decisively award to either the palm of pre-eminence. We might easily run a parallel between their respective claims and properties. In the natural gifts and requisites of an actor, Mr. Cooper has never had a competitor on the American stage; and in good sooth it must be said, that "speech famed" Fennell has gathered much lore at the feet of Cratippus. But general conclusions conduce nothing to critical information. Whichever scale may preponderate, either of the combatants may retort on the other, in the words of Ajax:

"Ipse tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Qui, cum victus erit, Mecum certasse feretur!"

As there are two other nights, in which their prowess in dramatick chivalry, is to be exercised, we shall withold our examen of their respective beauties and defects, both in elocution and in action, until the lists shall be closed. One remark we shall now make, that Mr. Fennell, who prides him-

self on his scholastick "vis et venustas et ordo verborum," acquired on this occasion no distinction beyond his antagonist, in the severer graces of eloquence; although, in some brilliant moments of personation, he went beyond any former effort of his own. It should be recollected, that he had to contend against many glaring natural disabilities for the character of a dramatick lover; a voice, obstinately sepulchral, a face, incapable of the lineaments of tenderness, a ponderous and overwhelming gesticulation, and an awkward majesty and indecision of movement; the whole exhibiting rather a false fulness, than a definite expression of sentiment. Yet, against all this host of incapacity, his ambition bore up its beaver proudly; and relying on his general knowledge of poetick effect on human passions, and his unwavering consciousness of his own classick maturity of speech and conception, he struck out many sparks of excellence, and stole many touches from nature; and in the general award, gathered with an unresisted hand, some luxuriant leaves of bay, which will long be green, as amaranth, from the tears of sensibility, with which they were bedewed. With this tribute, however, we must mingle the reproof of some passages of misrecitation, for which Mr. Fennell has no right to expect any indulgence, and which, therefore, a future number will expose.

We feel a reluctance to speak of Mr. Cooper's "Pierre," in contrast to Mr. Fennell's "Jaffier," from this very sufficient reason, that, in this disposition of the parts, nature has pronounced her inhibition against the one, and has given her amplest commission to the other. Every actor has peculiar

habitudes of gesticulation, speech and expression; in all these, Cooper is moulded and fashioned into "Pierre;" and beyond these, which are great and striking endowments, he is eminently happy in transfusing the soul of his author into the character of his action. We do not believe this bold, ingenuous, generous, affectionate rebel was ever personated with more propriety, fire or discrimination, on the boards of London. In the scene with the conspirators, after the discovery of "Renault's" letcherous breach of trust, it may be truly said, he

"Lurched all swords of the garlands!"

He had one errour in his speech to the senate, which we shall notice in a subsequent commentary.

Mrs. Stanley's "Belvidera" was the best tragick performance of this lady in Boston. The beautiful poetick flight, inspired by the prospective banishment and ruin of her husband, was uttered with the most delightful chastity and tenderness. Her exit in the third act:

"*Farewell, remember twelve!*"

was delivered with greater purity and impression, than by Mrs. Warren; though she shared, in common with that admired performer, the censure of two misreadings in the following scenes. Her greatest praise, however, was, that she had evidently benefitted by the admonitions of criticism, and, throughout the whole character, confined her voice within the compass of its own natural modulation and power. In comedy, she needs no monitor.

The play altogether, was the best representation, which the Boston stage has ever afforded us.

"..... If they be free,
Why then our taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaimed of any man."

In this and a few subsequent numbers, we shall aim to give an accurate survey of some of the more characteristick distinctions of performance in the two American competitors for the chair of Roscius. Hence we shall frame, in the spirit of impartiality, attempted with what little judgment we possess, a comparative estimate of their classical and professional merits.

On this subject, we shall generally premise, that Mr. Fennell's confessed reputation, as a scholar, and as an actor, does not "*bear an equal yoke;*" and that Mr. Cooper is not so much indebted for his fame to the mere bounty of nature, as some have been willing to imagine; but owes to erudition the establishment of that pre-eminence, which has been exclusively assigned to the incidental properties of person and voice. If the former may sometimes excel in arranging, in just proportion, the lineaments of a whole character, it may with equal candour and justice be allowed, that the latter seldom fails to shed a superiour lustre on the execution of particular passages.

Within our recollection, the publick curiosity has not been so highly excited, as by the collision of talent, which the vicissive assumption of "Othello," and "Iago," produced between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Fennell. Of their respective personations of each character, we do not intend to give a description at full length, but we shall touch on those points in their several pic-

tures, which will induce a recognition of the likeness. And first of the Moor.

"The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge;" demands, perhaps, more requisites from nature, to bestow adequate illustration on his glowing variety of character, than any other heroick personage, that "*struts and frets his hour upon the stage.*" In physical aptitudes, Mr. Cooper had the evident advantage of Mr. Fennell, yet he often untuned his voice by violence; while Mr. Fennell, who prefers high and honoured claims to the magistracy of elocution, in some instances wandered from the true sense and conception of his authors.

In the celebrated address to the Senate, it was apparent that neither party was insensible to the spirit of emulation. As this whole speech, with all its successions of dignity and passions, lies upon the level of Mr. Fennell's natural power, we were not surprised to find him excel Mr. Cooper in the general outline of the oration. Mr. Fennell's manner was "plain and unvarnished;" and, if we except his ungraceful gesticulation, was sufficiently eloquent for a man,

".....rude in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;"

but the style of Mr. Cooper had too much Ciceronian refinement, too much artificial polish, for the warriour who says of himself,

".....little of *this great world* can I speak,
And therefore little shall I *grace* my cause,
By *speaking for myself.*"

Yet, however, near the climax of his story, Mr. Cooper wonderfully surpassed his antagonist, by substituting an eminent beauty of delineation, for a most strange misconception of Mr. Fennell.

" She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: She thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend, that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her."

This, it should be observed, is the first, timid, half-concealed confession of love, on the part of " Desdemona;" and was admirably pourtrayed by Mr. Cooper, with the most expressive traits of modesty and tenderness; and yet without departing from the severity of declamation. Mr. Fennell, however, ranted in a tone of exultation and triumph, as it were at the success of his romantick fable over the simple mind of Desdemona. We cannot conceive of any representation of the passage more grossly out of character. Othello breaks into no expression of elevated joy, until he utters the subsequent sentence, whose relative effect lost its contrast by this premature extravagance of action; and thus was weakened the impression, commonly produced by the transport of " Othello," when he exclaims:

" *She* loved *me* for the *dangers*, I had passed,
And *I* loved *her*, that she did *pity* them.

In the exclamatory passage,

" Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety"

Mr. Cooper's clear and swelling volume of intonation had a fine scope for its exercise, and it filled the house with a peal of melody; but in

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure on't; give me the occular proof," &c.

he strained his voice beyond its limits, until it cracked into a shrill discordance, which pained the sternest ear. Mr. Fennell in the same two passages wanted fire; but, having a limited compass and difficult modulation of voice, he was not tempted to commit the ambitious fault of Mr. Cooper. If he was not admired for Othello's ardour, his own deliberation guarded him against offence.

Mr. Fennell we think adopted the preferable emphasis in the following contested interjectional speech:

"Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I *do* love thee!"

Mr. Cooper, against the opinion of the elder Sheridan, laid the stress on "*love.*"

Mr. Cooper was powerfully impressive in the following transition of intermingled suspicion and deprecation:

"If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never *pray more*, &c. &c.

* * * * * * *

For *nothing* canst thou to *damnation* ADD,
Greater than *that.*"

Mr. Fennell gave the same construction, but not with the same boldness of execution. Indeed, throughout, Mr. Fennell's general defect was an uncharacteristick tameness. He

was too affectedly chaste, too tristfully correct. His colours were sufficiently diluted for "Marcus Brutus."

In illustrating the learning of Shakespeare, or rather in giving poetical effect to his images, we could discern one instance in which we thought Mr. Cooper was more apt, than Mr. Fennell.

"....If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her *jesses* were my dear *heart-strings*,
I'd whistle her off, and *let her* DOWN *the wind*,
To prey at fortune."

This is a metaphor, borrowed from falconry. "The Falconers, says, Dr. Johnson, always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If, therefore, a hawk was, for any reason, to be dismissed, she was "let *down* the wind;" and from that time shifted for herself, and "*preyed at fortune.*" This allusion, Mr. Cooper strikingly exemplified, by making the word "DOWN" emphatick, and by a well-conceived and picturesque gesticulation. But Mr. Fennell, destroyed the figure, by irrevelant gesture, and by laying the emphasis on "*wind.*"

Both were equally deficient in the necessary scenick preparation of mind and action, to give effect, or sense to,

"It is the *cause*, it is the *cause*, my soul."

The actor began as abruptly, as the soliloquy; no room was given to imagine the previous perturbation and horrour of Othello's mind, which though it could not be shaken by the

atrocity of the crime, he was about to commit, was yet stung with shame by the "*cause*" which led him to it.

To the tender expostulation of Desdemona,

"Am *I* the occasion of those *tears*, my Lord?

* * * * * * * * *

Lay not your blame on *me*; if *you* have lost him,
I have *lost* him *too*."

Othello makes no reply, but utters, in agonized soliloquy, the bursting sorrows and indignant nobleness of his soul. In this moment of the character, Mr. Cooper rose above cavil, and defied competition:

"……Had it pleased heaven
To try me with *affliction*; had he *rain'd*
All kinds of *sores* and *shames* on my *bare head*;
Steep'd me in *poverty* to the very *lips*;
Given to *captivity*—ME and my HOPES;
"I should have found, in *some* part of my soul,
A *drop* of PATIENCE:
But *there*— where I had *garner'd* up my HEART." &c.

It may be said here of Mr Cooper, that his sensibility evidently affected his exterior deportment. Nature spoke from her "*heart's core*;" and the actor's accents harmonized with the most touching tones of instinctive pathos. No sophistication of rhetorick could have produced the same tremblingly living sensation.

In the bed-chamber scene, Mr. Fennell gave the monition to Desdemona with affecting solemnity:

"Well, *do* it, and be *brief*; I will walk by;
I would not kill thy *unprepared spirit*;
No—*heaven forefend!*—I would not *kill*—thy SOUL!

We were not perfectly satisfied with either of them in the delivery of the following remarkable line—

"Put out the *light*, and then—*Put out* the light!"

This reading is obviously correct, as it intimately concatenates with the reflection which follows.

In the first hemistick, we must imagine Othello wrapped up in his murderous intent, speaking in a careful, yet determined under tone, and striding, like a fiend, towards the perpetration of his design:

"Put out the *light*, and then"——

here, either from affection combating with revenge, or conscience for a moment repealing his purpose by abrupt compunction, he suddenly becomes irresolute, revolts from his course, and starts into that expressive apostrophe:—

"..... *Put* OUT the light!"

Instantly the dormant moral principle arouses, and he proceeds:

"If I quench *thee*, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy *former* light *restore*,
Should I *repent* me: but *once*, put out THINE,—
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,—
I know not *where* is that Promethean fire,
That can *thy* light *relume*."

This conception forcibly illustrates the true course of reflection in the strongly agitated, and half relenting mind of Othello. But we saw no distinct marks of it on the stage.

On the whole, we have formerly seen the performance of the same character, by the same gentlemen, marked with more studious correctness, and brighter excellence.

"Quid verum atque decens, curo; et omnis in hoc sum.

* * * * * * *

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

THE character of "Iago" has three aspects, which, in correct representations, mark through all his varieties of hypocrisy, that "cool malignity of the villain, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance." To "Othello," his insinuating frankness and reluctant disclosures constantly present, by fair seeming, the illusion of "exceeding honesty;" to "Roderigo" he is a politician of another school, and under pretence of helping him to the love of "Desdemona," he "makes his fool his purse;" but in his soliloquies he entirely throws off the mask, and exulting in the success of the "candy deal of courtesy," which he has practiced on his dupes and victims, he is bold enough in crime to exclaim:

"....Divinity of hell!
When *devils* will the *blackest* sins put on,
They do *suggest* at first, with *heavenly shows*,
As I *do now*."

By this delineation of the different features of "Iago" it will readily be perceived, that his scenick representative should possess, among other requisites, a countenance of bold outline and marked configuration; capable of great complacency as well, as power and flexibility of expression; constantly changing with the calculating purpose of the soul; and exhibiting in succession the secure effrontery of imposition, the knotted corrugation of revenge, and the insidious protestation of friendship.

In this definition of the properties of "Iago's" visage, we have been the more precise, as Mr. Fennell is always sure to sink, as a competitor of Cooper, in all characters, which demand a definite intelligence of countenance. There is a medium between vacancy and expression, which denotes mind, but does not depict its conceptions; which exhibits the muscle, but not the feature of intellect. The "human face divine" can appear to think, though it does not illustrate its thoughts. In this middle state of perfection, we place the scenick ability of Mr. Fennell. To his genius, learning and taste we pay a willing and ample tribute; but, if we consider the effect of his talent on the senses, or, in other words, his power of organick communication, we must be permitted in the confession, that we doubt his capacity to make, from the stage, a deep and correct impression of any passion, except that which forms the leading characteristick of "Zanga." Here it must be allowed, that in expressing the turbulent sense of indignity at the prostration of princely honour, he displayed a bold and savage majesty, in which his force of delineation for once

ranked with his vigour of conception. This notice is awarded to Mr. Fennell with a spirit of independence, which gives it value; and, we trust, with a maturity of reflection, which will give it currency. Mr. Fennell has now retired from the stage; and, in his new profession, we wish he may receive the patronage of the affluent, and satisfy the judgment of the classical. This optative mode of expression, is not intended to convey any doubts of the merits of Mr. Fennell, and recommending, as we do, his infant institution to the protection of the property and sense of the community, we shall add, in the severity of truth, that if his laudable enterprise be suffered to pine away amid neglected promises of heedless ignorance, or forgetful grandeur, the boasted wealth and literature of our metropolis, which have added so gorgeous an embellishment to the habiliments of our pride, should henceforth be condemned to keep company with their owners' hearts, in the dark and hermit corners of society. But to return.—The petulent puerility, and bombastick nonsense of some of Mr. Fennell's admirers would provoke retort, and deserve it, were we not convinced that Mr. Fennell himself would most willingly exchange the panegyrick of such leading-string scribblers for their abuse. Yet they all write in a most goodly buckram style, and in terms of art measured by the rood! One of these sesquipedalian witlings has rifled Johnson's Rambler of all its verbal invention, its flounces and furbelows of style, to decorate and bedizen Mr. Fennell in his principal characters. After twisting and distorting the King's English into every possible agony of meaning, he invents a new term

in prosody, to make his Roscian hero take leave of the stage in "valedictory verse!" nay, more, *eheu! Onus deflendum!* he retires "with the gratitude of his mother tongue!" The inventor of the compass, the founder of printing, or the discoverer of the circulation of the human blood, sink at once, in the scale of original genius, before this mysterious magician of words, this jackalent constructor of luminous sentences, whose light attracts, but never can be followed. How fugitive is the bright imposture; it flashes, and is enveloped in deeper darkness from its own explosion. Dulness, like vanity, always mistakes its element.

"Optat ephippia bos piger; optat arare caballus."

In strictness of critical justice, Mr. Fennell is as absolutely amenable to the comment of the dramatick censor, though protected by the honoured title of a preceptor of elocution, as the most inferiour member of the histrionick profession. Yet as the severity of criticism has its only apology in the hope of correction, and this salutary object can no longer be fairly proposed, since his voluntary secession from the stage, we are constrained, by the double tie of duty and inclination, to abstain from disquisition, which can no longer be useful, and to smother reproof, the candour of whose motive may now be subject to question. It remains, however, to be stated, that in the part of "Iago" our unequivocal preference went along with Mr. Cooper *per totum agmen*. In correctness, or force of reading, we scarcely know to whom the balance would incline. But one or two diversities of emphasis occurred, and none of interpretation. The differences were immaterial, and only

such, as the incidental lapses of performance might occasion. For the distinctions were all of manner in the personation of the character, in its varieties of address to the other persons of the drama, with whom it was necessarily intermingled. Here, indeed, the merit of the representation belongs most eminently to Mr. Cooper. In the conduct of the scenes, his subtle honesty to Othello, his imposing assurance to Roderigo, and his deadly malignity in soliloquy, were more deeply imbued with discrimination, "form and pressure." The colours were applied with a bolder pencil, and the lines were traced with a stronger character. Nature has denied to Mr. Fennell the use of such powerful means, as Mr. Cooper can employ prodigally, without exhausting them. In the economy of the stage art and situation, Mr. Cooper was wonderfully superiour. Yet, if we drop the curtain, and consider the exhibition as a mere didactick example of recitation, Mr. Fennell does not halt behind his antagonist.

But this subject has lost its novelty, and of course its interest. It is time it should be dropped. To Mr. Fennell, as a learned and meritorious instructor of the rising generation, we would say, "*Proceed and prosper;*" and to Mr. Cooper, as the acknowledged Roscius of the American stage, we would snatch a grace from Churchill to exclaim,

> ".....GARRICK, take the chair,
> Nor quit it, 'till thou place an equal there!"

As this is an age in which regicides prosper, the mock monarchs of the buskin must not be surprised, if for a moment we forget their kingly prerogative, and "scant our breathing

courtesy." If it were not high treason against taste, aye "most infinite high," we would most valiantly affirm, that both of these imperial dignities of noun and pronoun, had in the plentitude of their royal authority over the parts of speech, most tyrannically laid an improper emphasis on an humble monosyllable in one of their subject sentences! The passage may perhaps admit of a questionable reading, and compares with a contested one in the "Merchant of Venice." But we condemn them both. Our first allusion is to the expression of "Iago," fiercely ruminating on the source of his resentment against the Moor:

"And nothing can, or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife *for* wife."

We have marked the line as pronounced by Messrs. Cooper and Fennell; and although we frankly confess there are instances, in which the evident sense of the author "allots emphatick state" to monosyllables, yet we cannot, with our utmost ingenuity, discern the propriety of the stress in the quotation. We noticed the occurrence of a similar false emphasis in "Portia's" celebrated speech on mercy, which we the more regretted, as Mrs. Stanley, with this exception, presented to the audience, on this occasion, one of the most chaste and classical specimens of declamation, we have ever witnessed on the stage. Yet she erroneously uttered,

"..... 'Tis mightiest *in* the mightiest."

To be brief in our exposition of errour, we will correct both readings at once. Both sentences require the greatest possi-

ble weight and body of expression; and this, we think, is most forcibly given by the following discrimination of voice:

"Till I am even with him, *wife*—for WIFE."

So again,

"....'Tis *mightiest* in the MIGHTIEST."

Our judgment may be disputed, but we are confident it will bear the test of critical experiment. It should be added, that the rejected readings are consonant with the received modes of delivery in those passages. Criticism, however, submits to no prescription. Taste is truth, independent of the veneration allowed to time, or the prejudice born of opinion. Blackmore was no poet, though he imitated Virgil in his hemisticks; and a village lawyer may be no orator, though he have a wart on his cheek as large as two of Cicero's! To performers of real eminence, emendatory criticism is the tribute of a mind, not disregardful of their excellence. That soil is not barren, which is worth the labour of tillage; and while shrubs are neglected, the tree, whose beauty, thrift or fruit, most excites the hopes of the horticultor, is most assiduously pruned.

"Our scene is altered."

OF the celebrated historical drama, "Pizarro," which, by the classick pen of Sheridan, has been adapted to the genius of English representation, the publick have already acquired so correct and intimate a knowledge, that to the American critick it may perhaps appear a rare example of managerial Super-

erogation, to attempt to enlarge the sphere of its original attraction. When it is recollected, that the impressive merits of this play assembled twelve audiences during the last season, and would in all probability draw as many more if represented this season, it may be asked, why Mr. Whitlock, the present manager, should voluntarily incur so prodigal an expense, in its preparation, as the import of his publick advertisement, and the suggestion of well-credited rumour, have declared? The answer is not so latent, as some may surmise. It is in evidence from the manager's whole direction of the stage, that he will never insult or delude the publick with an immoral or imbecile play; but his is not a negative praise; for he has also evinced, that, while he considers wit and sentiment the "lawful lords" of the drama, he has not refrained from the expenses of spectacle, but has been anxious to assist the charms of the Muses with appropriate decoration. The play of "Pizarro" has hitherto acquired celebrity only by its own intrinsick claims; with no other aid from the pencil, than an uncouth presentment of gorgeous colouring, and ill-managed perspective, which, while the eye was dazzled by the splendid imposture, bewildered the imagination in the search of nature and reality. As one of the manifest objects of the author was to render the play a vehicle of novel and magnificent scenery, an opportunity was now offered to the managers to present one of the most interesting dramas in the language, in a style more worthy of its original design. Scenick ornament, if so happily portrayed, and so scientifically arranged, as to produce visual illusion, impresses the boldest similitude of life on dra-

matick representation, it embodies the conception of the author, by giving to abstract sentiment "a local habitation." Upon the execution of this branch of the Thespian Art will very frequently depend the analogy, and sometimes the very effect, of personation. Another object of Mr. Whitlock, and which reflects as much honour on his liberality, as the first does on his taste, was to open a broad field of experiment for the scenick talent of Mr. Bromley, to exhibit in multifold effort its various creations. Mr. Bromley is a young man from Drury Lane theatre, and possesses real genius in his profession. To prepare the scenery for "Pizarro" has been the labour of three months; and, while on the one hand it is our wish to render to the manager the distinction, which he merits for his publick spirit in this expensive, and, we hope not, precarious undertaking, we think it injustice not to add, that Mr. Bromley will amply deserve the praise of having furnished the Boston stage with the most correct and fascinating exhibition, both of landscape and architecture, which its lamps ever illumined.

The revival of "Pizarro" in its present improved style, seems not only to have increased its own attraction, but to have recalled taste and fashion to the theatre. In a drama, which in its original design appears to have been so much devoted to the purposes of spectacle, and in the contexture of

whose fable is introduced so small a portion of fact, which is not consistent with the chastity of history, it might have been expected that the interest of the play would be weakened, if not overlooked, and of course the field of impressive and brilliant acting, improperly narrowed by a cynical expression of romance, or a superstitious sacrifice to scenery. Such might have been the expectation; but it is not warranted by experience. For though it would be unjust in the highest degree to the talents and industry of Mr. Bromley, not to acknowledge the excellence of his exhibition, which we think was as fine a *coup d' œil* as the Boston theatre ever presented, yet a comment, bearing no common import of praise, is certainly due on this occasion to a considerable number of the dramatick corps, who, perhaps catching fire from the sentiment of the scene, with which they were connected, excelled their ordinary exertions, and gave unusual effect to the representation. The contrivance of the plot is so exquisitely managed that, when well presented, the ingenuity of the fiction insinuates an interest as powerful, as that of real life, because for the moment it is believed, and more subtle, because it captivates by illusion. Of the peculiar merits of individual performers it would be improper to speak largely, without at the same time remarking on the defects of the representation. Criticism loaths indiscriminate praise as much, as she despises malignant censure. But thence it does not follow that the writer of every theatrical paragraph ought to notice every individual in a theatre, "from the lowest point to the top of the compass," from

the Roscius who enacts "Hamlet," down to his brother orator the carpenter, who plays the "Cock." Some critiicks are indeed a great deal like the clerk of a militia company on a parade day; their whole duty consists in calling over the muster roll of its members, without either examining their arms, or improving their discipline.

On Mrs. Whitlock's "Elvira." we shall not remark; for the talent, whose aspect is too brilliant to be gazed at with scrutiny, or whose elevation is too high for its blemishes to be discerned, while it humbles envy by its distance, diminishes praise by its brightness.

Mr. Rutley has many of the indispensable requisites of a good actor; and some, without which no advantages of education, voice or person, can ever make a great one. The intonation of his voice, and the temper of his gesticulation are well adapted to that province of personation, which he sustains in the theatre. But his distinguishing feature, and that, which will always make its impression on the publick, is the spirit of his conception, which combines a sensibility to the touches of life as well, as a judgment in the comprehension of character, without which the most boasted refinement, with all its affectation of scholastick superiority, will find its inanimate exertions lavished on an impassive publick. Mr. Rutley possesses this grand quality; and if he is sometimes misled by its enthusiasm from the natural tones of passion into those of turned declamation, the errour is more venal, than the studied want of animation, the scientifick coldness, which freezes the heart by its torpidity, while it delights the mind with its correctness.

We now come to Mr. Jones; and, if we had leisure, we would set down to him. In the course of the season, fair occasion has been given to applaud this gentleman for the understanding and accomplishment, he possesses; and, from a justifiable delicacy, some plausible opportunities have been presented to reprehend peculiarities, which he has the good sense, and the disposition to correct. Of "Alonzo," we shall only say, we have never seen him perform any part with so much spirit; although we have never known him to fail in discrimination. The key of his voice is not so well adapted to the monotony of phlegmatick narration, as to the variable expression of the passions. Mr. Jones always conceives well, but he sometimes executes indifferently. Let him reflect on the success of his scene with "Pizarro," and remember that talent so exerted will be always so rewarded.

Careless to learn, who praise us, or condemn,
Unswayed by partial wit, or critick phlegm,
We aim, ambitious, to retrieve the stage
From errours, which obscured its weaker age;
But while we censure, or approve the scene,
Praise is not friendship, nor is satire spleen.

THE task of combining the scattered slips of theatrical excellence is to us, we confess, a work of more pleasure, than that of plucking the faded leaf, and pruning the excrescent branch. The one is the exercise of taste, the other the injunction of duty.

During the last week, Mr. Bernard has continued to display the flexible powers of a great and discriminating actor, in the presentment of "many-coloured life." One of the most luminous traits of his merit is, that he marks, in his delineation of characters, almost homogeneous, the minutest shades, in which they differ. Many comedians are too much in the habit of dashing the pound brush, and all, they aim to throw upon the canvass, is a dazzling confusion of the primary colours, without intermixture, gradation or lineament. The whole is illegitimate; a picture without a likeness. It claims affinity to nothing, but one of Caliban's dreams; and thus, having no human relations, it is not entitled to christian baptism. Not so with the designs of Mr. Bernard. His, if not the pencil of Titian, is at least that of Hogarth. While the bolder features are expanded with prominent effect, the softest lines of colouring and variation of conception, lines almost as delicate, as the horizon, that vanishes between the sea and the sky, are, in nice precision, gently touched in the correct shadowings of his execution. His clowns have as many different patents of rank, as a herald's office has of the peerage; and, in fact, they all seem to know their own place as well, and show each other as much ceremony and respect. Being all exempted from the game laws, each sports upon his own manor, and holds it unworthy to poach upon that of his neighbour. "Gregory Gubbins" can laugh "till his face be like a wet cloak, ill laid up." "Caleb Wilkins" belongs to another family. His head is lean and sterile, yet has he been taught

Falstaff's "first human principle; to forswear thin potations and addict himself to Sack." The character is not a sot, but his humour has a mellower tilth from having been husbanded and manured by "the excellent endeavour of drinking." In "Two Strings to your Bow," the features of comedy are again recomposed and re-moddled. "Lazarillo" is one of the most piquant knaves in the drama. None but his cousin german "Trappanti" can out-joke, out-wit, or out-eat him! Again, Mr. Bernard changes the scene, deserts his motley companions, and assumes the courtly and arduous character of "Sir Peter Teazle." Undertaken, as we hear, at a study of two days only, it was represented with a maturity of design, and a richness of drapery, worthy the industry and ingenuity of years. We have never seen the inimitable wit of this character shine through so pellucid a medium. It suffered no blemish from interior imperfection, no divergency from an unpolished surface. It was chaste comedy; as delicate, yet as beautiful as the tapestry of the Gobelins.

On Wednesday evening, "George Barnwell," by young Whitlock. Of his application and ambition, what a woeful example is here! "Pity 'tis, 'tis true!" What his conception of the character might have been, we know not; for the youthful Roscius was so imperfect in the words of the author, that "Barnwell" seemed to us, like a fine child, stolen away by Gypsies, and stained with walnut juice to prevent detection! At least, the trick passed very well upon us, for the indentity of the person was kept a profound secret from our

eyes. This stricture is due to talent itself, which should not be permitted to choak itself up with the briars of its own luxuriance. Whatever may be the scope, or the vanity of genius, true it is, the higher attainments of the stage, are the rewards only of severe industry and patient endeavour. If Mr. Whitlock would become eminent, he must consent to be instructed. He should beware,

> "..... lest some impulse accursed
> Make him seize the wrong end of his duty first;
> And in vain seek for fame, by a traverse conceit,
> Like the Turk, who crawls into his bed at the feet."

In "Milwood" Mrs. Barrett acquired great reputation, for soundness of judgment and strength of talent. Of this character the passions are violent, as the regrets of love, and the anathemas of vengeance, yet opposite, as the zephyr whispering to the violet, and the whirlwind uprooting the oak. Her best scene suffered something in effect from the strumming "notes of preparation" sounded from the orchestra. This gross errour should be corrected; for the last scene of many an act has been mutilated by such voluntary cadences and syncopations of Catgut,

> "Whose squeaks are as dissonant, grating and harsh,
> As a file rasping knots, or lewd frogs in a marsh."

It is neither our purpose, nor our pleasure, to deal out to the publick a tissue of panegyrick, but to subtract the record of fame, where the lovely individual stands registered in excellence is a ranker offence, than to leave "unannointed" a

whole tribe of demerit, "with all its imperfections on its head."

Mrs. Jones, whose very self is melody, and whose sweet ballads in "Margaretta" could not derive a more touching charm, even from the lyre of Sappho, has preferred large claims on the publick admiration, in a great variety of character, where the comick spirit, unaided by vocal fascination, is left to exhibit its own powers in scenes of difficult interest and execution. Her "Donna Clara" is one of the happiest of these specimens; and we trust the repetition of the farce, in which Mr. Bernard and Mrs. Jones so eminently excel, will, on any night, increase the attraction of the theatre.

This evening "The Voice of Nature" is again called for by the voice of the publick; annexed to it is the Opera of the "Highland Reel," supported, perhaps, by the strongest cast of characters, which have ever assisted its representation in any part of America. Mr. Bernard is the "Shelty," and Mrs. Jones the "M[illegible]gy" of the evening. Surely the publick has an appetite for the luxuries of the scene, after all the refinements of an opposition. Else, they will never know "a hawk from a handsaw."

THE dramatick persons in the comedy of "John Bull" require an extensive range of talent. There are but few plays, which cannot be represented with a more limited variety of powers; and the great and merited success of this piece, is no profitless tribute of thanks to our "lucky manager" for that diversity and strength of scenick ability, with which he has embellished and enriched the publick amusement. The best author's most favourite production may perish by stage suffocation, or tottle to death in a rickety representation. What is wit without its conductor? Its flashes exhaust by excursion that fire, which direction would have vivified. Hence it is, the characters of most modern comedies are moulded for the actors, who are intended to personate them. American theatres have many performers of eminence, but it frequently happens, that their force is not so embodied, as to sustain the weight of a popular English drama. The play may shoot vigorously in London, but will not take root here, and dies by transplantation. Such, however, has not been the fate of "John Bull;" though it is certainly a comedy, which demands the more arduous and and multiform efforts of the scene. The representation of this play, with an individual exception, would honour any theatre. The design of it, is to exhibit one of the most prominent features of the English character; the proud, robust honesty, and strong moral sensibility of the middle

class of society. "Job Thornberry" is an English tradesman, of such principles and such feelings. Impatient in honour, as a peer; yet assiduous in his occupation, as the humblest citizen. His character and his fortune have been the fruits of thirty years of equal benevolence and industry. Wealth and reputation have grown up along with him. He has an only child, a daughter. Job Thornberry is the very best of fathers. Mary has too much simplicity for so much loveliness. She is the victim of an illicit attachment. Job has a friend, who is in distress; and with a nobleness of heart advances, for his relief, the whole earnings of his life. His friend absconds with the money; and Job awakes on the morning, when the play opens, to find his house filled with bailiffs, and deserted by his daughter. Shame and the fear of a parentald iscovery of her indiscretion have driven her, unconscious of her father's misfortune, to an inhospitable and almost desert heath. But the parent nest is scarcely cold, before the little wanderer is restored to it. Many touching incidents, chaste, impressive sentiments, and festive ebullitions, crowd the action of the play. Its combinations of interest are so dexterously interwoven, that the audience is wound in with the tissue, before it perceives the charm, by which it has been snared. The fable finally restores Job to opulence, and gives to the grief-worn affections of Mary the honourable seal of wedded love.

Such was "John Bull;" and he was ably presented by Mr. Dickenson. It has long been our intention to notice this actor in a style of commendation, due to his rare talent, highly improved and polished as it is, by indefatigable attention, and

aided by the discrimination of a sound judgment, and the quick impulse of a strong, natural sensibility. Four years since, he ranked among the obscurest comedians of our stage. Opportunity had never indulged his genius with an experiment of its energies. He was silent and unknown. Soon after a poverty of talent in the theatre compelled Mr. Dickenson into the character of "Sir Oliver Oldstick," in "He would be a Soldier;" and his great success, though generally acknowledged, excited an applause, not unmixed with astonishment. Fame now opened her course to him; her goal was in view; he has ever since been mending his speed; and, if the race is to be won by sound bottom, good mettle, whip and spur, we shall soon behold this favourite actor, the growth of our own town, in possession of the stake. His cast of character is commonly that of Parsons and Suett; but he occasionally deviates into the precinct of Munden, and returns with fresh laurels. His "Old Rapid," "Sir Robert Ramble," and "Nicolas," in "Secrets Worth Knowing," are among his best assumptions. In "Job Thornberry," for the two first nights, he appeared diffident of the task he had undertaken; but discovered all the great outlines of the character. On the third and fourth nights, his confidence was strengthened by applause, and his merit by consciousness. The honest petulance of his anger is one of his best traits. In his scenes with Mary, he feels, if possible, too much, to give effect to his conception.

Of Mr. Bernard, in "Dennis Brulgruddery," we shall give no sketch. The reader must see him. In this walk of Hiber-

nian humour, he is entitled to the Shamrock of the stage. Some of the mimick sons of St. Patrick

"Have been kind to the brogue, while they murdered the jest;"

but in him, what is a thundering jest to the audience appears to be uttered with such nature and simplicity, that in truth he blunders without knowing it. This is the strict keeping of character; the test of theatrical excellence.

Wilmot's "Dan" has been justly commended in other criticism. His personation was very correct. Can he not cure his voice of some of its monotony? Mere nature will often modulate the expression of passion, better than oratory. Clowns are the children of nature.

"Francis Rochdale" is one of Mr. Jones's happiest efforts. Filial affection, high honour, love and jealousy are the features of this character. Those, who have seen the play, will not need to be told, that the transitions of these passions and principles were chastely and deeply marked. This gentleman has one excellence in common with Mr. Bernard; speaking, or silent, he is always in character. In New-York, the character was so indifferently portrayed, that the manager is advised to expunge as much of it, as the plot could spare from the play. Here, it is one of the most prominent personages of the drama. In some passages, however, Mr. Jones was guilty of a precipitancy, not warranted by the impulse of the scene; but in a great proportion of the character, his illustration of the sentiment and soul of his author was luminous indeed. If we mistake not, the powers of this gentleman are well cul-

tivated, and might soar far beyond the flight of young Rochdale.

In the "Hon. Tom Shuffleton," we hand Mr. Wilson, for the first time, to our readers; and (all cavillings and barkings to the contrary notwithstanding) we do affirm, that he merited a very liberal exercise of the publick favour; and that his conception of the character was much more correct, than that of some of his criticks. Scribblers should recollect, (not unless they have previously understood,) that "Shuffleton" is a compound of Bond-street fashion and Godwin's "political justice." He is no less a disciple of the beau monde, than of the profound "Stupeo." This intermixture of character is well preserved by Mr. Wilson. The thing is a caricature, and he has hit it exquisitely. The spleen of some criticks against this performer is almost ludicrous. In "Sir Benjamin Backbite," he is reprehended for his rouge! In "Durimel," he is commended for wearing little or none! Mr. Barrett is also quizzed for using a white handkerchief in "Charles Surface!" The use of a handkerchief is surely not the objection; Barrett may quote Smith and Palmer for that. By my troth then, the critick's senses are offended at the colour of it. Pray, Barrett, appease his classical wrath, and change your laundress! To such a critick we shall only say,

"Not the splenetick scowl, from e'en Stagyrite's eyes,
Nor the frown, which, in trifles, looks sulky and wise,
Constitute the great Critick. Poh, psha, pr'ythee, pish;
Take this *tete de veau* off, put some beef in the dish."

In "Caroline Braymore," Mrs. Powell had little to exhibit, but the elegant frivolity of dress and fashion. The character was not worthy of the talent, she possesses, nor of the esteem, the publick entertains of her. But her taste embellished the shadows of the author's thought, and snatched applause beyond the reach of the half-drawn original.

Mr. Barrett's "Peregrine" and Mrs. Jones's "Mary" have both very much improved since the first night. They occupy a wide space in the publick estimation of the play. Mr. Barrett, we think, infused into his part some just discriminations of sense, and many fine sprinklings of feeling. The talent of Mrs. Jones has charmed us in so many walks, both of comedy and opera, that we scarcely know what line to fix upon as her greater excellence. With sentimental comedy she has been less familiar; but she is not the less eminent. The interesting loveliness of person, and melodious tenderness of simple expression, required in "Mary," were the very characteristicks of Mrs. Jones. In relating her story to "Peregrine," the description of her elopement from her father's house, honours both her judgment and feeling. She is the very picture of desolate grief,

> "And seems, as the tears o'er her eyelids are creeping;
> Like a willow, that grows for the purpose of weeping."

A BRIEF

SKETCH OF SPAIN.

GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND POLITICAL.

.....

SPAIN is not a dead, but sleeping Lion.

.....

The subsequent Sketch was prepared, at a short notice, at the request of Messrs. Russell, Cutler and Belcher, as prefatory to their account of the dinner, in 1809, *given by the merchants of Boston, in honour of the "Spanish Patriots." Mr. Paine was now greatly depressed in his circumstances, and his health was so much impaired, that he was confined almost wholly to his house. He was not the owner nor possessor of a single historical tract; and, living out of town, he had not the means of consulting any, while writing, if it had been necessary to his purpose. The store-house of his memory alone supplied him with the materials. It would be difficult to find a greater volume of history compressed into a narrower compass; and, judging from his conversation, it could not have been reasonably inferred that the history of this section of the globe had been the subject of his particular attention. A mind, so capable of looking "into the seeds of time," and so abundantly replenished with the lore of past ages, ought to have been encouraged and might have been usefully employed in elevated political speculations.*

The heroick valour of Spain and her illustrious ally has "plucked up her drowned honour by the locks;" and four years have given the substantial impress of truth to these sanguine speculations. Prophecy surrendered to history upon the renowned plains of Salamanca.

SKETCH OF SPAIN.

"The STORK in the heavens knoweth her appointed time!"

At this momentous crisis in the annals of human liberty, when the hopes and fears of mankind are trembling in the balance with dark and doubtful destiny, Spain, a nation peculiarly marked by heaven and history; great though oppressed, never despairing, and now resuscitated, has become equally interesting to the mind of the philosopher, and the heart of the philanthropist. The late eruption of publick virtue in this southern extremity of Atlantick Europe, while it has covered with a warm suffusion of transport the cheeks of all brother patriots in every section of the globe, is not to be regarded as one of the wonders of this "age of prodigies!" After an elaborate and unbiassed examination and comparison of the national genealogy, and family features, of modern Europe, we feel an ingenuous pride in asserting, that this revolution, bold and glorious as it is, is no miracle at the south of the Pyrennees. There it is a plain event, which was justly to be expected, from the fire and the patience, the constancy and the elevation of the Spanish character. Slow to determine, the Spaniards are resolute to act. True to their plight, muscular from labour,

and familiar with peril, they glory in their zeal, contented to suffer, and despising to despair. Such men may be slaughtered, but they can never be disgraced or conquered.

Cordially as the great family of man has rejoiced at the late uprising of this powerful though recumbent people, we have no doubt but the aspiring dictator of Europe still beholds this sudden disruption of his jesuitical plans, as the most surprising incident in the political drama, of whose tragical buffoonery, he had so long been the principal actor; a drama, in which he played "the very vice of kings," and oft had made some scores of brother kings, and sister, brother kings of "threads and patches;" and all, perdue, to put their "precious diadems in his pocket!" It is now useless to add, that this Imperial freebooter was born in the island of Corsica, in the very year, when it became a patch on the train of the French colonies; an island which has produced but one Paoli, and above a million pirates; an island, which in 1768, became a fief of France, and in thirty years after gave a tyrant to her mistress. This emigrant Emperour had brought with him, from the mountainous crag of his nativity, the unprincipled atrocity and barbarism of its predatory inhabitants, attempered and commanded by the prodigal boldness of its once noble chief. It is no blot on the escutcheon of Paoli, that he attended as a Christian sponsor, at the baptism (Oh word profaned!) of Buonaparte! for then, he knew not the misshapen babe of blood; and who shall look "into the seeds of time?" Now, indeed, (should this great spirit now revisit earth,) he would blush at the degeneracy of his godson,

And startle at the dire pollution of the rite,
Which at the sacred fount baptized a fiend!
And, in the conscious horrour of the tomb,
His peace-laid bones would shiver at the deed

In the invasion of Spain, the predictions of that firm and enlightened patriot Cevallos have been verified to the amazement of the usurper, who presumptuously thought that she had forgotten her Pelagias and her Charles, as Holland had her Van Trump and her Nassau. It is evident that he misrated the people, with whom he had to contend. He had not suspected, that the very arts, which he employed to sever the rock at the basis of the mountain, would rend the ice on its summit, and produce an avalanche to crush him. Infatuated with triumph, and unsated with spoil; a hero compounded of marginal notes translated from Plutarch; a politician, military as Rome, and corrupt as her Prætorian cohort; he adventured on the conquest of this degraded, though not degenerated people, without knowing one spring in the whole physical engine, that moved the energy and the spirit of the country. It is no wonder, therefore, that he has lounged into the cathedrals of Spain, as a Choctaw on his travels would stroll among the apparatus of a philosophy chamber. Haply, both for a while might be mightily tickled with so novel an amusement, in which their sole object was to gaze, to admire, and to pilfer. The royal robber would no doubt lay his hands on the superb and massy ornaments of the church, with as little ceremony and concern, as the "untutored Indian" would have in feeling and handling the magical workmanship of an electrical machine.

This too, *sans doubte*, might all be done from curiosity, sheer curiosity; and the results of both experiments have been equally curious. "*Noli me tangere*" was a motto which the Indian never knew, and the Corsican had forgotten; and thus they both agreed to touch and take; "but no such matter!" For when the "itching palm" of the arch emperour sacrilegiously attempted to purloin the treasures of the sacristy, without asking first the wings of its sculptured saints to transport it, he fatally found, like his unsophisticated brother of the woods, that his too meddlesome finger had struck the conducting wire of the battery, and what he had touched from amusement, had knocked him down in good earnest!

Alexander raved at a wound, and Buonaparte may yet die of a surprize!

Spain has been celebrated in classick annals, under the names of Iberia, Hesperia, and Hispania. It is so severed by nature from the continent, to which it is attached, that it forms in itself a disconnected and independent section of the earth. Whoever glances on the map will directly perceive that it is the very recess of the continent; and a modern traveller has pronounced it the finest portion of the globe, either in the old world or the new. In all the revolutions and wars of Europe, from the establishment of the Olympick Games to the present epoch, it has been a land of renown. Abounding in mines of silver and other precious metals, which have not been worked since the discovery of America, Spain is by many historians supposed to have been the Tarshish of the Hebrews and Phœnicians, mentioned in scripture. Six hundred years before the

Christian era, the Greeks planted a colony in the south of France, and built the city of Marscilles, the inhabitants of which to this day retain the Grecian configuration of countenance. They also explored the adjacent Spanish provinces of Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia and Granada. It is not certainly known, that they ever carried their spirit of adventure to the Pillars of Hercules; but Gibraltar, the ancient Calpe, was visited by Carthagenian enterprize, and many cities were built by them on the Mediterranean shores of Spain. In the second Punick war, Hannibal destroyed the city of Saguntum for its unyielding attachment to Rome, and an insulated rock, near the capital of Valentia, still bears the ruins of that heroick town, as a proud monument of Spanish constancy. Carthage fell, and Spain was annexed to the empire of Rome; though some of her mountains were never ascended by the Imperial Eagle. Soon after, Cesar, Pompey and Licinius Crassus formed their celebrated triumvirate; and, in the division of the world between them, such was the relative estimation of Spain in the scale of nations, that Pompey was satisfied with that kingdom alone for his lot. He built Pampeluna in Navarre, but never quietly established his dominion in the heart of the country. By a continual reinforcement of veteran legions, and impregnable garrisons, the Romans maintained their power, until the beginning of the fifth century; that century, which laid the foundation of all modern Europe. This era was more famous for the dissolution of an empire, which had governed the world for seven hundred years, than even the thirteenth century for producing a hero, who overran the world in as

many days. But, as the epoch of Gengiskan seems to be revived in modern times, we trust that the ambitious despot, who, like him, aims to stretch his sceptre from China to Hungary, may, like him, reign only in the renown of his exploits. At the fall of the Roman empire, Spain was invaded by the Suevi, Alani, and Goths. In a short time, the Goths became the sole masters. When Rome fell, her empire was broken into many fragments: and each member, like the parts of a dissected polypus, sprouted up into a new kingdom. In this eventful century, which beheld the prostration of her power, not only the Goths settled in Spain, but the Franks in Gaul, the Vandals in Africa, the Anglo-Saxons in England, and the exiles of Padua in the isle of Rialto. In 712, the Saracens or Moors (Arabs and successours of Mahomet), who inhabited the opposite coast of Africa, being invited by the grandees of Spain, who revolted from their King Roderick for the commission of a crime, which banished the Tarquins from Rome, landed a powerful army in the southern provinces, and in the year 714 defeated the Gothick monarch, who lost in the contest his life and kingdom. But still the Saracens, who, like the Saxons in England, and Henry II. in Ireland, treacherously endeavoured to subjugate the nation, they came to emancipate, were not masters of this fairest portion of Christendom. A gallant remnant of the Spanish Goths escaped to the inaccessible mountains on the borders of Asturia and Biscay, and preserved their kingdom and their faith. For the greater security they separated into four states, Castile, Arragon, Navarre and Leon; and held out defiance to the enemy. Nature found bulwarks,

and Spain heroes. The renowned Don Pelagius, and after him Don Favella, in the eighth century, were successively the warriour kings of this unconquered band; and by continual descents, ravages, and incursions from the mountains, on the Mahometan invaders, wrested province after province from their possession: and taught their faithful posterity the heroick lesson, that eternal war, with all its horrours, was a preferable evil to "one day of bondage." Their descendants were worthy of their progenitors. Hear it, America! This is no dream of Philosophy, nor romance of Panegyrick! *A war of seven hundred years*, in which they were often vanquished, but never subdued. A war of thirty generations was waged for Liberty, and confirmed the doctrine, and appeased the manes of their slaughtered forefathers. Year after year, the Moorish Crescent waned. At length it set in blood! The Mahometan power received a mortal blow at the terrible battle of Tariffa, in Andalusia, near the Straits of Gibraltar, in the year 1340; and in 1494, two years after the bold and ambitious genius of Spain had discovered a new world in the western hemisphere, she expelled the Moors from their last fortress, the city of Granada, and became sole mistress of her lawful domains.

Portugal, which on the map of the eastern continent, appears to be so essential to the integrity of the kingdom of Spain, with her experienced the vicissitudes of the "none-sparing wars," which followed the decline and dismemberment of the Roman empire. In the extirpation of the Moors, the south-west promontory of Portugal was often the field of

valour and of courage. In 1139, their general Alphonso, gave battle to the Mahometans at Urique, a town in the province of Alentejo, adjoining Andalusa, obtained a glorious victory, and was crowned King. The portion of Portugal, which he possessed, he afterwards gave, with his daughter in marriage, to Henry of Burgundy, grandson of Robert, King of France. In this family the Portuguese crown continued until 1580, when Philip II. son and successour of Charles I. of Spain, reunited it to his kingdom. In 1640, the duke of Braganca restored the independence of Portugal, and ascended the throne under the title of John IV. In this house the crown now remains.

In the sixteenth century, the arms of Spain overawed all Europe; and her discoveries stretched over a great portion of the new continent. It was her boast, that the sun never set on the empire of Spain. Charles II. of the Netherlands, (eldest son of Philip II. Count of Holland, of the house of Austria,) better known under the title of Charles I. of Spain, and Charles V. of the empire of Rome, ascended the throne of Spain in the beginning of this celebrated century. Being a competitor with Francis I. of France for the empire, he defeated the French army with great slaughter at Pavia, in the then imperial dukedom of Milan, took the French king prisoner, carried him to Madrid, and exacted a heavy price for his ransom. This memorable battle was fought in 1525; and two years after we find the monarch of Spain storming the gates of Rome, and threatening the confederated powers of Europe with the establishment of a new western empire. Of

the military prowess of Spain, in this era of her greatness, an immortal monument exists in the magnificent palace of the Escurial, in New Castile. This royal edifice, the largest and most costly in Europe, was twenty-two years in building, and was erected by Philip II. son of Charles I. to perpetuate his victory of St. Quintin, gained on St. Lawrence's day, in 1557.

Charles II. of Spain, having no issue, named Philip, duke of Anjou, grandson of Lewis XIV. of France, for his successour. This gave rise to the succession war, in which almost all Europe was engaged. Philip had a formidable antagonist in Charles, afterwards emperour under the title of Charles VI. but he ultimately succeeded, at the battle of Minaya, and was crowned 1707. His eventual success, however, was prodigiously promoted by the plausibility of his title, deduced from his alliance to the crown of Spain, as Lewis had married the daughter of Philip IV.

From this period the glory of the Iberian name gradually declined, through a long, luxurious, waning century, in which Spain, as a government, lost all her firmness to foreign nations, and doubled her despotism on her own subjects. In the wide waste of her glory, we discern with pride, and we commemorate with gratitude, the noble effort, she made in the cause of American liberty. As the generous and voluntary deed of a gallant and disinterested nation, it is worthy the brightest days of her chivalry. It was heroism without reproach, and without reward; it was a spark of Castilian fire, which relumined the quivering lamp in the clay-cold cemetery of her honours.

A great people can never be debased by a weak government. The love of country is a religion, which burns in all bosoms, and submits to all sacrifices. That man must be brave, who fears to outlive his country. His home and his grave are sacred by the law of nature, and the prescription of ages. Farms and kingdoms may be sold, but not their inhabitants, or knight service. Men are not heirlooms to estates, nor sumpter-mules to itinerant kings.

The dominion of Spain is a stake, which in all ages has been desperately contended for; but, amid all the *conflicts* and revolutions of Europe, Spain has never been conquered. She has been partially subdued, but has never sunk under the panick of defeat. The swords of heroes have resounded upon her shield; but she has recorded her valour on the helmets of her assailants. Beaten to her mother earth, she has risen like Anteus, stronger from her fall. Napoleon, the modern Tartar, may march over her territory; but never subjugate it. Every obstacle of nature, every principle of man, every hope of heaven, are in arms to oppose him. Wherever the eye turns, Spain glitters. One soul is every where; one spirit breathes through all life! Virgins and wives give enthusiasm to courage, while old age and childhood lend sanctity to patriotism. The whole region is alive; above and below, on hills and in valleys, the empire is in motion. The invading foe may triumph in pitched engagements; but two victories would cost him his crown. Sanguine of his fortune, he would probably be tempted by his intoxicated vanity, to penetrate

the interiour of the country. But here his royal brother, the princely Tourist, should remember, that this is the extreme bound of his geographical curiosity; the "bourne, from which no traveller returns." Thus advanced, he cannot retreat. Every march will be the signal for a battle; every encampment for a seige. The triumphs of his bulletins will be the funerals of his armies, and his realm their charnel house. Victorious monarch, here ends thy reign! thy only pæan was a dirge; thy only courtiers, a banditti. Having existed by rapine, they will die like malefactors; as they have violated religion, they will despair of its consolation; having barbarized nature, they will be execrated by mankind.

Spain, together with Portugal, exhibits a more solid and regular geographical figure, than any other country in Europe. It forms almost a compact square, whose north eastern boundary is an obtuse angle, connected with the continent, and separated from France, by the Pyrennean mountains. Its other outlines are sides of such geometrical proportion, that they are nearly equilateral and co-extensive; and are guarded and washed by the Mediterranean and Atlantick oceans. This peculiar configuration, (if there be a language in the works of Providence,) indisputably stamps this country an independant nation. Its greatest length, extending from Cape Finisterre to Barcelona, is six hundred miles; its greatest breadth, from Cape Ortugal to Tarriffa, on the Straits of Gibraltar, is five hundred and fifty miles. Thus constructed, thus combined, and thus defended, is the last refuge of continental liberty.

In days of classick glory, Spain has been the thrifty womb of emperours, heroes, poets and philosophers. She was the august mother of Trajan the Good, and of Theodosius the Great; the proud parent of Lucan, of Seneca and Quintilian. In modern time she and her sister Portugal have removed the "ultima Thule" of commerce, by patronizing a Columbus, and giving birth to a de Gama.

Her kingdom is now the grand theatre, on which is exhibited the last act, in the eventful drama of human liberty. Spain presents on the map that singular boldness of feature, which, as a nation, has in all ages marked her greatness and decision of soul. She is a Tempe among an amphitheatre of precipices. A most striking analogy exists between her surface and her character; her geography and her history. While her hills, bleak with barrenness, frown terrible security over her vallies, blooming with luxuriance, she presents us with a lineage of heroes, whose honour has been for centuries the mirror of courtesy, and whose valour, the terrour of knighthood. This great peninsula of Europe, rendered almost physically invincible by its own mountainous intersections, seems to have been designed originally by the master hand of creation, to be at once the garden and the citadel of the globe.

With such a title, she can claim the world for her friend, for she has been the friend of the world. Heroes are the native productions of her soil, for Italy and Greece are her kindred; and while the luxuriant plains of Campania and of Capua bloom anew in the verdure of her vineyards, and the

fragrance of her groves, she can boast a Thermopylæ in every mountain, in every field a Marathon.

> ....."Oh! never may
> This Earth of Majesty, this Seat of Mars;
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;
> This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This precious stone, set in "her cloud-capt hills,"
> Which serve it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happy lands;
> This Nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
> Feared for their breed, and famous for their birth,
> Renowned for their deeds throughout the world,
> For christian service, and true chivalry;
> Lie at the proud foot of a Conqueror;
> Nor be leased out, (she'll die pronouncing it)
> Like to a tenement or pelting farm!"

NOTES.

His intention of noticing all Mr. Paine's imitations, &c. the Editor soon found himself compelled to abandon. Some are so remote or obscure, that the most patient collator could hardly hope to detect them; others, as they are obvious and direct, cannot escape the most careless reader.

As the labour of correcting the press is new to him, the Editor is sensible that many false quantities, &c. have passed without observation; and he is extremely sorry to find, that not a few unwarrantable rhymes and accents, all of which he had purposed to distinguish by italicks, are not so distinguished. For these negligencies and others, some of a more, some of a less pardonable character, he has indeed no excuse: he cannot however but hope, that this frank, not to say humble, confession of his offences may in some degree soften the censure, which, as he feels himself to deserve it, the Editor does not expect to avoid.

NOTES

TO THE

COLLEGE EXERCISES.

THEME. "AN UNDEVOUT ASTRONOMER IS MAD."

Page 7, line 5.

Brighter the glories of the unbounded God.

The whole paragraph is not inelegantly imitated from several passages of the Paradise Lost. It shews that Milton was among the authors, with whom Mr. Paine was early conversant. His acquaintance, however, does not appear to have ripened into an intimacy with him, who describes himself, as able to

> .....feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers.

p. 7, l. 13, 14.

> *Come then, sweet nymph, thy mildest breath impart,*
> *To swell the youthful muse's artless reed.*

Of this personification the part, where the Evening is seen, as a nymph, playing on the pipe, is eminently happy. The whole is indeed full of Sicilian tenderness. I know not whether Collins might not have suggested the imagery.

p. 8, l. 2.

Whispered invitement to the bower of joy.

The word invitement, if not, as I think it is, from the Poet's own mint, is not current with good authors; it is obsolescent, perhaps obsolete.

p. 8, l. 4.

Urged their request, and won my willing soul.

The zephyrs in this and the four preceding lines are evidently copied from these fine verses:

> .....now gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils.

Milton, as Warton suggests, here remembered his Elegy on Bishop Andrewes, once master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

> Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
> Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Stole is from Shakespeare, and *balmy spoils*, *odoriferas opes*, probably suggested Dryden's (ann: mirab:) *guilty sweets*.

p. 8, l. 9.

Enhedged with flowers, and shrubs, and vines, and thorns,

Enhedged is one of Mr. Paine's own words, but, as it is not unpoetical, it is perhaps worthy of preservation.

p. 8, l. 10.

Which in luxuriant confusion grew.

This line, partly from the properties of its two leading words, and partly from the deep and stridulous aspiration, required in pronouncing the relative pronoun, with which the line begins, is miserably sluggish; and of the same faults, other examples might be easily cited. Indeed Mr. Paine's ear, at least in early life, was but little enamoured of the full and stately harmony of Milton's rhythm. His blank verse neither moves

> .....like a proud steed reined,
> Champing his iron curb;

nor like some ethereal power can it be described, as

> Gliding meteorous, as evening mist,
> Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides,
> And gather's round fast at the labourer's heel,
> Homeward returning.

His lines seem to creep tamely along,

Streaking the ground with sinuous trace;

or else they are seen

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait.

With that canon of Prosody, which requires that, in blank verse, the pauses should never in two successive lines fall in the same place, he was either not then acquainted, or, if acquainted with it, he considered himself, as at liberty to depart from a rule, to which he perhaps found it difficult to submit.

p. 8, l. 24.

As waves on waves, so generations crowd.

From Horace, Ep: ad Jul: Flor: v. 175 sq.

.....Hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

p. 9, l. 5.

E'er sweetly smile to lure us from the storm.

Ever, when used, not as an intensive, but as equivalent to *always*, does not seem to admit of contraction; especially when, as in this line, it holds the first place.

p. 9, l. 11.

Their silent tread I hear.

Silent is not here to be understood, as signifying an absolute privation of sound. The poet means to say, that the footfall was so soft, as not to be audible, except to a strict and listening attention.

p. 10, l. 5.

Of Sirius descries more distant worlds.

Sirius, though of three syllables, is always pronounced in the time of two.

p. 10, l. 6.

These are thy wonders, great Jehovah, these.

From Parad: Lost, b. iv. p. 153 sqq. and Thompson's Hymn.

I know not whether some other reason, than its unutterable sanctity, may not have influenced the English poets, in abstaining from the word Jehovah. Milton uses it but three times in the Paradise Lost.

p. 10, l. 14.

In Nature's language, understood by all.

From Addison's, (if it be not Marvel's) Paraphrase of the 19th Psalm.

p. 10, l. 19.

'Tis thou who check'st in mid career the storm.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley. P. L. b. iv.

p. 10, l. 22.

And their pent wrath in bursting lightnings pour.

Pent is a favourite with Milton. Instances might be cited from Sampson Agonistes, Comus and Paradise Lost; and Phillips, the earliest of Milton's imitators, discovers a suitable fondness for this verbal adjective.

p. 10, l. 24.

From its foundations heave the boiling deep.

From their foundation, loosening to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills. P. L. b. vi.

p. 10, l. 27.

Thou smil'st; the main subsides, to smile with thee.

Virgil, in his first Æneis, represents Neptune, as communicating of his own serenity to the ocean, and causing it, almost by a look, to settle from a dark and weltering uproar to silence and a calm. What Æschylus, in the apostrophe, that breaks from Prometheus in the Προμ: Δεσμ: v. 89, sq. calls the

.....ἀστιβῆ τὸ κυμάτων
Ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.

which Lucretius, lib. i, v. 8, imitates by *rident æquora ponti*, is not a smooth and glassy tranquillity; such, as Anacreon describes in the following lines,

.....κῦμα θαλάσσης
Ἀπαλυνθὲν γαλήνῃ,

which Virgil, according to Fischer, seems to have rendered in the Alexis, by *cum placidum ventis staret mare*; it is such a sharp and lively ripple, as, glancing to the sun, may be poetically said to enjoy the soft air and cloudless sky. In this sense Milton without doubt, understood the Father of Tragedy and the Hierophant, as Dr. Darwin would have called Lucretius, of Nature.

....As when to them, who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambick off at sea, northeast winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old ocean smiles. P.L.b.iv. 159 sqq.

It is not unworthy of notice, that Milton, speaking of the subsiding flood, says,

.....the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed. P. L. xi. 842, sqq.

But this *wrinkling wind*, it is to be observed, was a *keen north wind.*

Milton, however, and Lucretius and Æschylus are hardly remembered, when one recalls the simple narrative of two Evangelists, and the more impressive and graphical representation of a third, who instead of relating, like St. Matthew and St. Luke, the mere fact, presents to us the Saviour rebuking the winds. St. Mark's, Σιώπα, πεφίμωσο was full in Milton's recollection, when he made the *Son, girt with omnipotence*, standing at the gates of Heaven, look out into the *vast immeasurable abyss*, and thus address, not, as after the creation, a single element, but the *void and formless infinite*, as he elsewhere denominates Chaos.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnifick word, your discord end.
p. 10, l. 30.

Before thy chariot wheels, self-rolling, flies
Pale awe.

Milton's *chariot of paternal Deity* is *instinct with spirit.* No sooner is it wanted, than it appears, *flashing thick flames*,

and is seen to await the conqueror. Nor does it merely move, as from itself; it shares in the conflict, and partakes of the victory. The whole passage is wonderfully splendid, and one can hardly read it, without deriving from the description some portion of that turbid rapture, in which it was conceived. The place in the seventh book, though similar is much inferior. From the one his recollection of Homer's Vulcan may be gathered: in the other we discover Milton's intimacy with the Hebrew Scriptures.

THEME. TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE GOV. BOWDOIN.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres." HOR. 4th Ode, 1st book.

p. 15, l. 5.

Beneath thick glooms the distant landscape fades.

Suggested probably by Gray,

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.

They are both so refreshing, that I know not which to prefer, Gray's Evening or Milton's Morning Scenery.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn we drove a field.

The Elegiack copied the Epick poet. In the Cambridge M. S. S. and the first (1638) edition of Lycidas, it is, instead of "opening," "glimmering eyelids." And here, as they were both favourites of Mr. Paine, I cannot refrain from contemplating, as compared with each other, these two great, though by no means equal or similar poets.

Gray has little invention; but his imitations are exquisite; his landscapes are elysian; and from his sky there beams a soft and tender azure, to which the verdure of his earth is admirably adjusted.

Nor is Milton, perhaps, less of a copyist than Gray. But his obligations are not so easily detected, as, instead of borrowing from the moderns, the ancients seem to throng about him, and intreat him to consider their treasures, as his own. He yields to their importunities, and there is hardly an author of Greece or Rome, that has not furnished a column or a frieze or a capital to that immortal poem, which, like the structure described toward the end of the first book,

.....discovers wide
Within her ample spaces.

Gray's fancy loves to gaze fondly at the evening star; Milton's imagination delights to look, as in defiance of its withering splendour, at the morning sun.

Gray is fond of listening to the Curfew; it is sweet to his ear, and seems to his melancholy mind, like the requiem of another day, gone to mingle and be lost, like a drop, in the abyss of the past.

It is one of Milton's pleasures to hearken with a kind of transport to the midnight bell, as its deep and solemn tones,

Over some wide watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar,

becoming more impressive from distance and darkness, breathe back all their harmony from a full and faithful echo.

The vales of Phœacia and the charms of the vernal Calypso are among Gray's delights; Milton loves the autumnal graces of Penelope and the rocks of Ithaca.

Milton's eye is *purged with Euphrasy:* he ascends the *specular mount* of his learning and genius, and all time, the future as well as the past, seems to lie open to his inspection. Gray is of feebler opticks: his *solemn scenes* are, by no means, frequent; they are always fugitive; he catches but a glimpse of the years to come, but that glimpse is more than enough; it overpowers the sense;

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not in my soul.

Gray, in his aversion from active life, and his ardent devotion to the *Belles Lettres*, resembles Paris retreating, even at the hazard of reproach, from the field, and smothering the sense of shame in the arms of his mistress; Milton, in his love of controversy, whether civil or religious, seems to despise his darling studies, as Hector, when the clarion was ringing in his ears, could hardly find time or voice to commend his wife and infant to heaven.

Of Milton, it may be said, that he has no superiour; of Gray, that his equals are rarely found.

p. 15, l. 11, 12.

In yonder spot Fame's great colossus lies;
A Bowdoin moulders in the humble tomb!

This half Stanza subtracts from the effect of the three stanzas by a wretched hyperbole.

p. 16, l. 7.

The gales with sighs the awful voice resound.

The error, by which certain letters and sounds, being compounded, are made to rhyme with the same sounds and letters not compounded, though not without examples even in Pope, is indefensible.

p. 16, l. 15, 16.

And hang on the tomb their votive wreath,
A wreath with mingled honours fondly wove.

For *on* read *upon*. The making of virtue and philosophy to lament at Mr. Bowdoin's tomb, is a pretty thought; but the extravagance of the panegyrick is excusable only, as it comes from a youth.

p. 17, l. 8.

He shone the sun of philosophick light.

Mr. Bowdoin was president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Among the transactions of that body may be found some of his philosophical papers.

p. 17, l. 9.

In him the patriot virtues all combined.

Mr. Bowdoin was for several years Governour of Massachusetts.

p. 17, l. 24.

Strong, without rage, and without flattery, sweet.

Another parody on Sir John Denham's memorable line in his apostrophe to the Thames.

p. 17, l. 25.

When Massachusetts' patriot sages met.

The Convention summoned to determine, whether Massachusetts would adopt the Federal Constitution, as accepted and recommended by the General Convention, in 1787.

THEME. "KNOW THEN THYSELF; PRESUME NOT GOD TO SCAN; THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN."

p. 20, l. 8, 12, 20.

And all the Loves and Graces shone.
He blushed, he sighed, and asked her hand.
And Eden echoed with delights.

The allegory, by which nature and virtue, being husband and wife, become the parents of happiness, is tolerably well sustained. It wants, however, ease and elegance; perhaps, because it is too long continued.

p. 21, l. 6.

When Zephyr from the western cave.

So in the Valedictory Poem:

Long have the Zephyrs in their sea-green caves,
Shunned the calm bosom of the slumbering waves.

For this image and others of near affinity to it Mr. Paine seems to have conceived a peculiar affection. The same or a kindred phraseology is of frequent occurrence.

p. 21, l. 12.

Thick lowering clouds the heavens deform.

M and *n*, though widely dissonant, are often employed by the earlier poets as homotonous. Even the father of English satire, who may be said to have distanced his contemporaries not less, than his immediate predecessors, by a full century, in this respect is not faultless. One of many instances shall suffice. In the Absalom and Achitophel, he makes the last syllable of Absalom, *lom*, jingle with *none*. Nor is Pope, scrupulous as he was, almost to fastidiousness, in assorting his rhymes, without one example, at least, of the same offence. In the Dunciad he couples *damn* and *man*.

p. 22, l. 13.

From his smooth tongue sweet poison flowed.

Of vice, as personified in the preceding Stanzas, Mr. Paine has borrowed many features from Milton. To the same poet he is indebted for the allegory in the beginning of the Poem.

p. 22, l. 23.

Was heard the echo of the lawn.

Lawn is here used, as consonant to the last syllable of *forlorn*. But, so used, it is utterly barbarous and inexcusable. *Or* and *aw* do not come from the same, or even from a similar articulation; they are either not at all alike, or else, which is worse, all similitude is lost in identity.

p. 23, l. 8.

And Eden's fading beauties wept.

This sympathy of the material with the moral world is finely touched in the Paradise Lost. Book xi. v. 782 sqq. and v. 1000 sqq.

p. 23, l. 24.

Here Happiness with him retreats.

Hither, had the metre permitted, is the proper word. The same sacrifice of grammar to prosody meets us in the "Progress of Society:"

"A centre must be *where* its motions tend."

Poets, however, on the other as well, as on this side of the Atlantick, treat these humble adverbs with little respect.

p. 24, l. 9.

Severe Experience soon will learn.

Without resorting to Shakespeare or the Bishop's Bible, this abuse of speech may be palliated by this example of Sir William Blackstone. Com. vol. i. p. 428. "Apprenticeships," (says he, speaking as an advocate for the "exclusive part," as he calls it, of 5th Eliz. cap. 4, §. 31,) "are useful to the Commonwealth, by employing of youth, and *learning* them to be early

industrious." *Learn* is still considered and employed, as synonymous with *teach* in Scotland.

p. 24, l. 20.

And all the mind's dark host appears.

Collins's "Shadowy tribes of Mind" was, perhaps, in Mr. Paine's memory.

THEME. "HUMANUM EST ERRARE."

To this piece, Milton has furnished much of the sentiment, and not a little of the diction. It is a happier attempt at blank verse, than the theme on Astronomy.

p. 31, l. 20.

Before yon sun, in youthful splendour clad.

Collins in his Ode on the poetical character, the noblest, as it strikes me, of his noble efforts, thus addresses the sun:

And thou, thou rich-haired youth of morn.

Golden-tressed, which answers to *rich-haired*, and probably suggested the compound to Collins, is used by Milton, in his version of the 136th Psalm. He afterwards transferred it to his Reason of Church Government, where he calls the laws, the king's "illustrious and sunny locks," "those bright and weighty tresses," "the golden beams of law and right."

Phœbus and Bacchus are, induced, with unfading youth,

Solis æterna est Phœbo Bacchoque juventas,
Nam decet intonsus crinis utrumque deum. Tibull. I. 4 37.

p. 32, l. 4.

The artful traitress, with Circassian smiles.

Although the manuscript is directly against me, I cannot but think that Mr. Paine meant to write Circean.

p. 32. l. 22.

Where crags menace defiance to the sky.

If examples were wanting, the sweetness of the word, as thus accented, might excuse the poet for removing the accent from the first to the last syllable of *menace*.

p. 83, l. 11.

'Twas his to wander mid tenebrious wilds.

Mr. Paine remembered Tasso's enchanted grove.

p. 34, l. 6.

Where boiling quicksands rave with maddening foam.

Virgil, like his own Æolus, was fond of embroiling the elements.

.....Cavum conversa cuspide montem,
Impulit in latus.

Mr. Paine has done little more, than turn the following lines into English:

.....Insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons;
Hi summo in fluctu pendent: his unda dehiscens,
Terram inter fluctus aperit. Furit æstus arenis. 1 Æn: 105 sqq.

ON SENSIBILITY.

p. 40, l. 13.

Which wants that nervous vigour to acquire.

The construction of this line, beside that it does not convey the author's meaning, is abhorrent from every idiom of the language.

A PASTORAL.

p. 42, l. 6.

And early linnets hail the purple spring.

Purple spring is from Virgil: *ver purpureum*, Moeris v. 40. Purple, perhaps, more in its secondary, than in its primary sense, is dear to the poets. Gray has *the purple light of love*, which, notwithstanding the Greek from Athenæus, he certainly took from the Æneis v. 1, 591 sq. Phrynicus had, probably, the same place in his eye. Virgil, as he was not too squeamish to borrow from others, is sometimes indebted to himself. Aristæus, about to consult Proteus, is invested by Cyrene with more than human qualities.

Hæc ait, et liquidum ambrosiæ diffundit odorem,
Quo totum nati corpus perduxit; at illi
Dulcis compositis spiravit crinibus aura,
Atque habilis membris venit vigor. IV Georg. 415 sqq.

These verses, somewhat heightened, are, in the first Æneis, divided between Venus and her son. The *decoram cæsariem* of the hero, is not, indeed, like the shepherd's *compositis crinibus*; it rather resembles the *purpureum crinem* or *capillum* of Nisus, to whose fatal lock a Greek poet does not scruple to apply ἀθανάτα, to mark, I suppose, its uncommon beauty.

In a verse, which expresses the rapidity of the Po, by the brisk and voluble dactyls, of which it is composed, Virgil calls the sea purple.

In mare purpureum (*non*) violentior effluit amnis. IV. Georg. 373.

An intense white, such as a swan's plumage or virgin snow, exposed to a bright, sun throws back a reflection, which, as it dazzles the eye, seems to give a slight tinge of purple to the snow or plumage. Hence Horace's *purple swans* and the *purple snow* of Albinovanus. Perhaps the Adriatick in a clear day may, instead of blue, appear purple to a distant spectator, as to one more distant it would appear black.

p. 42, l. 22.

And toiling bees explore the flagrant rose.

For *flagrant* read *fragrant*. This distich is imitated from Virgil.

p. 44, l. 11.

Elegiack ditties chant o'er Spring's sad urn.

Of the word *elegiack* the accent reposes, not on the second, but on the third syllable.

FORENSICK DISPUTATION.

p. 47, l. 1, 2.

When Newton rose, sublimely great, from earth,
And boldly spoke whole systems into birth.

Pope's Epitaph on him, who, as he never uttered the name of God, without pausing, as in devotion, would have shuddered at the irreverent parody inscribed on his monument, is clumsily disguised in this distich.

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

p. 47, l. 24, 25.

Her laws, unchanged by Time's insidious power,
Unravel centuries or revolve an hour.

The same, or a similar thought, much more elegantly displayed, presents itself in a song, which for simple and delicate touches is unequalled. Rogers's verses however were not published, when this poem was written.

p. 48, l. 16.

Put in her sickle for one "sheaf" of fame.

Here, I suspect, the author cannot be acquitted of a childish paranomasia.

p. 49, l. 9.

As high as heaven its azure arch sustains.

This and the thirteen succeeding lines are marked by great vigour of conception.

p. 50, l. 5, 6,

To teach the rapid moments, as they fly,
Beyond the utmost ken of mortal eye.

This couplet is transplanted from Mr. Paine's "Preface," to the College Exercises.

p. 51, l. 13, 14.

The rising manners of an infant state
Will be the parent of its future fate.

These lines are big with political wisdom.

p. 51, l. 25.

These arm with strength, or shrink the trembling nerve.

This and the correspodent line might be easily reduced to sense and grammar. I feel little doubt, that upon revision Mr. Paine would have thus altered the couplet:

This, (*virtue*) arms with strength, that (*vice*) shrinks the trembling nerves,
That taints the blood, and this its health preserves.

Or,

One fires the system, one its tone preserves.

p. 53, l. 19.

Tygers no more a savage nature claim.

A flat and feeble echo of one of Pope's feeblest and flattest lines.

p. 53, l. 22.

Seemed a civilian to the monsters, men.

Civilian is, I believe, never used as the opposite of barbarian. I know not whether the word has ever relaxed from its technical meaning.

p. 54, l.

Suspicion, Cruelty, Revenge resort.

There is something in Claudian *in Ruf:* lib. i. not unlike this privy council.

p. 56, l. 3.

The tear descended from the world above.

This and the five next lines are a well known passage of Tristram Shandy, done into verse. Sterne, perhaps, is not safe from the charge of affectation.

p. 58, l. 14.

Inclement Sirius, and the rugged soil.

I am afraid that Custom has confined *inclement* to cold, and that it cannot now be applied indifferently to cold and heat.

VALEDICTORY POEM.

(For 1791, read 1792.)

The solemnity, which produced this poem, is extremely interesting; and, being of ancient date, it is to be hoped, that it may never fall into disuse. His affection for the University Mr. Paine cherished, as one of his most sacred principles. He constantly attended the annual commencement, and never

failed to contribute his full contingent to the elegant hilarity of that festival. Of this poem Mr. Paine always spoke, as one of his happiest efforts. Coming from so young a man, it is certainly very creditable, and promises more, I fear, than the untoward circumstances of his after life would permit him to perform.

The four first lines are imitated from Ovid, not very distinctly remembered; and the last couplet reminds one of the parting interview between Johnson and Savage, as described by the former, in his imitation of Juvenal's third Satire.

p. 60, l. 25.

Smile time along, &c.

Though it wants both authority and analogy, yet this phrase, which Mr. Paine uses more than once, is poetical.

p. 61, l. 1.

Hail, winding Charles, &c.

The Charles, as here addressed, is but Sir John Denham's Thames, compelled to steal through the salt marshes of Cambridge, instead of *straying through wanton vallies*, to the Ocean.

p. 66, l. 9.

While transport glistens from the falling tear.

The same concetto is repeated in Mr. Paine's communication on the Female Asylum.

p. 67, l. 15.

While gaily sparkling from the realms of night.

From the "bard."

Fair laughs the morn, &c.

Gray's allegory in the verses, to which I allude, is very noble. Mr. Paine here resumes the imagery of the opening paragraph.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Whether it proceeds from the fertility of the subject, or the poverty of our language, which, though enriched, beside its accessions from modern tongues, by no niggardly infusion of the Latin and Greek, may still be inadequate to the praise of that blessing, without which every other species of external prosperity is worthless and insipid; whatever be the cause, it is unquestionably true, that of the English poets, not excepting Blackmore and Thomson, each of whom has written an elaborate poem on Liberty, none has left us a panegyrick such, as the first and noblest attribute of civil life deserves. Cowper's Task contains a few good lines about Liberty; and, as if some seraph was breathing his soul through the strings, there occasionally swells from the harp of Milton such symphonies, as might almost start the shade of Brutus. Nor does Akenside, in his great poem, which, together with his hymn to the Naiades, has ensured him an undying fame, forget the last of the Romans,nor the cause in which Brutus was willing, for the general good to become the priest of patriotism, that by his own hands he might offer up one of his best friends, as an atoning sacrifice to the Commonwealth.

p. 72, l. 25, 26.

One murder marks the assassin's odious name.

From the late Bishop of London's Seatonian prize poem on Death.

p. 74, l. 10.

And called a Mayhew to religion's aid.

Dr. Mayhew is still remembered, not only as a subtle and dextrous controvertist, but as a gentleman of great openness and urbanity. His sermons discover a mind of no ordinary vigour: and his learning was such, as few of his contemporaries could boast. Dr. Mayhew, without doubt, did much toward awakening that spirit of frank and fearless enquiry, for which the clergy of the metropolis are justly celebrated. That he had no coadjutors however must not be supposed. Men,

of a catholicism not less ingenuous than his, were at the same time busy in different parts of New England, in attempting to redeem the people of their respective cures from a bigotry, infinitely more mischievous, than the Archiepiscopal tyranny, as they called it, to escape which their ancestors were content to leave their native land, and wander, they knew not whither, in search of religious liberty. To this cooperation it is owing that so much elegant erudition has found the way to the pulpit; and hence too it is, that so many of our clergy are equally eminent as scholars, and exemplary as christians.

p. 76, l. 7.

Hail, sacred Liberty, divinely fair.

When this poem was delivered it was generally thought that the French Revolution was what Mr. Fox, in the effervescence of his feelings, emphatically termed it, *the most stupendous monument ever erected by man to Liberty.*

This opinion however, from being embraced by all, soon became confined to a few; and the excesses of the different factions, as they supplanted one another, in a short time disenchanted even Mr. Fox of his fairy visions, and convinced him that the revolution was nothing more or better than a scramble among the people, divided into parties, having adverse views and interests, for place and power. Such indeed, as knew the tendency of all civil commotions, did not wait till Louis was uncrowned or beheaded. Before either of those events many saw the issue of the struggle, and predicted, that this fierce spirit of liberty would soon foam itself mad, and be cried and hunted down by some aspirer to the throne, as the most dangerous of all evils. Such has been the result. He, who now controls France, and through France, almost every other nation under heaven, has vaulted into the seat of the Bourbons, over the yet panting remains of freedom; and his diadem, which owes all its lustre to the light, as it glitters in a blasting reflection from his invincible sword, is sometimes darkened to a fearful dimness by the steams of unexpiated blood; of blood spilt by the Usurper, to give a deeper dye and a livelier gloss to the imperial purple.

p. 76, l. 21.

Week with despair, slow tottering with toil.

A happier instance of imitative harmony it would be difficult to adduce. The preceding couplet teems with a pair of sturdy Hybernicisms.

p. 77, l. 9.

Long may the laurel to the ermine yield.

This line is a translation of Cicero's celebrated verse. Though the Roman orator, in comparison with Virgil, was but a sorry poet, I cannot help thinking that his translations, particularly some passages in his translation of Sophocles's Trachiniæ, so far as he translated that noble tragedy, are at least as good, as any of Mr. Fox's verses.

A PASTORAL.

Our language, though poor in Pastorals, can boast of one, divided, like this, into Morning, Noon and Evening, which has seldom been equalled. Cunningham's day is rich in rural scenery. His colours are of the tenderest delicacy, and every object is touched from nature.

p. 78, l. 9.

The morn, with pearly feet advancing, leads

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl. Milton.

p. 79. l. 15. sqq.

Now the fierce coursers of the sultry day.

In this and the five following lines one may trace Ovid, Claudian and the Epitaphium Damonis as well, as Virgil. How suffocating is the heat described in these verses.

Jum rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos
Ardebat; cœlo et medium sol igneus orbem
Hauserat: arebant herbæ, et cava flumina siccis
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant.

p. 80, l. 18.

And slow in solemn brown brings on the even.

From Addison. The first lines of Cato are perhaps the greatest effort of his muse. Mr. Paine was never very careful to avoid the opening of vowels on each other. There is none of his poems, that is not deformed by the Hiatus.

p. 81, l. 11, sqq.

A nightingale, who, from a neighbouring spray.

These verses contain in a compressed form a translation of Strada's nightingale.

p. 86, l. 27.

From his keen eyes the livid lightnings dart.

The sense requires the substitution of *vivid* for *livid*. The fire of that mind, *which fulmined over Greece*, was far from a pale and sickly flash. Demosthenes, as he took Pericles for his model, may certainly share in the praises, lavished on his great exemplar. Dr. Parr applies the verse, to which I allude, and which Milton seems to have done little more than amplify in the Paradise Regained, to Mr. Fox.

p. 99, l. 3.

Philenia sings, and sings the soldier's toil.

Mr. Paine alludes to Mrs. Morton's Beacon Hill, the first canto of which, was then lately published. It is to be regretted, that the poem, if finished, is still kept from the press.

p. 100, l. 17.

When that warm tongue, from which such musick flows.

Instead of *tongue*, Mr. Paine, it is said, proposed to substitute *lip*. The substitution certainly betters the compliment; but I know not whether *warm lip* is not rather too luscious.

NOTES

TO THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

p. 115, l. 5 sq.

Ingenuous Edwin! whom pale Envy's frown,
For thee half-brightened to a smile, applauds.

This figure, though it may not answer all the requisitions of criticism, conveys the author's meaning with uncommon felicity.

p. 116, 1sqq.

Whate'er in Love's bright landscape charmed your view,

This Stanza is not less delicate than elegant.

p. 116, l. 24.

And wish, that wedlock was no sin in heaven,

Matrimony by the place of the Scripture, to which Mr. Paine alludes, is not declared a sin. The Saviour does not say, that marriage in heaven would be unlawful; he says merely that, to the blessed, being made like the *angels of God*, marriage is unnecessary. It is not prohibited by penalties, as an offence; it is barely described as superseded by a nobler communion, of which marriage is but a gross and imperfect symbol. The preceding stanza is finely touched. The evening star is stayed, while Venus smiles on the nuptial rites, and by her smile consecrates the genial couch to a large and happy issue. If this epithalamium commemorates a real wedding, the goddess did not smile in vain.

MONODY ON W. H. BROWN.

Of this monody there is something like concetto in the two first stanzas; but it is soon dropped, or rather lost in the poet's feelings; for the piece seems to have flowed almost without premeditation from his full and querulous sorrow. The transition, by the first line of the third stanza, is full of pathos; of that tenderness, which sobs in the very movement of the measure; the three other lines are something more than pretty.

p. 119, l. 17.

Ithaca's queen, his comick pencil drew.

This line is extremely awkward, and moves as Penelope would have hobbled on pattens; the last line of this stanza, except that it describes the demeanour of a Pagan princess by a custom, peculiar to some christian countries, is at once tender and lofty.

p. 120, l. 17.

Felt ye the gale? It was the Sirock blast.

One of Mason's choral odes suggested this abrupt and startling question.

p. 121, l. 26.

To hold pure converse with the babbling brook.

So in the verses to Brattle:

And man grew social with the babbling brook.

Babbling brook is from Shakespeare.

p. 122, l. 28.

But who has sketched the fragrance of the rose?

Mr. Paine remembered the Greek epigram.

p. 124,

The Stanzas to Mr. Brattle, though somewhat extravagant, are very pleasing. The last quatrain, particularly the second line, is imagined in the true spirit of encomiastick poetry.

p. 127, l. 1 sqq.

Thou injured maid, to gain whose secret name.

This, and the three next lines are striking. *Arrected ears*, is word for word from Virgil, *auribus arrectis*. The *whispering gallery of fame*, though savouring somewhat of Cowley, is a happy thought The *watch tower of the winds*, Mr. Paine owes to his recollection of the Octagon tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, of which Vitruvius takes notice, and to which Stuart assigns his third chapter of the Antiquities of Athens. It is now a Turkish chapel, called the Teckeh. The channels in the pavement, Stuart supposes to be the remains of a water dial. His margin refers us to Suidas, Pausanias, Aristophanes, Plutarch, Hesychius and Pliny. Stuart confesses that Vitruvius's silence is unfavourable to his conjecture; but then Vitruvius, he observes, is silent also as to the sun dials about the building, which were there, in his time, as appears from Varro, who calls the tower, the Horologium of Cyrrhestes. Horologium, he adds, signifies not only a sun dial but a water dial. He also adds, that a sun dial and a water dial, were placed together in the baths of Hippias, which Lucian has described, and that it appears probable from Pliny, that both those species of dials were in the Roman Forum.

p. 27, l. 22.

In voice a Circe, and in poison too.

This line Mr. Paine afterwards employed in the Invention of Letters.

SONNET TO PHILENIA, &c.

This sonnet, notwithstanding the uncouth union of mercantile phrascology with gallantry and rhyme, is marked by some fine strains. The twelfth and thirteenth lines are eminently beautiful. From the sincere admiration entertained by Mr. Paine for the lady, to whom some of his best verses are addressed, he seldom failed to derive inspiration.

p. 140, l. 20.

When prudish Sanctity congeals the soul.

This verse I suspect is far from being universally true. Eloisas are still found in convents.

p. 141, l. 8.

And fondly woos the rainbow-mantled Dame.

Milton in his Christmas Hymn xv. says

> Truth and justice then
> Will down return to men,
> Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing
> Mercy will sit between, &c.

Such is the reading of the edition of 1673; in the edition of 1645 it stood thus

> Th' enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing.

p. 142, l, 8.

Where'er she visits, Spring florescent reigns.

Florescent bears Mr. Paine's die: it does not want analogy.

p. 42, l. 10.

She moves—the Goddess by her gait is known.

.....vera incessu patuit Dea. Virgil 1, Æn. 405.

Vera Dea is a phrase, worthy of notice; instead of strengthening, it weakens the impression.

p. 143, l. 12.

Would trust so base an applicant a stiver.

Applicant is an arrant Americanism. Mr. Paine was not even scrupulous, although an author, who writes with the hope of outliving his tomb, should be fastidious in the choice of his words. He should never forget the only maxim, which has come down to us, of Cæsar's book on Analogy.

p. 143, l. 23.

And drag the limping legs of Rhyme, slow, lin-ge-ring out,

The whole stanza is well turned; but this line is remarkably apt; the alliteration helps to impede its motion. With too much bitterness there is blended in this piece no inconsiderable portion of legitimate satire.

p. 145, l. 1.

Though all my "puffs" not one recruiter drew.

Recruiter, if it were an English word, would not mean a *new soldier*, but *the recruiting officer*. It is painful to find so many, (I have noted but few) unauthorized words in the works of a man, whose reading, though desultory and capricious, was certainly various and extensive. But this various and extensive reading vitiated his style. Except Shakespeare and Dryden, there was scarcely an English poet, whom Mr. Paine cared to own. Of Milton he was not indeed shamelessly ignorant; but his acquaintance with the Paradise Lost was by no means such, as one might have expected. With Pope's splendour and sweetness he was without doubt deeply impressed, but he seldom imitates his delicious melody or the calm and equable current of sound sense, which flows through every page of that fine poet and moralist.

Mr. Paine was eager for American publications; and sometimes, I fear, suffered even Dryden and Shakespeare to be jostled out of his mind by the strenuous and well-compacted dulness of a certain diplomatick poet; the name of whose burly quarto is now not unaptly given to the heaviest and most unwieldy species of ordnance.

p. 147, l. 5. sqq.

Two rival Zephyrs, knights of air.

The Rosicrucian system, as developed by Pope, in the fairest issue of his fancy, probably gave the author this idea.

PRIZE PROLOGUE.

Having during his last years subjected this poem to a severe revision, it will be found that Mr. Paine, besides enlarging it, has bestowed on the Prize Prologue, as here printed, more than his usual care. None indeed of his productions appears to have shared so largely in his affection; and his manuscripts shew that every verse, of the additions at least, was the fruit of the most patient and laborious diligence. A few of the various readings I shall be excused for exhibiting.

p. 152, l. 25, 26.

Now, Time's grey eve, serene with lingering day,
Sheds o'er thy wrecks his sad, sepulchral ray.

After this couplet, which, though a little incongruous, is exact enough to awaken a still and sacred melancholy, such as the view of modern Athens cannot but excite in every polite scholar, Mr. Paine had inserted this distich;

With light's last tinge religion's shadows fly
And lorn thy Genius roams the flickering sky.

Dr. Johnson's remarks on the tragedy of Macbeth, furnished the hint of the first line. *Flickering* can hardly be wrested to the use, here made of it.

p. 152, l. 28.

Choaked with thy gods, thy vexed Pyræus roars.

The Piræus (for so it should have been spelt) was the harbour of Athens. Mr. Paine is indebted to Pope;

Streets pav'd with statues, Tyber choak'd with gods.

As applied to a river, the metaphor is happy: it does not however accomodate itself with equal felicity to a Basin. Pope remembered Virgil.

.....gemerent que repleti
Amnes, nec reperire viam atque evolvere posset
In mare se Zanthus.

p. 153, l. 4.

And hermit Silence worships there alone.

This line, as first written, stood thus,

And brooding silence worships there alone.

Brooding was succeeded by *barbarous; barbarous* gave way to *pious*, and *pious* at last resigned its place to *hermit*.

Hermit silence reminds one of Collins, and savours of his best manner. It may here be remarked that the epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his edition of Shakespeare, was familiar to Mr. Paine, and he has not hesitated to avail himself of those charming verses.

The whole passage, of which the line at the head of this note makes a part, is highly poetical. It is hardly possible to read it, without feeling that sort of delight, which is the more ravishing, for being mingled and chastised by a mild and pensive melancholy.

p. 153, l.14.

Sits black Despair, while pagan Wonder reigns,

With this line Mr. Paine could not easily satisfy himself. I find it in these different forms. It first stood thus:

Dumb Wonder sits and blank Oblivion reigns.

It was then altered to

Dumb Ruin sits and pagan Wonder reigns.

then to

Dumb Slumber sits and pagan Wonder reigns.

then to

In brooding Silence pagan Wonder reigns.

then to

Mute Ruin sits and barbarous Wonder reigns.

then the couplet was new modelled thus:

O'er thy proud cenotaphs and gorgeous domes,
Dumb Ruin sits and pagan Wonder roams.

at last, however, the second line took its present form.

p.153, l. 27.

Could gently touch the film, that made thee blind.

Pope's Sacred Pastoral was in Mr. Paine's mind. After making all due allowances for the fervour of a youthful fancy, this line, I fear, is indefensible. Mr. Paine cannot shelter himself behind the authority of Dryden. That great poet, as he struggled into notice during the Usurpation, was obliged to worry himself forward by canting, (such was the folly of the day,) in a strain, sometimes little short of open blasphemy, and always bordering on careless irreverence. Pope, for the like offence, has not escaped without reproof. Dr. Johnson dismisses the critick, and becomes a moral censor, when he says, "that it is a mode of merriment, which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity."

p.154, l. 21.

In vain thy Epick heroes wake with rage.

The antitheses, if they may be so called, of which this paragraph consists, are awkwardly managed.

p.155, l. 7.

Dear wild of Genius! o'er thy mouldering scene.

This line was first written

Wild waste of Genius, o'er thy mouldering scene.

It is hardly to be pardoned, that Mr. Paine did not, before he past to Rome, attempt an analysis of the respective characters of the tragick triumvirate of Athens, and the authors of the old and new comedy. Brumoy might easily have supplied the materials. The dramatick poets of Rome ought not to have been forgotten. France too, as well as England, has contributed some fine pieces to the stage; but although it is known that he intended to introduce the English dramatists, Mr. Paine seems never to have suspected that his prologue, instead of being more, would be less complete, if admitting Shakespeare, and Johnson, and Dryden, he neglected Cornielle, and Racine, and Moliere, and Terence, and Plautus, and Seneca, and Euripedes, and Sophocles, and Æschylus, together with Aristophanes, and Menander, and other comick poets, who are known to us only by their imitators.

p.151, l. 11. sq.

Augustan Rome, with sad, prophetick eye,
Beheld her empire circle round the sky.

Thus written in one of the M. S. S.;

Rome o'er the globe beheld her pennons fly,
Yet saw her realm expand with trembling eye.

The last line is altered, having stood thus:

Yet saw her empire spread with trembling eye.

p.156, l. 9.

The Globe's proud butcher grew humanely brave.

It cannot be questioned that, while Mr. Paine was writing this line, one of Pope's verses in the prologue to Cato, was humming in his ears:

The World's great victor past unheeded by.

p.156, l. 25. sqq.

Thus set the sun of intellectual light.

It is difficult to say, which has contributed more to this description, Ovid or Moses. After the last line of this paragraph, one copy contains these lines:

But still reluctant sunk the Torrent's rage,
The alluvion chilled, and darkness veiled the age;
No genial beam could penetrate the cloud,
Which mantled Science in a solemn shroud;
While bigot Folly, weak, morose, and blind,
Stalked through the vapour and dismayed the mind;
The shapeless monster struck fantastick awe,
For darkness magnified what Terrour saw;
Bacon alone———
Flashed and went out, and all was dark again.

p.157, l.15.

But, hark! her mighty rival sweeps the strings;
Sweet Avon, flow not! 'tis thy Shakespeare sings!

One copy presents this distich in another shape:

Roused from their trance the slumbering muses start,
And see! the sullen shades in thunders part!
Hark from the clouds some Ariel sweeps the strings!
Sweet Avon, flow not, 'tis thy Shakespeare sings.

p.157, l. 28.

When Garrick sighed the Muse his last adieu.

Davies, in his life of that unrivalled actor, speaks of Garrick, taking his leave of the stage, and tells us of the effect produced by that ceremony on the house. Mr. Paine was certainly fond of a Book, to which Johnson is thought to have given the finishing hand.

p.157, l. 30.

When Siddons looks a nation into tears.

Never was that mistress of mimetick passion honoured by a nobler compliment. The correspondent line is altogether unworthy of the subject. Collins in his ode to Mercy, makes these lines a part of the antistrophe:

Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopped his wheels and looked his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender-melting eyes they own

Collins, I have little doubt, was thinking, when he wrote these lines, of Claudian's simile in his *Magnes:*

Sic Venus horrificum belli compescere Regem
Et vultu mollire solet; cum sanguine præceps
Æstuat, et strictis mucronibus asperat iras.
Sola feris occurrit equis, solvitque tumorem
Pectoris, et blando præcordia temperat igni.
Pax animo tranquilla datur; pugnasque calentes
Deserit, et rutilas declinat in oscula cristas.

p.158, l.12.

Peace rolls luxurious in her dove-drawn car.

Collins, as he furnishes War with vultures, represents Peace as drawn by turtles. *Sparrows*, according to Sappho, and *swans*, if we may believe Horace, are joined to the car of Venus.

p.158, l. 22.

An angel wanders in a pilgrim's guise.

Here is another allusion to the Scripture; considering the purpose, to which it is made subservient, it can hardly be excused.

p.160, l. 3.

A Terence rise, in chariest charms serene.

Chary is a word so rarely used, that it requires explanation. It means, as explained by Johnson, *careful, cautious, &c.*

Beside Carew, whose authority is of little weight, the Dictionary contains a quotation from Shakespeare:

"..... the chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon."

p. 164, l. 3.

With rising sun, the swain his course renewed.

The article might have found its place in this line, if, instead of *rising*, Mr. Paine had written *new*; *With the new sun.* To this alteration the last word of the line is far from being an objection.

p. 164, l. 26.

Who value lore, as antiquaries rust.

Altered from the first edition, which stood thus,

Who value science only for its rust.

Popes verses to Addison, occasioned by his delightful dialogue on medals, begot this line. Pope speaks of certain *antiquitarians*, (such persons are so called by a great master of English eloquence, to distinguish them from antiquaries, whose pursuits are by no means such, as to warrant any other language than that of sincere respect,) who cared little for the inscription, if it were to be recovered by disturbing the *precious ærugo*. They, he says,

Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

p. 165, l. 5.

The barbarous Rhine now blends its classick name.

In the first edition the four following lines concluded this paragraph.

In morn of modern days, a brighter name,
The world's great genius has eclipsed your fame!
Sovereign of art, inventions noblest son,
He claims the bays, which every Art has won.

p. 165, l. 15. sqq.

Egyptian shrubs, in hands of cook or priest.

These four lines are debased by an attempt at unseasonable wit.

p. 165, l. 19. sqq.

The ancient scribe, employed by bards divine.

Alliteration is seldom more adroitly managed, than in the three succeeding lines.

p. 165, l. 28.

The pinioned volume spreads to all mankind.

Pinioned is an equivoque. *Winged* had been better. Milton, it is remarkable, uses *winged* as two syllables and as one in the same line. Perhaps Mr. Paine was thinking of Homer's πτεροεντα.

p. 166, l. 12.

The world who butchered, or the world who taught.

Of this construction young poets are ready to avail themselves; it may be doubted whether it conforms to any English idiom.

p. 166, l. 14.

To burst the cearments of each buried age.

From Hamlet's address to his father's ghost. The figure is supported in the following lines with great spirit. The sunless and trophied sepulchre of time is an awful image.

p.167, l.14.

Ere fettered Type from dread Bastile was led.

This personification, to say nothing of it, as suggesting at once the idea of some swart and shrivelled pressman, just escaped from the jail to which his libellous paper had sent him, is extremely hard. It had been less objectionable, if the prosody would have admitted the article, which, although its omission in easy and doggerel verse, is always indulged and sometimes demanded, can never be spared from the higher forms of English harmony.

p.167, l. 23.

In vain di Gama traced the orient way.

This, and the five succeeding lines, are added since the first edition.

168, l. 20.

Green be the tombs where sleep her patriot hosts.

Altered from the first edition, where it has this form:

Long bloom the meed of her enlightened hosts.

p.169, l.1.

What though no wave Pactolian laves her shore.

Here is Sir John Denham's Thames again. After the next line, the first edition closes this paragraph with,

Yet she has mines, which need no rod to trace;
Search not her bosom, but survey her face.

These lines are not lost, however; they are wrought into the new verses, which follow.

p.170, l.12.

And kills the oak, whose leaf it could not start.

So in his Ode for 4th July, 1806:

For oft a worm destroys an oak,
Whose leaf that worm would bury.

And again, in his Ode for the same festival, 1811:

Base submission inviting indignity and plunder,
Like a worm, kills an oak, which should have braved the thunder.

p.170, l. 24.

The sun, that warms a monkey, breeds a fly.

From Pope:

The fur, that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.

p.173, l.12.

And the vast alcove of Creation blaze.

The conclusion of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope somewhat resembles the closing lines of this poem. Milton's *Natura non pati senium* winds off with these lines:

.....Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

It is not among the weakest proofs of his greatness, that the meretricious rhetorick, which has so often wreathed itself about

his fame, and fondled on his memory with a drivelling tenderness, has never brought into suspicion the virtues or talents of General Washington. Notwithstanding the stale and vapid libations, which are yearly poured out at his tomb, his shield is still bright and unsullied; the vapours sent up by those thankless sacrifices dare not settle on its orb.

p.177, l. 8. sq.

Which guides a comet, while it moulds a tear.

Here is another imitation of Rogers's fine verses.

p.178, l.16.

A motley Pantheon of birds and beasts.

A tame and slovenly line.

p.179, l.10.

Cobwebbed around with many a mouldy lie.

Into this verse are compressed four lines of the Invention of Letters:

In yon drear garret, Faction's dark recess,
Her nightly dæmons load the groaning press.
With cobwebs hung, she rubs her sleepless eyes,
While Norfolk spiders weave her half spun lies.

p.179, l.15.

All join to shift Life's versi-coloured scenes.

Johnson's *many-coloured*, in his Drury-lane prologue, had been much better than *versi-coloured*, which is not analogically compounded.

p.179, l. 26.

To wield a snuff-box, or enact a sigh.

There is much point in the phrase *to enact a sigh.*

p.180, l. 2.

Grave, without sense; o'erflowing, yet not full.

Sir John Denham once more.

p. 180, l. 4.

Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore.

This line exemplifies one of the nicest idioms of the English language. It gives us Horace's *insenuit libris et curis* in a very terse, though somewhat liberal, version.

p. 82, l. 18.

Let Fiction's brokers, bards and tombstones, tell.

There is something very quaint in the coupling of tombstones and bards, and making them the brokers of fiction.

p. 182, l. 26.

The knee adoring, and the stolen kiss.

Stolen, in verse should never loiter into two syllables. There is great spirit in this description of a *belle of Plato's age*. Nor did Mr. Paine's fervour forsake him, while describing the miser.

p. 184, l. 28.

Arve gently murmurs, and the rough Rhone roars.

Here is another good specimen of the sound echoing to the sense, especially in the last member of the sentence, the three last words of which begin with an asperated liquid, which is followed by the fullest of the vowels.

p. 186, l. 14.

Sees all her frost-work castles melt away.

Mr. Paine alludes to the Ice palace of the Russian empress, which affords, after a charming description, so melancholy a reflection to the pensive Cowper.

p. 187, l. 4.

The sun of Glory shines but on the tomb.

Pope, in his imitation of the epistle to Augustus, says,

Those suns of Glory please not till they set.

Gray, in his Elegy in the country church-yard, says

The paths of Glory lead but to the tomb.

From Gray and Pope, by nearly equal contributions, Mr. Paine levied this verse. Gray's is the last line of a stanza, which Proffessor Cooke, late of Cambridge, according to an anonymous author of great celebrity, has rendered with wonderful felicity into Greek verses.

p. 187, l. 10.

The Hyblean melody of Merry's taste.

Of *Hyblean* the accent belongs to the penult; but I do not detach this verse merely to correct the false quantity. The

Della Cruscan melody is of a mawkish sweetness; and in pomp and splendour Merry is much below Darwin, who, while he makes her more magnificent, gives to the muse of Merry a loftier air, and a voice of wider and more flexible compass. I know not whether Miss Seward, however, did not confer more on Darwin, than he took from Merry.

p. 189, l. 1.

Stern power of justice, whose uplifted hand.

This and the four following lines are nobly imagined. The four last lines are not unworthy of Dryden.

p. 189, l. 17.

With prisoned force insurging Neptune's reign.

Insurge is not English. *Insurgent* is hardly naturalized.

p. 190, l. 29. sq,

Thy realm, maturing 'mid the feathery flight,
Of ages, trackless as the plumes of light.

A noble couplet. I doubt whether the volume contains two lines of equal excellence.

p. 200, l. 8.

O'er criticks' noses, snoring in the pit.

From Shakespeare's description of the Fairy's Mid-wife.

p. 203, l. 1. sq.

When cracked, like Rupert's drop, it mocks controul.

Butler, I suspect, first employed this simile. It occurs somewhere in Hudibras.

201, l. 1.

Crumped Vulcan deigned his Cyclop den to quit.

The word, intended to be used, is an adjective *crump*, and not *crumped* with a participial termination.

p. 202, l. 12.

And nail him to the pillory of Fame.

In the heat and hurry of composition, incongruities of such a kind as this line displays, will slip from the most accurate pen.

p. 203, l. 8.

Who grin like monkeys, or like tygers fight.

Such is the character of Frenchmen, as drawn more than half a century ago, by the Arch Theomachist. Mr. Paine in his oration before the young men of Boston, does not forget Voltaire's description of his countrymen.

p. 203, l. 22.

And smoothed Delilah's lap for Sampson's head.

Delilah, according to Milton, who was no unskilful Hebraist, has the accent on the antepenult.

p. 204, l. 4.

And snatched the victim from the apostate priest.

Although the ceremonies, common to the whole heathen world, are strangely confounded with the sacrificial rites peculiar to the Jews, this imagery is magnificent; it may, for aught I know, be more magnificent from the confusion, as it brings to the reader's recollection, perhaps, the finest scene of the Athenian stage. It is difficult to read the passage, or even to recal it from the shadows that sport in the twilight of a faint and glimmering memory, without such tears as spring from admiration of the poet, blended with sympathy for his heroine. The lines are deep and fresh in the mind of every polite scholar. I shall not, therefore, transcribe any part of that scene, which for nature and passsion, even Shakespeare can hardly equal. Let it not be said, that I wantonly disparage that illustrious dramatist. I doubt whether his devoutest admirer, could approach the Avon with a worthier homage, than he presents, who ventures to doubt whether, in truth and pathos, Euripides be superiour to Shakespeare.

p. 204, l. 18.

Rubs garlick in her eyes, and goes to church.

Every line, except the fourth, of this paragraph is vigorous and piquant. Dryden is evidently imitated.

p. 206, l. 15.

While tears of rapture glitter on its leaves.

A fine thought, expressed with feeling and elegance.

p. 207, l. 12.

Nor rules by verse the prosody of woe.

Tickel's verses on Addison's death suggested this line.

p. 207, l. 16.

He speaks from nature, and he looks from soul.

Soul and *mind*, and other words of similar import, Mr. Paine was always fond of employing in some dark andabstract sense. The habit grew upon him, as he advanced in life.

EPILOGUE TO THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Few of Mr. Paine's effusion's are more easy and joyous, than the Epilogue to the Soldier's Daughter. One of its couplets, except that a monosyllable in time is drawn out to a lazy dissyllable, is unusually felicitous. I allude to these lines,

Those eyes, that even freemen could enslave,
Will light a race of vassals, to their grave.

p. 215, l. 8.

A tooth-pick Epilogue should lounge the city.

What is meant by a tooth-pick Epilogue it is hard to say.

p. 214, l. 24.

And every foundling bon mot knows papa.

This is a pretty thought, prettily conveyed.

p. 215, l. 13. sqq.

"*The love-sick cook-maid lisps—hist, Romeo, hist.*"

Few poets can furnish finer lines than this paragraph contains. One of the lines, I am sory to find, weakened and disfigured by an expletive, which for more than a century has not dared to intrude itself into the heroick measure. The next paragraph is delicate; particularly the four last lines, which have all the tenderness and simplicity of the dorick pastoral.

p. 220, l. 25.

To pine a death-watch in a miser's chest.

Perhaps it would not be possible to inflict by poetry a heavier or more appropriate punishment, than to condemn the miser to do penance as a death-watch in his own empty coffers.

p. 221, l. 23. sq.

Candid to censure, generous to commend.

In these two lines Mr. Paine seems to have taken no pains to disguise the thought, or the phrase, or the rythm of Pope.

EPILOGUE TO THE POOR LODGER.

The Epilogue to the Poor Lodger, which as well, as the Clergyman's Daughter, is one of our native plays, was spoken by Mrs. Darley, who speaks in the ten first lines, as from herself, to the audience. The gratitude of that interesting actress cannot be more sincere, than the pleasure, which her performance always excites.

p. 230, l. 4.

That gallant form, which breathed a nation's mind,

Such abstraction, as this line exemplifies, does not easily ally itself with poetry.

p. 230, l. 6.

But Victory writes his epitaph in tears.

Though it wants distinctness and consistency, this thought is boldly personified.

p. 231, l. 3.

And o'er its cliffs to bid the banner wave.

David's picture of Buonaparte crossing the Alps might have occasioned this line.

p. 231, l. 8.

Where war had left no stone without a name.

This line is an almost literal version of a line of the Pharsalia.

p. 234, l. 14.

Couched ambush listened in the deep morose.

The lurking place is not less luckily imagined, than the personification and posture of Ambush.

p. 233, l. 5.

O'er hill, or vale, where'er the sky descends.

This paragraph, and the three succeeding paragraphs, are expanded and brightened to a pomp and splendour, which rarely discover themselves in other parts of the poem.

p. 235, l. 7.

There, sacring mourner, see Britannia spreads.

Sir William Temple and Shakespeare are cited by Johnson under *sacring*. The one seems to use it as a participle, the other as a substantive. It is found in one of the four dialogues on the Pursuit of Literature. I fear that Mr. Paine has not given to it its proper import.

p. 235, l. 15.

Sweet sleep Thee, Brave! In solemn chaunt, shall sound.

Here is a wild and wanton anomaly, which no rule of grammar or syntax can reconcile to any idiom, or any licence of the language.

p. 235, l. 24.

It dies in distance, while its echo floats.

Into this paragraph Mr. Paine has breathed much of the charming fancy, and somewhat of the melting pathos of Collins; as with the preceding paragraph, he has blended not a little of the fire and freedom of Dryden.

p. 236, l. 4.

Shall seek thy tomb, to read the tale it bears.

Of these four lines, the two first are well finished. Collins may be traced in the two last.

p. 236, l.10.

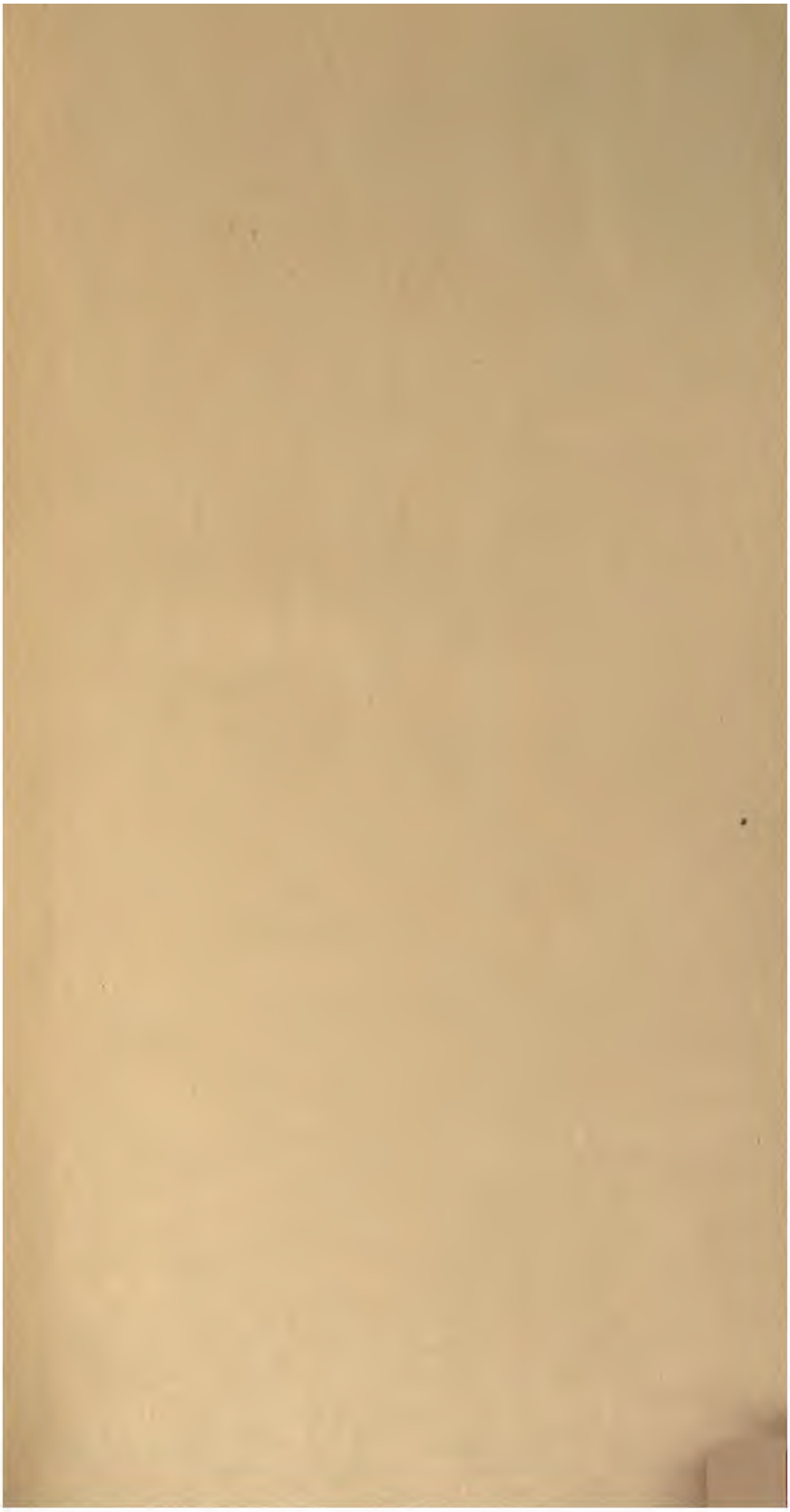
His country all he loved, and all he feared his God.

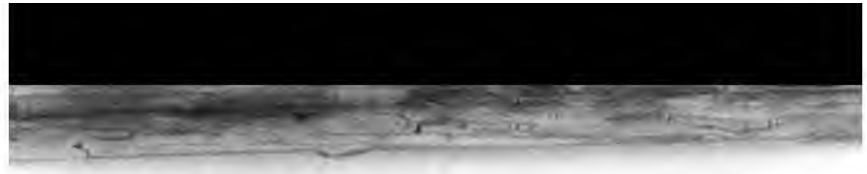
Except that it is introduced by a word of little weight or dignity, the command to ruin is a daring felicity. The second line of the epitaph is a weak and puling verse.

ERRATA.

In page 17 of the Biography, line 19, dele the word *Treat*; p 41, l. 20, in a few copies, for unsuccessfu*ly*, read unsuccessfu*lly*; p. 42, l. 20, for complementary, read compli*m*entary.

In page 29 of the Verse, line 4, for ro*c*k, read ra*c*k; p. 42, l. 24, for fl*a*grant, read fragrant; p. 85, l. 5, for rout, read rout*e*; p. 104, l 5, for bo*u*nteous, read be*au*teous; p. 140, l 6, for *n*e'er, read e'er; p. 141, l. 3, for blend*i*d, read blended; p. 155, l. 3, for clamor*i*us, read clamorous; p. 158, l. 24, for banqu*i*t, read banquet; p. 179, l. 19, for rout, read rout*e*; p. 180, l. 29, for lovliest read loveliest; p. 181, l. 27, for penace, read penance; p. 192, l. 22, for mytholegy, read mythology; p. 210, l. 29, for Carthian, read *P*arthian; p. 215, l. 21, in a few copies, for Fobling, read Fo*p*ling; p. 233, l. 19, for sport, read spot; p. 239, l. 10, for capit*a*l, read capitol; p 255, l. 11, for th*y*, read the; p. 263, l. 5, after the word spheres, dele the period and insert a comma; p. 289, l. 16, for acr*o*n, read ac*o*rn; p. 293, l. 11, for fioating, read floating; p. 319 of the Prose, l. 19, for alt*e*rs, read alt*a*rs; p. 339, l. 21, for appa*l*ed, read appa*ll*ed; p. 349, l. 21, for mo*a*t, read mo*te*; 370, l. 21, for Ven*u*s, read Ven*ice*; p. 373, l. 11, for *r*eflexion, read *in*flection; p. 394, l. 25, turned, read tur*b*id; l. 26, for venal, read venial; p. 400, l. 20, dele the word *and*; p 401, l. 14, for parental*d* iscovery, read parental *d*iscovery.





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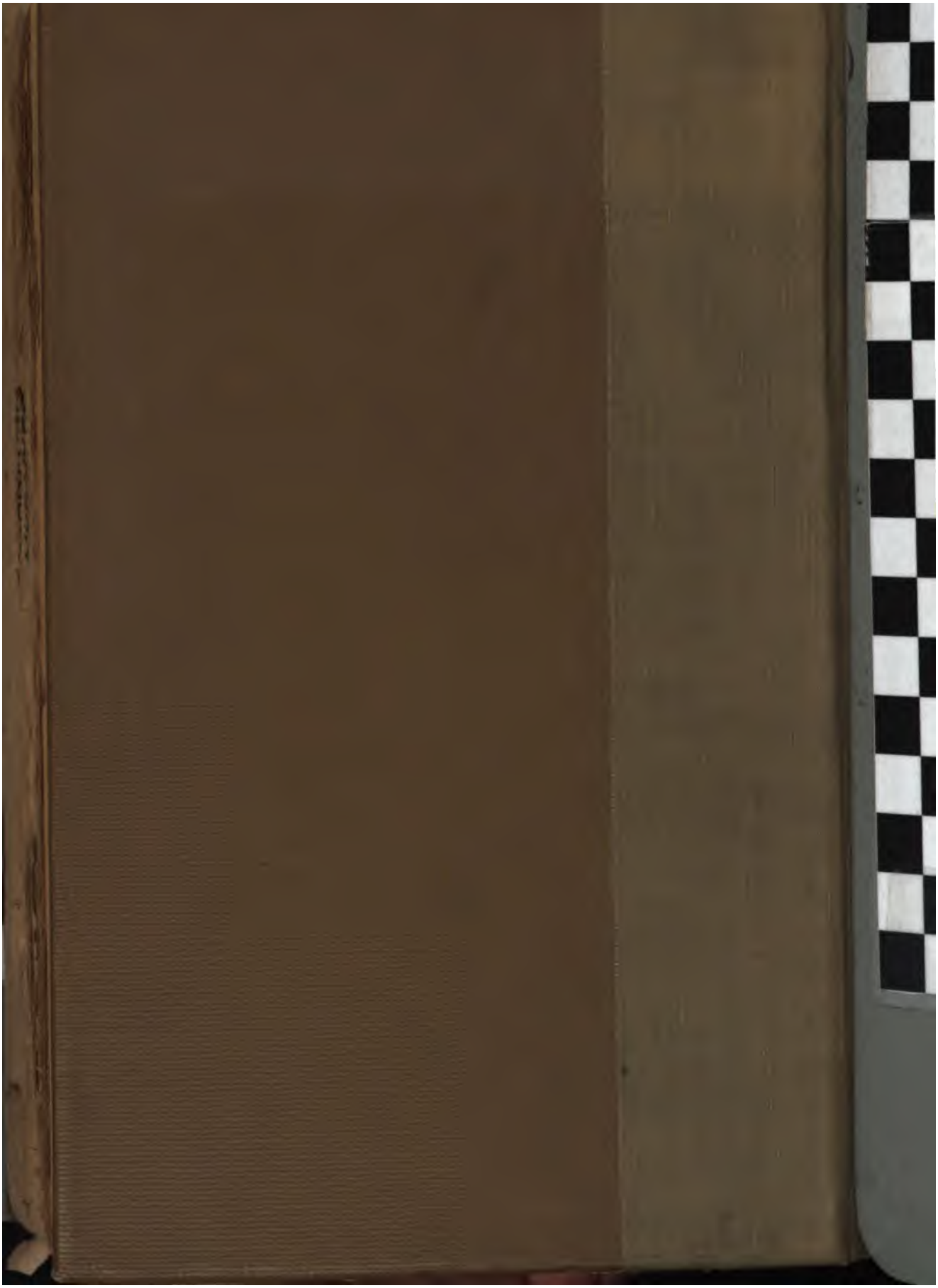
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